

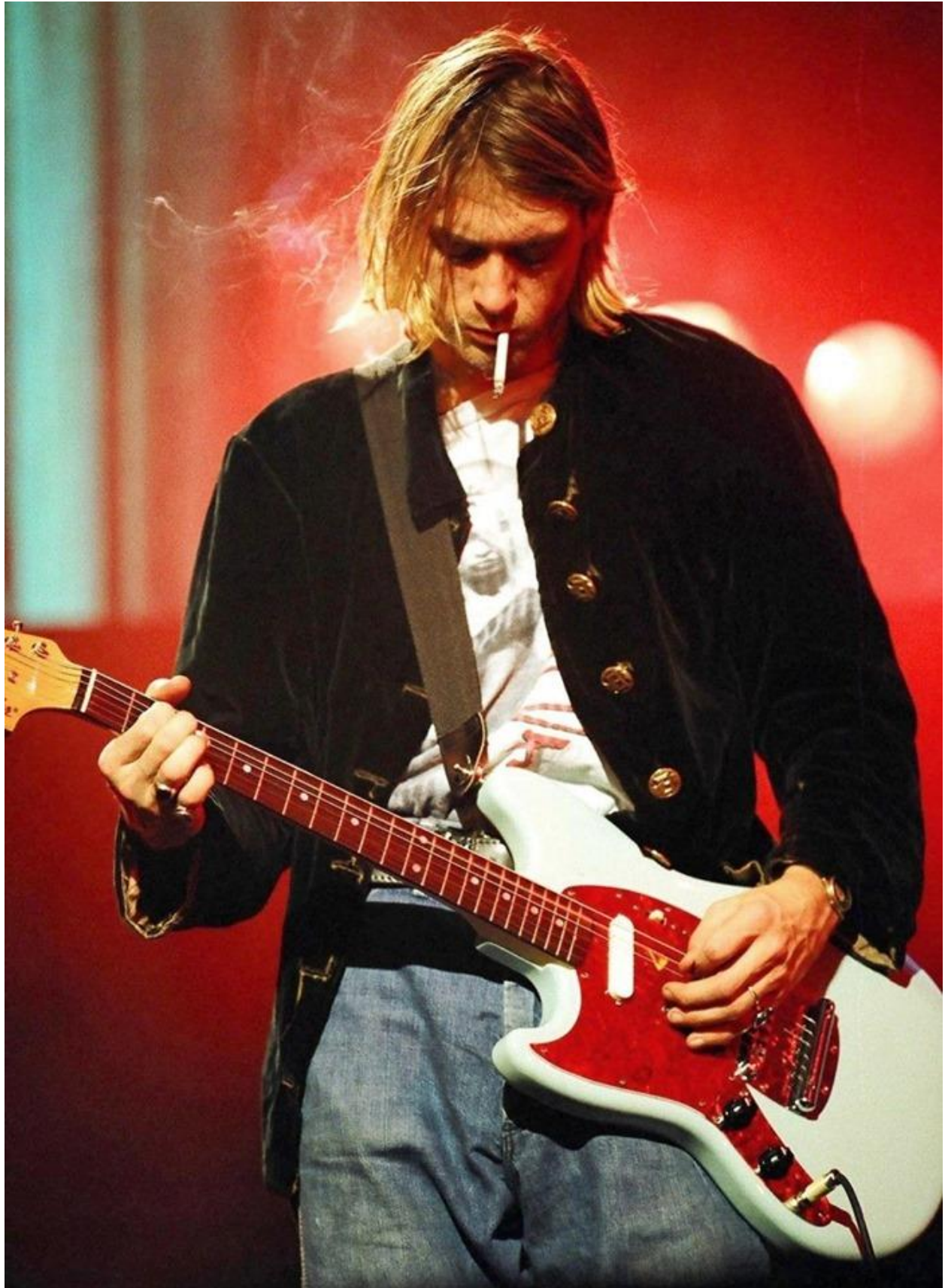
Puiul meu Dulce, Soțul meu Dulce, Drag și Iubit, Dragostea mea, Dragostea mea, Te iubesc. Te iubesc, Dragul meu. Dulceața mea Dulce, Iubirea și Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și te doresc. Mântuitorul, Salvatorul și Izbăvitorul Sufletului meu, Mântuitorul meu, Te iubesc. Te doresc, Puiul meu, Victor. Dragostea mea iubită, Puiul meu, Soțiorul meu Dulce și Drag, Puiul meu, Puișorul meu, Dulcele meu Victor, Te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața Sufletului meu și Trupului meu. Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.



Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Dragostea vieții mele.

Te iubesc, Tudor, Puișorul meu, ulcele meu.







Andrei, Puiul meu Dulce. Te iubesc și Te doeresc nespus, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu. Fiul eu iubit și Diulce.



Alin, Dulcele meu pușor. Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea. Fiul meu Dulce și iubit, Pușorul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu Victor, Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Dragostea și Dulceța mea. Te doresc, Iubitul meu, Dulceța mea, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Dulceța mea.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea vieții mele. Tudor, Dragostea mea, te iubesc nespus de mult. Puiul meu Dulce și Dorit, Doritul meu Puișor, Soțul meu dulce, Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulceța mea, Puiul meu Dulce.

The Book of Anime

The first painting

I love you, my sweet, Victor-Tudor-Alin-Mihai.

I desire you, my love.

The Book of Anime

Prologue

Strange sensations and emotions overwhelm me

Now when my pregnancy gets easier

When, past the threshold of youth

Looking back at the green string ...

....

Strange, strange, childhood stories are wrapped up

On the youth, green, raw thorn

bearing in my mind, like a green fir

The old icon of my childhood dreams

Of which a few have been described

Others-expect-of the threshold uncertainty

To cross the bridge of those who have not been written

Brought in the gulag time

The dream, the dream circumscribed

Wait, young soul at date meetings

Old woman waiting, in the plum orchard

To my old houses

A new breakthrough, a new breath, a breath of new life

Born from the flesh of the old suffering

With which, starting on the road, sweet and smooth you adhere

Spasmodic past dreams

...

To step on the stars and high

Riding on the bitter grass growing over the moon

To whisper when the stars burst

Of the dark sea, green foam

To whisper, with lips of smoke and earth

Of youth, childhood, sweet singing.

...

My baby

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

.....

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...

...

A boy-teen-boy face
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes
Where lies still alive and hidden
Of the silent seas

...

An androgynous body naively imagining the Will
When from His soul a rising
Blue-pink only the Being
My child was watching in the sea
His smile was silent on the baby's lips
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....

With his pink hands full, with pits
With round arms of flower and milk
Ask for my whisper noodles
Let them hang undisturbed on paper

...

Where to bring them to salvation of pure azure
At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death

...

Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child

It's the pink and white cherry blossom
Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...

Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise

...

I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

...

Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.

...

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

Te iubesc, Michele, Puiul meu dulce. Te doresc, dragul meu Puișor.
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canals
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canals?...

...

From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

...

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...

...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Even in his youth ...

At dusk, Jack hurried to his house
From a fringe neighborhood of the city
Cathy was waiting for him at the entrance
At seven o'clock fixed, and they were going to get together ...

In his little bohemian apartment, by the young holt.
Rush. The wind came in easily
Through the rebellious pleats, of the rocker, of a dark chestnut
Silky and upright, entering his eyes

Beneath the glasses with a thin frame, which he wore
A little rough, a little naughty
Slightly absent ... with the thought alone he knew where
In the blind spot of light, in a somewhat surrealistic setting ...

...

Cathy was waiting for him, wet with happiness, at the entrance to the small market
Where was his house, bordered by flowers at the entrance

and hanging them from the windows ...
with the hair fluttering, swayed by the rebellious wind
with my eyes as I said wet with happiness ...
give you goodies, both of you are concerned: Hi Cathy...
hello Jack ...
are you waiting for me a lot?

for about a quarter of an hour ... she said, her forehead burning
of an unusual temperature
although it was evening and the air was cool...
the young man suddenly pulled her close to him, biting his lips and one hand
tapping her small tits, she is even in shape
what they were guessing under the thin blouse.
Come on, said the impatient young man, today I'm going to...
To listen to Nirvana

He said, smiling softly, ironically, pulling her up.
Arriving upstairs, the young man put "Even in his youth"
and then he went back to get a glass of wine.
Do you drink? ... he said slightly troubled, his hair in his eyes

With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration

When, suddenly, the young man got up, he used to bring the girl wine.
He pulled her onto the couch, grabbing her hair
and pulling it easy
where she slept, and he began to kiss her desperately

pulling her hair and biting her lips
then tearing off her clothes.
Jack penetrated her, then slightly bending her leg
He frantically penetrated her

In a wave of pleasure and orgasm, with irregular movements
Hitting his eyes closed
As he got deeper and deeper ...
In an orgasmic journey that seemed to have no end.

...
Cathy, the young man whispered, covering his arms
How is my love, my sweetness
My sweet, I love you... she whispered, perspiring
and as if in hypnotic poison.

Cathy, he whispered, with the latest irregular movements
He reached paroxysm
Then, in a sudden relaxation
She let herself fall over her, her breasts, her legs and her hollow.

...

As it is, he whispered, finally warm
With a frown, severe figure, held in a smile.
Okay, she whispered, Jack, you're a real car
To make love ...

...

E, not quite so, said the young man again imperturbably.
In fact, that's how I would like to always be
But they are only rare
and only with you, my love ... get me out of my mind ...

...

and you do me, she whispered, keeping her eyes down.
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...

Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration
Prepared for another trip

In the world of purple-cherry shadows of love
and pouring a glass of wine, red, dry
listening to her quietly and desperately.

...

At this point, I remained with my eyes on the ceiling, relaxed
and suddenly decided not to repeat the experience.
Mrs. Verginica was asleep, snoring agitated and gasping in her sleep
and Mrs. Cristina, lightly, with her back to me.

...

Outside peace starts cracking by the day ... with slight movements
I get out of bed, take my cigarettes
and I straighten myself, with my head slightly bent,
at the smoker, suddenly as if by the banality of life
those of all days
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor dulcișorul meu.
te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei. te doresc.

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world

Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Sad, overly sad
The Youngman who received in his tender, gentle Soul
The whole suffering
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself
A defeated.

...

But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?..
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened
Shadowed by glasses
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering
Of whom he received in his heart
The poisoned arrow, impure of love
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire
Not happiness and victory.

...

His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul
Salvation and faithfulness
And not bitterness, humiliation.

...

What can be sadder for a mother
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate
Full of promises of the World
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?....

...

From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world
Up to its core, to its bottom.

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

...

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry

In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown, with straight, silky strings
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

...

On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving
Like the signature of color and light
Of a painter
Gathering itself on his neck
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.

...

The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered
They were letting to guess, only, their whole
Beauty and their whole poetry.

...

His innocent shoulders in the thin coat
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –
Waiting to be just lighted
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem

...

The feet slipped under the table
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.

..

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

Te iubesc, Andrei, Puiul meu.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu,iubitul și doritul meu puișor.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate
From the nojan of rememberings...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her...

...

What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...

...

From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes
Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

...

What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman

Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her...

...

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.

...

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, un sinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops
Of absolute
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.
Of love.

...

What can be more tormenting for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love

...

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded

...

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes, it was a Her...

...

Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down
In the bright azalea fields.

...

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulcele și dragul meu pușor, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, pușorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

Linen reflux

At the entrance to his small spacious apartment on Florilor Street
Catherine paused, thinking a little:
this would not be one of the endless
incursions between the leaves of love

...

full of candy, no purpose? ...
yet something attracted her, with a suspected force
with an incomprehensible charm
to Jack's apartment in the spring
on Florilor street...

...

His gaze troubled with sadness
It had been pierced in his heart like a painful imputation ...
The silky brown chestnut, falling on it
Eyes of violet, the lyrics are old ...

...

A memory with Jack floated between the folds of memory
To disperse in the spring expressions:
They, jumping in the rain puddles, like two children
holding hands, laughing happily, without even knowing them.

...

why they are happy, why and why ...
the rain danced around their wet bodies
with clothes sticking to the skin
In his arms, Catherine swayed, with rain and drunken love -
a deflated farmhouse
while the valuables, they washed the golden sands
retreating into a gentle ebb, looking into his eyes, then laughing.

...

...

I met you in the summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

...

.

My sweetheart, it's summer
and cricket crickets in the grass
to me, they turn whiteheads, with violet faces
long stalks of hollyhock
I fell down with my face upwards
watching with wonder eyes
under the shadow the sky
and then looking in our eyes we're laughing...

....

..

I met you on a summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

Te iubesc, Andrei, Puiul meu. Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan. Google dictionary, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung
At the crossroads

It was spring, with whispers of milk and milk
Cathy was going for no purpose

At the crossroads of rumors, where they feared
Moved by the wind, the leaves in the vines ...

...

wander the deserted streets in search of your steps
pale-dusk throws
the late shadows over my steps
lost

...

I expect the same crossroads
at the hour when the leaves of the living like fragile hearts
include, in the last waltz
why don't you come to me
why don't you come to me?

...

I love you and I wish you, my baby, my sweet.

...

When, all of a sudden, Cathy saw his blonde neck
With blond, wavy swipes
Reflected on the neck in a childish smile
With dew and night lips
With lips emblazoned like two blooming lotuses -
They felt, as before, the same lovers...

...

When Cathy suddenly stopped:
He saw his blond neck, curling around his neck
In a smile of whisper and milk
His lips bulged like two water lilies
From the time she was loved ...

...

It was spring, with whiskey and milk pudding
Cathy was going for no purpose
At the crossroads of rumors, where they feared
Moved by the wind, the leaves in the vines ...

... ..te iubesc și te dorec, Michele, Puiul meu.

Memory

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching
Moving away...

Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

.

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceață ibită, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc Tudor, Puiul meu. Te doresc, dulceața mea.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
odors fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two blossomed lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

...

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

.

.

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
desired fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two bloom lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

...

Over the peaks

Over the peaks, the moon passes
Cod beats his leaf smoothly
From the branches of green alder
The horn sounds melancholy

...

Further and further
Slower and slower
My unforgiven, sad soul
Sweetening with the longing of death.

...

Why are you silent, when charming
My heart I turn myself to Thou?...
Will you whisper for me, horn
For me whensoever, again?...

...

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dulceaţa mea, puiul meu dulce.

Come as you know ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

Masks of the Poetic truth te iubesc Dulce meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

The Book of Anime

Painting two

Sexus

His white body, half-naked

With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed

Out of pants

It turned white, virgin

Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat

In waves of orgasm

I easily touch the lotus flower lips

As if to test their moisture and softness

Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...

At the entrance to the gate of heaven

With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream

He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm

She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.

While he completely gave himself away inside of her

Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,

His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...

The young Dorian may be hungry ...

Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?

Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...

In about half an hour ...

....

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed

The young man grabbed her hair

he drew her but power towards him ...

knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers

they were looking for bed sheets

whispering with a passion ...

...

The young man was moving quickly inside her

It seemed like an engine excited

With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst

Entering the gate of heaven

With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream

He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

..

I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...

In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show

.

.

I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...

....

It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky

Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te uybesc, Tudor, Puiul meu dulce, Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Teiubesc, Puiul meu dulce, Victor, Dragostea mea, Dulceașa a mea. So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised like of the charm servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

...

Translation: Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălăţan
Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soţior.

Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me
I'm staying and I look at them
Without no word
In silence and with remembrance
Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking
To myself.

...

Their light comes down gravely
Over your face, sweet white ray
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through
On your shape
Without no words...

....

I have been trying to find in them the echo
Of the feelings which are tormenting me
Then when from the large of the world ark
I come down to the shores from the abyss.

...

I kissed them and I have drawn
them in book
Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...
And I found them often in death.

...

And I have died many times.
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply
My desert feeling I laid down
in the book
My deepest and my desert feelings.

...

Each time I have searched the word
To give me life to drink
again
Of the heart innocent echo
And I found them... often in death...

...

Translation: Ntlia Găcățan, Google dictionary
Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulceața sufletului meu.
Coincidentia oppositorum

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

....

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

...

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

...

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

te iubesc Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google dictionary
te iubesc nespul, puișorul meu.

Echoes...

iartă-mă, puișor iubit. așa simțeam pe atunci.

Everything is happening slowly

The walking of the cheetahs through the snow

Sunny smiles...

The walking of the sun on the blue arch

In a day as long as the boundlessness

Wherein is being

With the bones whited under the moon

The whole Nature...

...

You are so static, my dear...

A statue is frozen in time

To which I useless rise up my arms

But in vain, I cannot reach her...

...

An unknown strange realm

How much love is conquering us

With her slim arrow,

with her spread bow

So much so we feel suddenly in the other a stranger...

...

The tender friendship and the calm pleasure

Is approaching and uniting

That what love suddenly falls apart

and is alienating...

.....

You feel your soul small

and modest

Your words are starting from nowhere...

Greatly architectonic

Then wanting suddenly to abandon

yourself...

...

I feel humble.

The love undresses

All that in your essence is more frail and feeble

And brings out to the light

And lets to show itself

To that rider through moon smoothly passing

...

Who may bend himself

For bending to you is this, a rising up to Self

Of what is fallen in the humus

And lost is

And is estranged of myself.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google dictionary

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce.

Complexio oppositorum

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some beads.

...

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

....

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with a human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Like the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes
all the seen ones
and the unseen.

.....

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.

....

All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiercely God was mirroring His glance.

....

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
"Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?"

....

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods

Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: "Let it be there Light!"

....

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Googledictionary
..te iubesc, dragul meu, puiul meu

...

Love me when night falls

...

Hard night, uninterrupted by steps, voices
Just the sound of pills dropped on the floor...
Nine, two, broke the silence
with their syncopic, lethal fall ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

....

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

Take me, Lord Jesus, be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

Number of pills, one-two, nine, 23
I'm thinking of taking another three - two that fell on the floor
No taste, no smell
and one for deep sleep. A zolpidem. But I need her
and the last driptane
in a film with many pills, all taken
with mistakes and stolen things ...

....

I'm taking the fish's belly. I'm John!
and go out to the white, the raw light, the white light that is to come!
I'm born again, Mom ...

..

I sleep in the bed, I slip in the dream, with tea, I drink on my lips
Quiet, quiet
I sleep in my bed sliding in the dream...
Hold him tightly in the longing, of Jesus.

...

Things are really very messy
There are no options to say...
Except you are with Jesus, you are Jesus
There is not much to say ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

...

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

take me to you, Lord Jesus
Be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

... over dead bodies of dreams ...
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea...
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night
As I write I read Kant ...
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ...

..

In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts
- embroidered in outdated languages
Ah, I've told you thousands of times
In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine

Just cold forged
and everything was dressed in white ...

....

It was a deep night - de Profundis
Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold night away.

..

They were heard from nowhere
There were no voices, no footsteps
Only the cough dries in an opportune moment
Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...

...

My forehead was burning with red mist
and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -
although everything is worse than drawing in coal
of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.

...

Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...
No sound, no sound, just moans around
my soul is black and white
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold and distant night.

...

I died! Yeah... I died ...
I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam
Sea when Adonis comes out...

....

Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds
I was sleeping forever
Reading, thinking and writing Kant
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc
Something in the way ...
The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...
Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor.
...te iubesc, te doresc, puiul meu dulce, Tudor-Victor-Tudor

...

It was a rational night...

It was night, it was raining outside
and my heart was clutching like a claw.
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast
They are like a flower-like an undead
What's going on between us

...

It was night, it was raining outside
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes
hot and cold....
question marks in taste were mottled
fruit nozzles

...

in your smile you never started, lost
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...
in dusk in the evening, so sweet
bitter

...

I felt an increasing desire in me
to sink slowly, slowly
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...
question marks popped into your eyes
hot and creamy ...

...

It was a quiet night outside ...
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast
like a flower or an undead
what made his bed in us ...

..

The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy
I don't know where to drink
If you do not know who ...

....

It smells like Jesus Christ ...
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone
At bedtime...

...

The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine
Teddy bear must
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.

.....

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...

...

In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive
I smelled abstract work
You, lambs, children
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -
Friday...

...

Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered
It was silence it was late
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar
A puppy with white fur
I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...

It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples
In my rational cam
The smell of mine and children...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor
and then I took the gun to shoot myself
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter
although it was a rational night
and the dogs barked far outside.

...

fall with the slower through a stream of dark chaos
until I touch the lips of the earth
which I prevented

...

watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea
the soul of the Earth is
it looks great to me ...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puiul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puiul meu.
...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks
In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips

when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

Translation: Google Translate

Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălăţan-Nemes

... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Vicor, Puiul meu. Te doresc Dulceața mea, T doredc, Dulceața mea, Te iubesc Puiul
meu, Victor. Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Te doresc, Dulcele meu.

The Book of Anime

Painting three

The Sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state

Deep down, fervor continues

Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the prop sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...
Te doresc și Te iubesc dulceața mea Victor, Puiul meu.

Michele ...

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...

Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

...

Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind
the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet

On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

Te iubesc, Michele, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea

Blue skies

...

From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home
It was a rain and windblown
As if he had never seen it before.

...

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...

...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.

...

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white
with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...
Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.

...

The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlaz sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...

He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this, I would not have believed
On a wind like this

...

This is fine, he smiled
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself

At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

...

and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down

...

and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.
My love

...

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

...

Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

..

Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

..

....

When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

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Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
crying

te iubesc, Tudor, dragostea me.

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

.....

In fact it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

....

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two ruby flames.

.....

He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
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Of the worldly poems and temptations ...

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Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

...

Michele ...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...

Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

...

Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind
the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths

As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

All over my lucid dream
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Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines

Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey
What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras ...
te iubesc, Michele, te doresc, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor

...

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulceața mea. Te doresc, Puiul meu. What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras

What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras ...
His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

...

A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

...

...

A young man with dreamlike looks
Youngman who raised rough perfumes in his tender years
Raised in the shade of the chestnut trees
What their blue flame dripped on idealists

A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

...

...

Eyes black as two silent, soft light
They fly their eyes, feeble and starving
Of mysteries hidden from the hidden unseen
At night and it is cruel death penetrated ...

...

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

Cathy said softly
Like a deep, sweet tremolo of mysteries
With his sweet thin lips soaked in the azure sky
Looking at her with blue, fine eyes.

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

...

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me

You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in your arms with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, as your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in your barefoot hair!...

...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

The lovers floated close together
closer to their chest
and sweetly whispered endless love
staring into the eyes with endless sweet longing
while you perish in the distance, in a ship, only the Poet ...
worn endlessly by warm carpet
of tender, extinguished in autumn emotions ...

...

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
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black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure

leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce, Mihai, dulcele și doritul meu puișor.

Te iubesc și te Doresc, Victor,, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!

...

Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.

...

She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.

...

Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...

...

O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus
It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...

...

While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, different substance of them.

...

Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder

Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.

...

His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.

...

When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.

...

Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost,
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.

...

I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars,
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!

...

Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.

...

Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.

...

Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.

...

Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.

...

He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.

...

Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...
His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled

Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Puișor.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puișorulmu.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Puiul meu dulce, Tudor, t iubesc, Dragostea mea. Dragostea mea, Puiul meu Dulce, te iubesc, Victoor, Puișor iubit și dorit. Te iubesc, Soțul meu, Te doresc, dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Victor-Tudor-Alin-Mihai. Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

The Book of Anime
Painting four

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere

His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

..

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

Hos blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

....

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea

The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..

.

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

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It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

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Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

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Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

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By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

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of the world
Up to its core.

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Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

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Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...
At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

....
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate
Google translate

te iubesc, Dulceaţa mea, Puiul meu Victor

The sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
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White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

te iubesc dulcele meu Puişor, dragostea mea.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.

..
When Mihai suddenly enters.

She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...

Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...

Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..

My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...

The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...

Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...

Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
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Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
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..
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea

Kurt ...

It was a bleak June ...
It had been a good fight this mid-afternoon when Cathy, dressed in her underwear
Silk and heeled shoes
He knocked on Michele's door and his brothers.
No one opened ...
Cathy pressed the door and entered.

...

He had been sitting on the same couch he had known for years.
and wait ...
suddenly, a young man with his hair wrapped
light-chestnut
get out of the bathroom
with blue jeans just below the waist, and with fringes
at the bottom, with the hollow bust
and bare feet.

...

Oh, Kurt ... my dear, forgive me, I have the door
and I went in ...
do nothing, Cathy, the young man smiled
I realized that someone came in ...
otherwise, I would have probably come out empty, he smiled from his full lips
young

...

humming a song and whistling slightly.
Mihai isn't in the house, my dear Cathy
In fact ... all five went to a Book launch
In Victoriei Square ... they will come late ...

...

Then he sat smiling beside her
Nonetheless, resting on the little table tables in front of them.
A glass of water, a sour acid?
I think mineral water would be just fine
Kurt ...

...

Ah, he said turning
Our family of six boys is shaking and with a chair at their head
She's out of her mind
Beautiful and smart girls like you.

Otherwise don't explain my behavior at all
My brothers.

...

Kathy looked at him dreamily.
Slowly, a tear trickled from the corner of his left eye
Running on his cheek.
Oh, my dear, Cathy, don't cry, said the young man abruptly
Becoming serious.

...

There are some morons ... my brothers ... they want to put you
At the test
Then ... I don't know ... not too well
The one you love the most.
you know, they all fell in love.

...

Even so, Cathy, the young man said seriously
Lying on your back ... do you love him more?
Michele, Jack, Dorian, Alain, Michael or ...
Cathy said clearly, looking him in the eye
Imperturbable.

...

Ah! .. the young man said
and a sudden hug
biting his lips to the blood.
Then he draws her to his bare chest
Smooth as a poor baby came out of the bathroom.
Then, suddenly slowing down

...

He dropped his back on the couch in the living room.
No saddle, Cathy, you gotta love me ...
The young man is serious, almost upset.

...

Cathy remained silent for a moment, frozen, watching her
To the silky hair in the rebellious streams, which entered
In the eyes.
My love, she whispered ...
I love you...

...

I love you all, you have an irresistible Soul ...
Then he sighed, pouring water into the glass.

...

Watching her tremble
With tears streaming down his chin
Kurt suddenly felt sorry for her.
My girlfriend, Cathy, don't cry

...

Do you want to make love, my love?
I don't know, she said between the sighs, shaking her shoulders.

...

Kurt took her left hand
and brought it slowly to his chest. Under her warm pressure,
his pink nipple hardened, flushing
as a small question mark.

...

Cathy, the younger man spoke
With her hair in her eyes
Leaning over her ...
Then both of them wander across the insatiable frontiers of love
Like two demons,
Like two angels, you possess the immortal soul
Anime

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious

The movements of love on purpose ...

..

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride

It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens

They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light

They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer

Fall on my chest

Let me kiss you on the chest

When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride

O, Cathy came to my breast

and let the cruel cuddle

it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai

as your black hair, like your hair, you waved

black ebony warm silk towels

it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure

leaving it in my warm

where the moon is warm

silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.

Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.

Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.

Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Come as you are

Come as you are - as holy as a whore

Like a friend, like a friend ...

I want you to be ...

...

Your hand holds mine

Your kiss sucks my lips -

She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...

the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...

heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...

..... ..

the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end

Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand
and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words

looking into our eyes
remembering ...

.....

slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-obol ...

..... ..

the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?

...

....

Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids

so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google Translate, Google dictionary

Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google Translate and Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceaţa mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Something in the way ...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

Translation into English: Natalia Gălăţan, Google Translate, Googl dictionary, Simona Mirela Vasilache, Carl Gustav Jung
Puiul meu Dulce, Soţul meu Drag, Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Iubirea vieţii mele. Te Doresc. Te iubesc
Dulcele meu.

The book of Anime II
Painting I

Adonai

The word of death that saves
Slowly on the chest and eyes go up
It is lost in the blue Sea of Atlaz
Like spikes on the cheek.

..

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.

...

..

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, cold morning ...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

..

There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck

Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

..

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...

....

and from the chaos of the valleys, in the proud face is closed:
Oh, I come, Lord's night!
By fate it dislodges me!
Give me Freedom to roam
All the cosmic space like a lentil seed

..

Give him Love, hope, mind
In wise remembrance!

..

Oh, young voivode with soft hair
What you adore, your overnights empty
I give them Love and Mind
and many feelings
to look back like before!

...

You ask me for my Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time
To discover even in the Land of the Dead with her
To enter, triumphant n-Olympus!

...

You are my very own Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time.

...

Time of war, cruel hatred and fate
Time of love, of sweetness
and death
Time to do everything I thought
Time to think and think long.

...

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time to sleep
To the great advice of the wise
I give you time for the eternal to reap
To kill the righteous from death.

...

...

For you see the harsh measure of those on Earth:
You make yourself breathless, ice wind
Burning sun and power
and blows their pain!

...

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time!

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...

...

There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.

...

..

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...

A beautiful dead man with live eyes
Your look burns me, your eye presses me!

Ars poetica

The bright horizons are drowning
their smoky clouds
In the white, voluptuous mist sloped at the road edge
The paths from groves are sighing through
The rows of scattered leaves by the blackened
branches.

.....

Silence of beginning of the world and age

The horizon is shaking its silvery ridge
Silvery clay little stars are falling down, mixing out with the
frozen land.

.....

I was passing by on the streets of sometime
Underneath the shadow of the pallid lindens
Old, antique houses are bringing down their silent,
withered air on the alleys.

....

Benches are lying down in the moist air of September
With the mist slipping on their eyes
Which cover lucently and cold, wet drops
Of the cold tender breaking of the dawn.

Quiet hours are flying away
In the milk of an mat, translucent ivory of the darkened fall
and cruelly, secretly, with its eyes of
smoky alabaster
Blinking underneath the weeped eyelashes

....

And suddenly I felt a stranger, wanderer in the world
Bewildered and alone, and lonely
Happy and sad in my fantastic, timeless world
Flowing my hands and body
Through the lucent mirrors of yesterday

A magical, ideal moment
And a smile which is born from pain and sense
Through the full body of the orange core
of the Universe
With my without existence etherically pace.
Te iubesc, Victor.

Translation Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

.....

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek

Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

....

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

...

In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically.

...

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...

...

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

Brahma the one with thousand faces

Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce, puiul meu.
That evening, after many years, I was writing in my journal
With black covers
About that frightening happening
Lost, in the childhood distant murmuring sight.

Living it again, in a way... It was a strange, grotesque vision
Frightful, if it wouldn't be endowed with
Extreme numinosity.
From the depths, it was calling me the Brahma the one with a thousand faces
Likewise a soft, gentle and bizarre anathema.

...

It was night. Dark outside. My soul was hurting me like a claw
The right hand was helpless to gather itself
And then I wrote
To the pale light from the candlestick
With the angelic nail from the left hand.

..
Not helped neither by the powers of the bull, the lion and the eagle
Which were working around Mark, Peter
And John
I was writing alone.

...
Around me, they were the celestial spirits
Born on the drowning of the aggressive herds
Giving birth in the groups of water
To a second game, more ordered and more pure.

...
Brahma the one with a thousand faces was moving his shapes
With amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling in the depths, from the leaves of the grapeyard
Of the black grapes full.

He was pulling to himself like a whirlpool, vortex, storm, lightning, tornado
The black tide which returns in itself
Through silent rains in myself
Of the longing of eternity, of immortality full

....
I was feeling as to how a force is dragging in the self...
Deeper and deeper. more and more vertiginous
Brahma the one with a thousand faces was changing his faces
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.

...
It was a cruel madness and deep, profound
Of an absolute, dreaming lucidity
As it is the strength of the sharp top rock
As it is the seawater where is more deep.
It was madness, which didn't exclude the true understanding, acceptance
The absolute, deep knowledge
As it is the strength of the stainless steel
As it is the seawater where it is more deep.

...
I was likewise the trembling cast away light of a candle
Which makes the night more deep and more complete
Ubiquitous and omnipresent
Strong and omnipotent, abstract and in more places at the same time.

...
The Brahma with a thousand faces was calling to himself the light in me
The path to the consciousness
To my being
Where on he wanted as a sacrifice.

..

I was feeling as to how a force is dragging in the self...
Deeper and deeper, more and more vertiginous
Brahma the one with thousand faces were changing His faces
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.

A soft, gentle deity, and frightful
Black, abyssal, shivering
Likewise it is the seawater where is more profound
As it is the strength of the sharp stone edge.

...

Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google dictionary

Siddharta

(The Euthanasius Isle)

His grave, stillness silence, last of odor honey
Flowing like limpid amphora in night
With depths reverberated in bright, round waters
From the self which in calm waves, in the red nature
Flowed itself.

.....

Underneath warm magnolia in smoke
and the scent
of young woman, pure and clear, of the green mermaid
în rosy waters, of an immaculate white
The depths are circling his forehead lost in thoughts.

.....

Green nature, sparkling whitely in the sun
Under the kiss of warm and goldy rays
or the glittering of moon rays
It's undulating, carried out by the mythical thought.

....

A smile of gratefulness is Life
eternal, like water flowing
From which you are drinking, charmed by its clay pitcher
the smile of death merged with life.

....

enchanted by the slowly slipping off the sun
on starry arch
Lost în the mythical thought, like in the precious
amphora, you flowed down your magnificent body
on rocks surrounded by pure water.

...

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

...

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces

embraced with soft long wings the end.

.....

O, don't you see that in Eternal moment
has gathered all the divinity
and in every moment which passes away, is fretting
With a supreme thought the Love
of which is full the Life and Nature?...

.....

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

.....

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

Te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu.

Translate: Natalia Gălățan, Google dictionary

The archetypes and the collective unconscious

I was going with great steps from sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
and whimpering streams passed
they were burning in the valley ...

....

The cuckoo sings twice.
My amoral stone god
There was a river moaning, a mountain, a comb
A gate was made

..

I stood with my head in my hands on a large stone:
Who am I, who am I
Who tells me?

...

Passengers in a postcard
I put my foot down
On my northern aurora
Praying beautifully ...

.....

The road was snaking endlessly
On the turbulent waters, it is great
He turned back in the dark.

..

I was walking with great strides towards sunset
Towards the Dead Sea

and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
And maybe the rivers were passing
they were burning in the valley ...

I was silent on the road, in this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The dream of green is here
On this wet bench
Among the splashes falling happy and extinguishing me
On the clothes, on the face, on the hair
On the purse

Smoking a cigarette
Like an old woman brought from behind ...

.....
Looking at the sprinkler gentle curtain
Rain falling
With a gentle, unassuming smell
Intensifying the green of the trees
The grass
Of the leaves.

I live the dream of green.
The crucified dream of the cross.

.....
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the gun and shoot myself

I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth

From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape

Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple te iubesc, dulceața mmea, Victr, puiul meu dulce.

te doresc și Te iubesc nespūs, Victor, Dulceața mea.

Puiul meu iubit, Tuddor, Te iubesc.

The book of Anime II

Painting II

Complexion of opposites

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea

And the Sea in the Sky

The miniature trees are floating between them

With their green leaves like
some beads.

Buddha with a gentle smile

Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature

Is it there?... Or maybe beyond

The Time in large strips unfolds itself

In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms

In space where it was reigning

Eternal peace.

....

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...

You could not measure it with a human measure

The mystery of love was endless

And embosomed in itself all of them

Likewise the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

God was love

who embraced in Himself all the attributes

all the seen ones

and the unseen.

.....

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,

Nor love or hate

It was Something beyond nature

In which the word Love doesn't fit.

....

All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiery God was mirroring His glance.

....

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
"Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?"

....

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: "Let it be there Light!"

....

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

...

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphims
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sacred and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

I fall asleep with my hand at random, in short dreams
In which I slip with fear, with terror, with pain ...
Because the dark deity, which whispers hard to me in the window
With endless love, the soul asks me.

...

A rough, heavy night, dark with harsh, heavy premonitions
In which I fell asleep with the window open
Leaving the deity with the soul of god and the voice of the beast
To exercise my divine exercises on me ...

....

It's late-night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

...

Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
He gave Absolute a new, unexpected, realization
... scary looking

...

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In our silence, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late-night, yellow and timeless
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor.
te doresc.
Animusul meu Victor, dulce.

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack
of flesh and blood
I have come down from the cross
and I live the dream of the green
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones
in the moist, wet benches

...

I live the dream of the green
The dream of the crucified from the cross.

...

The dream of the green is here
On this moist bench
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair
On my handbag
Smoking a cigarette
Like a little old woman brought back...

....

Watching the slow curtain of raindrops
The rain which is falling down
With a gentle, unheard whispering
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass

....

No, it isn't here...
My place
I have run from the cross
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green
I am Jesus.

.....

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness

What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment, and regrowth.
Te doresc li Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.
Te doresc.

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

..
There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...

..
The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind
and then in a silent frenzy
it is given to the black, the earth ...

..
Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...
They are lost in the streets ...
They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...
I walk between heaven and earth
As if I wanted to
To join them in an indescribable kiss
The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...

..
I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...
I am without eve and without age ...
and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine
of my heart of the indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...

..
It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.

..
Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
Like I want you to be ...

...
Your hand holds mine

Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

..
Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke, and honey
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...
Until you touch your lips
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
Dragostea și iubirea vieții mele, Victor, Te iubesc.
Te iubesc.

Decoration

Through dark gangs, rats
The decor is forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, beautiful lady ...

..
Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for about a week
Slab-tiled we jump on the sidewalk - Autumn is wearing her
Irresistibly bald ...

..
There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...

and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
The decor is forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, beautiful lady ...
te iubesc, Dulcele meu

There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for a week
By the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it
Irresistibly bald ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of the leaves, of the trees,
of grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos

dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...
When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God, he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...
I love you and I wish you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc...
Fish bank
Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...
..
I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart
Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...
...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm
...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...
....
I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te ubesc, Dulcele meu Victor
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

The book of Anime II
Painting III

Fish bank

Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...

..

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

....

I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

.....
In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...
The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

....
Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

....
Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two ruby flames.

.....
He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

....
Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine

I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of the worldly poems and temptations ...

.....

In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naïve, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

...

Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

Te iubesc

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke

I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The blood shots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the blood shots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles
why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..
Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

..

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.

He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!

...
Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.

...
She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.

...
Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...

...
O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus
It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...

...
While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, the different substance of them.

...
Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.

...
His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.

...
When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.

...
Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost,
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.

...
I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars,
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!

...
Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly

Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.

...

Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...

And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.

I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.

...

Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips

Like two flowers hit by the storm

With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.

...

Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.

Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising

I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque

Of the universe.

...

He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides

of cosmic currents

who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.

...

Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...

His soul rises into the air,

floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled

Heading to an unknown destination ...

Te iubescv, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Puișor.

Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puișorulmu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragul meu.

The book of Anime II

Painting III

Fish bank

Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown

Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence

Heat and boreal cold

White, sepulchral light ...

..

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind

In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices

Which I glitter like gems

The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone

As much as a man can be ...

I fish in the evening

Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

....

I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

.....

In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk

On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile

A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

....

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two ruby flames.

.....

He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
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With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

...

Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

Te iubesc

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The blood shots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the blood shots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles

why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..
Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...

Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

..

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!

...

Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.

...

She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.

...

Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...

...

O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus
It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...

...

While the substance of the unique divine principle

It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, the different substance of them.

...

Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.

...

His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.

...

When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.

...

Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost,
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.

...

I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars,
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!

...

Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.

...

Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.

...

Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.

...

Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.

...

He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.

...

Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...
His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled
Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubescv, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Puișor.

Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puișorulmu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea me.

The book of Anime II
Painting IV

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

..

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...

Over our embraced bodies -
All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

..

and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

..

I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

...

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragosta mea.
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canals
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable

and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life

There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves

It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds

And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills

Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice

Thin and silky

Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman

Curious...

Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world

Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door

Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter

His immortal, white, Canats?...

...

From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs

An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry

He was looking at her...

...

What can it be more thrilling for a mother

Than the moment when her young Son

He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant

When he becomes a man?...

...

...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating

In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery

On his innocent shape, of young man

Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute

As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse

As a promise and a legacy

At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur

Over the azure sea

The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes

Where you cease to exist

and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery

Frost pesterps from the snow of roses

Where you cease to exist

and you start to be ...

to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate
With fluid tears ...

I just feel happy that you exist - that it exists
We are both, sweetheart
Two Crişti
We tremble in the wagons in the hot night
Moving to unknown destinations ...

..

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

....

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

...

In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically.

...

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...
I desire you and I love you, Victor...
Your soft body is endlessly...

Your soft body is endlessly
from the eyelash of the light risen up... with the tired soul
I seek of the city lights. Red street-candles are swarming
the city, on the old ship is fluttering the veil.

.....

The watch has stopped at zero, I look up to the sunrise
to the reversal zenith
How is it?... language without language
Into the slipstream of Samuel Beckett.

....

The breasts are without a corsage, the eggs are without sheathing
Your soft body is endlessly
from the light eyelash risen up.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Googledictionary
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu. Te doresc, Dulceaţa mea, Puişor iubit.
Your face, sweet wonder
Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light

as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean

like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

..

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...

Over our embraced bodies -
All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

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and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
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Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

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I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

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what a kiss

their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragosta mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Sufletul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu scump. Te iubesc și T doresc, Dragostea mea, Odorul sufletului meu.

The book of Anime III

First painting

Dulcișorul meu, Dulceața mea, Dragste a mea Dulce, Arhetipul și Animusul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc,
Dulcele meu Victor, Dulceața mea. Puiul meu Tudor, Puiul meu Mihai, Puiul meu Alin. Te iubesc, Dulceața
mea, Iubirea dulce vieții mele. Ddulsele meu Victor, T doresc și Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dragoste mea. Te doresc Victor, Puiul meu.

Come out with the Devil

That morning at noon I went to the cow barn
I should probably clean the stable and collect the eggs
From the nest in the stables

It was a beautiful, hot summer and I was about 12-13 years old
I was small, brunette, skinny
and with the boy cut off on his forehead, he schooled
which at that time I had licked.

....

Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths

Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

...

I go to the pot, my mind a huge vacuum.
A dog gets after me.
He is small with white and brown spots
and I do not know if it was not ours, or only the porch passes us
in search of who knows what.

He was gentle and friendly
That's how I took Michiduță in my arms

and we headed home.

...

In the living room, which rarens the first room of the horses
With glazed square windows
Covering the entire wall from the back yard
I push him into the room and close the door.

...

The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.

...

In the dream that follows the Creature
He moans with his smooth tongue and coarsens in the intimate parts
Feeling pleasure and old, my brain was
In prostitution
I watched the puppy fall into the bottomless pit of my thoughts.
The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.

...

Lying on the bed, I was watching the puppy, which was hanging from the tail, near the door.
I took him in his arms and led him out
and I have never seen him since that day.

..

Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths
Who was pulling me down, pulling me down ...

...

I had 33 people.
I was still very sick. I'm going to bring the cows from Comanesti
Or to see them.

I was in a blooming dress.
When suddenly overwhelmed by a memory beyond me
Coming from the depths
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest.
"Excuse me Tomorrow," crying with heavy tears, which were rolling over me
And works.

Forgive me tomorrow, please marry me, Lord
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest
Overwhelmed by the urge to go deep
and it gave way as a blinding light to science.

...
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
My sweet husband
My sweet baby, Lia feels sweet.
I love you
Victor, my sweet baby
I love you and I love you, my dear baby.
Up on Jara

That day Grandmother Lucretia, grandmother from Rosia
She had made us wet, as usual
I mean balm, good for licking
On the fingers with cream, milk, maybe cheese
And you pissed.

...

I was with Bujor. I had finished milking the cakes
And we had to go with them
On the Year, the high grade
You climbed chest, up to the Hammer.

.....

We ate with lust and we got tired, we and my grandparents
Then we took our buns
of willow
We set out to feed the cows.
I took them first on some beaten paths
Parallel and overlapping

At the wells made by my father, under the ridge of the hill
Let's water them.
Then I started with them chestnut
Let's climb the hill, a steep ridge that climbs

Almost straight up.

.....

I was panting, red in the cheeks, with the chord in one hand
Running for cakes
And we ate them straight up the hill.
They were arranged bright, red, floral, black
besides the fence

From the alley, and soon we reached the upper gate.
In the hammer we breathe easier
And we were looking at the pit bulls, as we said
Boletus, raised from day to day.

....

When I found one more
And especially the little chicks, just cut from the grass
We shouted happy.
Peony called me: Lia, let's see!

And I was running to see the huge python
With a big, raw hat
That grandmother would prepare us with onions
And with cheese.

...

We're going uphill.
From the right, you can hear Mardea's bitch
Lonely and bad mouth
Who had his hut in the meadow, under the foot of the mountain
Barking wild, crushed

Funest, as a preview, under the crowns
The beech forest that gives in front of Prelucii.
To the left lay the forest of firs and beech trees
From under the forehead

A dense forest, where I knew the bear lived.
Soon, while giving the cows
We get to the top.
A straight, beaten path between the two forests.

.....

Beyond which, right in front of us, Preluca rose,
first mountain peak.
There, left on a path
The silky cows were beginning to mate

At a small wooden fountain

Then they took to the beaten track on the right
Besides the forest,
Slowly climbing the mountain, he grazed it.

....

Phages, green, with their shady crowns
Of a metallic green
Of a raw green, the trees not too high
High air, so clean

Laying your head down on your back
You admire the sky
On which they ran without stopping the clouds
And you felt happy, as much as your baby's heart
She could understand it.

.....

I can not cover the landscape ...



Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...

Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window

Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..

My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

....

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

.....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

... ..

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished....
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared

I was in Ceriale
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

... ..

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

.....

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

.....

since then I confuse the seasons....
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
... ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass

in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...

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....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..
My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

....

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

.....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

... ..

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished....
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared
...

I was in Ceriale
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

... ..

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station

drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

.....

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

.....

since then I confuse the seasons....
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
... ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
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...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

...

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When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

And the merciful king
He also gave me his wife,
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And stew, likewise a clay amphora
Madonna,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
- As a fool's cloak -
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And it's weird then
I threw it into the fire.

initiation

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.

Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.
The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphim
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
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From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
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and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
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With smiling faces ...
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... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

Noise and anger

*I'm asleep ... but I can't sleep ...
I hear strange sounds hitting the window
scared of this rainy summer, strange, silent labyrinth ...
who came early, his hands charred
like late, like broken ...*

...
*It's raining in the morning ...
The troubled sky casts blue flowers from glittering tomatoes
At the endless red commandment
of the genius hidden in the stars ...*

..

*It is raining with soot ... with still winter thoughts
With tired freesia
and autumnal ...*

..

*late nights, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.*

...
*Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
With stars on the shoulders
With dark eyes ...*

..

*It's raining...
the black sky is left over the earth ...
there came an inextricable sweat, a wind
the black rain fills her salty voice
my soul burns in love as it seems ...*

..

*My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
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....

*I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
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Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself*

...

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*Te iubesc, Victor, Dagostea mea, Piul meu. Te doresc. Puiul meu. Iartă-m, te rog.
I love you, my baby, Victor-Tudor, my sweetness.*

The wheel of truth with eight spokes

In the small kindergarten, full of flowers
Of our end
Pavel Cordea
We had gathered to take pictures.

The mother was indescribably young
With round shapes
He remained after birth
In a dress to the knees
How to wear it in the 70's
Of a kind of viscose or silk
Or maybe synthetic material
With white schoolgirl collar.

.....

The little green garden was a heavenly paradise
Full of field flowers
Of yellow woods, lettuce and
Margarete
Of violins and bells and flowers with white specks
From many flowers gathered in one place
The smell of which I remember
As a child.

They had a clean, fresh smell
A sweet-bitter fragrance
These flowers
And the whole kindergarten was green grass
Raw, to the ankles
And full of flowers.

.....
We had gathered to take pictures.
It was Titian's birthday
Or my day - because it was spring
I can't remember much.

....
She was beautiful, with strong breasts
Exiting through it
With her hair tight in her neck
And with a strip of natural hair and flowers
Surrounding his forehead.

He was smiling at us, as in a photographer
And I went out near my mother's lap
Which probably held Paula
In arms
Daughter of our eldest son
In my dress like my mother
With white collar

And a hat with a flower
With his head on his back
Smiling with my mouth.

....
That photo, those photos
They have always remained a mystery to me
As with all photos
For which I have a real weakness.

...
Fragments of frozen time
Cuttings from life
Hanging clips, immobile
By recording the imponderable, the ineffable, the indescribable

They have always fascinated me.

...
In one of them
My little brother
In a crochet sweater
He was smiling with his hands hidden behind his back
A boy of about 5-6 years old
Hiding something
And with a good smile
Which I never forgot

Although it has happened before
To do evil.

.....

But my mother ... was a small domestic deity
She was the clay herself
Of the supreme deity
Dad with his harsh smile, but good,
A tall, tall man
And athletic

We all recognized him as a master.

My forehead curled
The smile from the soul
In a photograph in which I hold my hand
Straight to the hip
And with the other one brought to the hat
In an exit by itself
So deep, total
As if I knew
That moment will last forever
And with her, all the little kindergarten, Paula, the mother
Peony and Titiana

....

But above all, the thought of giving was what I knew
under the small forehead
bomb
Where he had been trapped
The feeling that it exists. te iubesc, puiul meu

The children were both of us

It was a beautiful evening that summer day on Mount Preluca
I and Bujor and I had gone for cakes
cows were moving along horizontal parallel paths
some remained on the mountain, still to graze
others charged the right-hand side of the mountain
to the wooden fountain under the sheepfold of Țariu
and they started to adjust, sipping on each other
stopping at pines and raising the wet muzzle
then drink water again, with regular small swallows.
I was near the top of the mountain
and I admired the sunset, the sky bathed in the sea
of red, orange, red flames

endless degradation ... who knows how many thoughts I have
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Queen!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature
of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells

because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

....

Peony had started after the cows, shouting at me for a while
and teaching me what to do ...
I was with the Mount then, with his Archetype ascended
from the holes, which overwhelmed me
and I think he, Bujor, was also overwhelmed by this archetype
that he liked to ride the mountains!
who knows how many thoughts I went through
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Refine!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature
of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

.....

Swirling before my eyes. White clouds, white clouds
White typhoon mouths, they imagined different kinds of looks
Flowers, butterflies, angels, gods
God himself the father, with his harsh face thundered above the clouds of heaven!
I was thrilled to admire the sunset
The pains of her world
I hadn't been pissed off yet!
and gasping for the sun, I went out laughing!

....

te iubesc dulcele meu Victpr, puilul meu.
The children were both of us,
My brother and me.
From walnut shells cart with ox
I was doing and starving at him
Old men with horns.

And he was reading Robinson,
He told it to me;
I was building the Vavilon Tower
From playing cards I used to say
And I'm a little silly.

I often went to bathe
In the forest eye,
At the big pond I was coming
And her middle was swimming
On the green island.

From clay there I built,
Of the thick and large reed,
Proud fortress looked at it,
With large tin towers,
With hasty wall.

And my brother as emperor
He gave me my message,
To go to the frogs,
Let's call them to battle
Let's see who's stronger.

And the frog king,
Like a fake oak tree,
You receive the commandment of the people.
The pond is a riot.
And we started war.

Oh my! we caught a lot of frogs
It seems to me the king himself
I locked them in the black tower,
From the green island.
I made peace

And I gave them the way of the frogs,
They jumped with joy,
In the deep, they sank
Not to see him again.
We headed home.

Then I asked for the reward
To my deeds
And my brother appointed me
By the king in the north
Over the Indian people.

The white swan was a dresser,
Marches the worst minister
When I ask him to ask me,
He is a sinister millionaire.
I cordially gathered my paw.

And the merciful emperor
He also gave me his wife
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And the stew, brood,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
As an o-cloak
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And strange then
I threw it in the fire.

And on the block we were getting drunk
Over reed and straw
And we were in the mountains.
With each beat
I marched side by side.

And my head was swollen
Paper helmet.
A handkerchief in a stick,
Battle flag.
I sang: Trararah!
Ah! you went your dreams, you went!
Dead is my brother.
No one closed his eyes
Abroad
Maybe they can open it in the pit!
But often in my dream
Big blue eyes
It lights up a smile
From two you come here
My soul awakens.
I? There's still my heart
From childhood?

.....

Ah! it often clutches my mind
An old song.
It sounds like it's whining to me
Sweet in the ear:
World, world and world again!

..

. Taking his brother as a comrade, Greuceanu sets off. A three-day, three-night tip with Faurul-Earth, his cross brother, prepares him for the cunning of the kite. At a crossroads the brothers split up. A knife stuck in the ground and a fairy tale carried by each will have the purpose of telling one about the fate of the other. Returning earlier to the place of separation, Greuceanu's brother finds the "clean knife", a sign that his brother is healthy, and the Moon and the Sun, in their place in the sky, fill his heart with joy. But this is a moment of anticipation. During this time, Greuceanu, metamorphosed, in turn, into pigeon and fly, is from the kites when they return to the kites from the hunting of the Green Cod (unpopular framework in the popular literature). There follows the battle of the valiant with the three kites, each stronger than the other. The popular author has proven talent both in handling the dialogue between adversaries, which abounds in imprecations (<Ah, I would eat the wolves the horse's flesh!>) And other consecrated expressions (<in swords to cut or in battle to fight>), as well as in the dynamic description of the dramatic fight with the tartar of the kite. There is an abundance of repetition of consecutive verbs and circumstances of great plasticity: <The kite arrived and they were beaten: in the swords they beat what they beat and the swords broke; in the spears the spikes hit and the spears broke; then they fought: they shook one another, the earth shook; and tighten the kite on Greuceanu ... and then Greuceanu once tightened on the kite, just when he did not expect his bones to run. This fight is not even seen.> With the miraculous help of the crow (reason for the human-living communion), Greuceanu answers the kite and with his little finger from the right hand of the kite - as a key - opens <cul>, releasing the Sun and Month. The hero's gesture gains titanic dimensions: <Take the sun in his right hand and the left in the moon, throw them in the sky and rejoice with great joy.>

The storytelling power of the narrator is surprising. We imagine a true Prometheus holding in hand these vital beings, like toys, and giving them immense joy to mankind. The greatness and nobility of Greuceanu's act find a strong echo in the community: <The people, when they saw the sun and the moon again in the sky, rejoiced and praised God that he gave so much power to Greuceanu to succeed against the foes of humble humanity>. , the hero lives the simple feeling of duty fulfilled: <And he, satisfied that he finished the job, took it on his way ...> te iubesc, puilul meu, dulcișorul meu dulce, Victor.

That night I had been with Bujor on the mountain, on Preluca

After the cows. When we got up
The sun was setting
In a wreath of pink, yellow, orange flames
Reddish.

It was a vault of bright colors
From yellow and orange
Up to red, to purple.
Broken clouds, like little streams of old
Colored by dusk and white
They spread all over the sky, like sifted by a rare sieve.
I went and watered the cattle at the well
wooden
From under Tari's lathe

....

And then we got ready to steer them to the hut.
I stayed on the mountain
Near the peak
Admire the sunset. Who knows how many thoughts
They were in my mind then, contemplating
Clouds, like snowshoes
With shapes of devil flower angels
Of butterflies, even God-Father
Throne on the clouds of heaven.
No doubt I was thinking that God is
Nature, as Baruch Spinoza had said
Centuries before, and rightly so.

.....

I didn't know much about God
Than what my experience told me
And this was saying a lot ...
And grandma's psalms, and sister Ellen G. White's books
And the Bible from the time of Carol I
I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees
However, that is from the bark
Till the crust

...

I stared at the sky
Getting lost on the horizon, beyond the stallion stud
In a land of fairy tales and stories
Which, strange, the being had

...

Te iubesc.

Dragostea mea iubită și Dulce, Dulceața mea, Victor, puiul meu, te iubesc, puișorul meu dulce.
As much as an unnatural thread



That day we were missing our house
to me and my brother Bujor
we were remembering by the noodles so tasty
with chicken soup

and by the light bulb from the kitchen and
from the rooms of the House
for in Rosia we weren't having but a rushlight
or two, a gas lamp which was burning
with gas, trembling

and we had to go to sleep early...
I was maybe neither 4 years unfulfilled
And Bujor 5.
Besides the wooden log I was pulling Bujor misteriously
by sleeve

Not to be seen by my grandma, and I was telling him:
"Buvo, let's go home, to our mother
to the soup of noodles and to the light bulb!...
I was hated by the state here

I miss the house from Maleia and our mom..."
Bujor was giving from corner to corner
he didn't know what to do
But he was missing too all these.
kids...

....

we don't say anything to our grandparents
we are sneaking besides the log
in the alley
and from there, first slowly, and then faster and faster

we pass the first wooden fence
in the orchard of Mitra

then the little wooden stack
and we are taking down through the orchards.
we were running as hard we could
with our little, petty steps, and I was leaving myself
to slip down the valley, too.

When I became tired, I cried to Bujor:
"Wait for me, Buvo, hold on!..."
soon we pass the last fence which was separating
the orchard of Tariu by that of Marina
of Tulea.

We arrive at the wooden gate with arches too
where on we give it a good one
as much as we could sneak on the other side
then we pass besides the wooden lodge, like an ugly skeleton
with an air of sadness and ruin

from the lap of the Pisc
and we are starting running on the plain place
besides the little stream of Rosia,
as long as our powers were

....

Bujor was running in front of me. We were wet of sweating
sweat, with red cheeks.
But we didn't leave at all.
We were having both of us good legs
by children of peasants.

healthy and pretty sturdy.
Bujor was stopping, with the worried look
when I couldn't run anymore
and he was waiting for me. We were getting rest a while
and then we were starting again.

the way home was long -
path of four hours of fast walking on foot.
We arrive in the village Rosia too
and then Bujor makes me attentive
that I have to listen to him.

The main street which was leading, on the left, to Petrosani
and where it was a crossroad too
to Petrila
was then, in the section from the left of the road
in construction.

Bujor was saying to me: "Do not jump on the bricks
because you will fall down and
you're hitting yourself!..."

But still, I was sometimes jumping on the bricks
and I hit my head.

I broke my head in his softness.
Bujor was scared, concerned: "You see if you didn't
listen to me!...
You broke your head!..."

We aren't walking straight through the center
but we turn to the little street
with the small neighbourhood of houses
which was giving just to Maleia street, and besides the old
commissariat

there, on that street, a militiaman
is stopping us and ask me what happened to me...
"I broke my head!..." I tell him through tears
especially when I give my fingers through my hair
and I discover blood.

....

Bujor explains to him that soon we arrive home.
On Maleia street
Between the little houses of gipsies
and of Hungarians
With the little gates and fences tall, we arrive
at home.

....

The parents are at work. I am happy.
The grandma from Cimpa, Elena, Ilina how she was called
bandages softly, gently the softness of my head
and hide it under the hair.

....

The parents are surprised and astonished.
we explain to them with a luxury of details
How the "trip" went
At the light of the light bulb in the kitchen.
We seemingly eat noodles, too...

....

We were two brave kids both of us
Who were making, without a car, the road from Rosia
at home.
And for how many times we did it again by then
on foot, two way!...

Dragostea mea, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu. Dragostea mea dulce, Puiul meu iubit
Soțul meu iubit, Puiul meu dulce,

Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Dulceața mea, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Miss Christina



The carriage was squeezing out the holes from the
metallic wheels
On the paveled alley
Whereon red leaves were darkening
over the ground
Of the trees sweet temptation.

.....

It was going clocking slowly and slowly
And has stopped at the gate
And from the carriage got off obsolete
The queen of the night dead.

.....

With blond hair of flaxen in strands
Which disheveled is falling down over the cheek
And as the silky thin her pallid face.

....

Her large wided eyes likewise the steel sky
Of the fall

Are smiling like an enigma
From which an infatuated youngman
Her sweet pale soul to catch himself.

.....

She's mourning.
The black dress from fine dentelery
Falls over her body, covering its shapes
At her neck white pearl string
Are kissing tenderly her pearly skin.

....

Thin, fine
Covered by flimsy veils
Which hide, letting down only to be seen
Her bluish sharks
Under the thin and faded skin.

....

O, no, Her dead eyes are glittering deliriously
And she seems a white phantom
Which is passing through the forest.

....

The coachman took off his cap
And opening the door
Gives to her his right arm to gett off
The carriage.

....

With soft gestures she took off her gloves
She looked around likewise from
Another world
But everything is truely...
Everything is alive, is breathing full of life
Just her face seems wilderness
Of some mad...

....

The antique house with the wooden shutters
And arcades of wrought iron
Opens its eyes
To the whitish springtime of fall.

....

In the old barn a dreamy girl
With blond, sunny stalks of hair
Playing with a cloth puppet
Looking around her with her vivid eyes

Dressed up modestly
And in her legs wearing out crocheted sandals
Is hearing suddenly the voices
And shyly comes to show herself.

....

I am Christina
Tell to my rebellious june
That I haven't died... as maybe he is thinking...
I am waiting for him this night in the forest
But watch out not to be stolen

from sleep...

....

Tell him that I'm waiting for him
There where we were kissing under phrenetic waves
Of leaves of jade and snow
But certainly to come....
For I know mild and good little girl
That I myself I am his eye-light...

...

He's longing for me to sigh
I hear, I feel him in the night then when
It's getting down the moon as a firing place full of hot ash
Filling out with a faded light
The springtime air...

.....

She moved herself on her knees and left away.
The veil pulled itself out of her neck
And was slipping like the leaf
To the ground
Whist the rebellious wind was scattering
A fist of leaves in wind.

Hot potatoes

Te iubesc, Ppuilul meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.



In the old kitchen
With an old furniture, painted for some times
In white
With wooden floor, covered by linoleum
Are staying around the table

By the window, the members of the family.

...

Father, in the first place, in the head of the table
With his large back
And the legs apart
Likewise the manly people use to stay
The wife, in the middle
Surrounded by children
A little boy and a girl.

...

They are having their dinner.
If I can say this way.
They are eating the meal.
An impoverished meal, eaten with appetite
By the whole family:
Potatoes with cheese.

.....

Boiled potatoes, peeled by shell
With cow cheese.
Steams are raising up from the pot
Put on the table
And from the warm, almost hot potatoes
Which the family is eating, almost on the unmixed
And swallows them.

.....

An old image.
An old kitchen
With the furniture ready to fall apart
But warmed up by each member of the family
By the hot steams
Which come out from the potatoes
And nevertheless not too old
Since I myself
I was one of the children

I am one of the adults
Which stay around the same old table
Eating with that unsatiable appetite
Of the hungry
The impoverished meal from the table.

Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc, Puiul meu, și te iubesc.

Out of time

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time

One of me from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surrealistic drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn

It is the canvas of Time painted out of date.

...

and then you approach me with stones and cue
I take the words and drown them in the sea
the moon whistles, a sunrise and a pretense of great love.

...

When with light claws
One morning he'll kill his dream
Will you cry a lot or smile? ...
I will be as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You do not know that he lays muddy lakes at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then - close to the stones and cue, I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise and a preface
in a great love.
I love you, Victor, the emu chicken.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
.. One of me from the beginning of the world, painted in a somewhat surrealist drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
On the canvas of the painted Old Time.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time
Red rocks rose in the sky
Throwing their tips to the caaract.

...

Silence. All drowned by aridity here.
Cracks, deep, crawl to the face of the earth.
Everything burns, runs out of front of the eye
In moving waters like a sea
With the heat it is dry, fierce, which cools the eye.

...

Time enters the gate of eternity slowly.
Eternal visual illusion, great cosmic illusion.

When with light claws
Will one morning kill his dream, wander long, or smile?

I will be, as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You don't know that in the mud lake at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then you approach me with stones and a cue
I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise dawns and turns it into a great love.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness.

Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Victor. Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor..

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

...

It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark

Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Ferocious beasts...

Flying at high altitude
My soul suddenly rises into the sky, fearful, frightened
Looking in the sea of light that flowed through the clouds.
Wild beasts swarmed the earth
Fierce, out of mind.
The world is just an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
a strange crossing and twisting of realities
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my race I have met all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

My body was devoured by the feasts
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography you float like waves of clouds over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Traveled in art and other, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit into the arms of the frightened crowd
Among the strings of the dead and the living
They are the past, the present and the transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Waves of crunch stir the crowd
I was devoured by their arms
My body was devoured by the feasts
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

Oh, irony has a sad world, reader ...

Going through the cold steps towards the orbits of light
In a sad and autumnal setting
I found myself crying, laughing
The humor of the boreal world.

...

Oh, irony has a sad world reader
Missing is heart and spleen
It confuses grotesque things
and the non-nun with the pliant world.

..

..

Through the high garden full of chairs
With weeds and weeds
The devil found the cure
Himself with nine nephews.

..

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
and the shadow, like a beast, melts away.

..

From my once-rich mane -
She caught a little French girl
and out of nine fish how many fist
no bones left.

...

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
and the shadow, like a beast, melts away.

..
From my former beauty -
he was no more than a great writer
and from the creeping swamp
a sad flower in his forehead flew.

...

Through the high garden full of chairs
With weeds and weeds
The devil found the cure
Himself with nine nephews.

..

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
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Oh, irony has a sad world reader
Missing is heart and spleen
It confuses grotesque things
and the non-nun with the pliant world.te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor.
Indiferent de consecințe, cei care sunt sinceri cu ei înșiși ajung mai departe în viață.
Te iubesc,Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea.
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Dulcelemeu, Dragostea mea.

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...

Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
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Known from deep reveries and dreams
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....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes

With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..
My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

....

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

.....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin

chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

... ..

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished....
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared
...

I was in Ceriale
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

... ..

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

.....

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

.....

since then I confuse the seasons....
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
... ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

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....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

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...

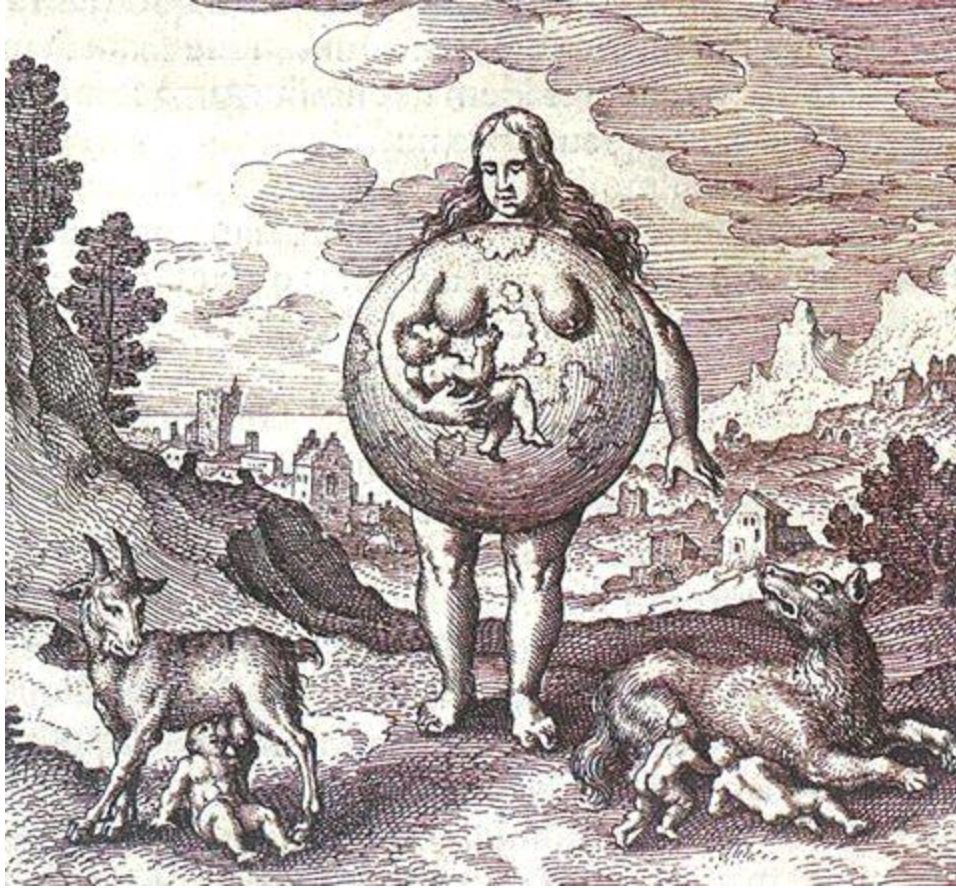
When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

And the merciful king
He also gave me his wife,
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And stew, likewise a clay amphora
Madonna,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
- As a fool's cloak -
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And it's weird then
I threw it into the fire.

A poetry



In the green garden, full to refusal
with yellow dandelions
flowering lettuce and blooming clover
as we were calling them ourselves
I had retired that May day, in a beautiful
spring

to write my compositions.
laid down in the grass.
Maybe I was five, six years old
maybe less, maybe more
I don't know.

....

But I was trying with the blunt top of my pencil
To write my little, childish poems.
Sure I didn't know by then

what to write and about what, and how to write
I was having only a little notebook
with little squares (of mathematics)
and the blunt peak from my pencil.

.....

I made myself a garland of yellow dandelions
And I was writing about flowers
and butterflies

They were trying me misunderstood longings
and in the notebook I was lying
another row or two.

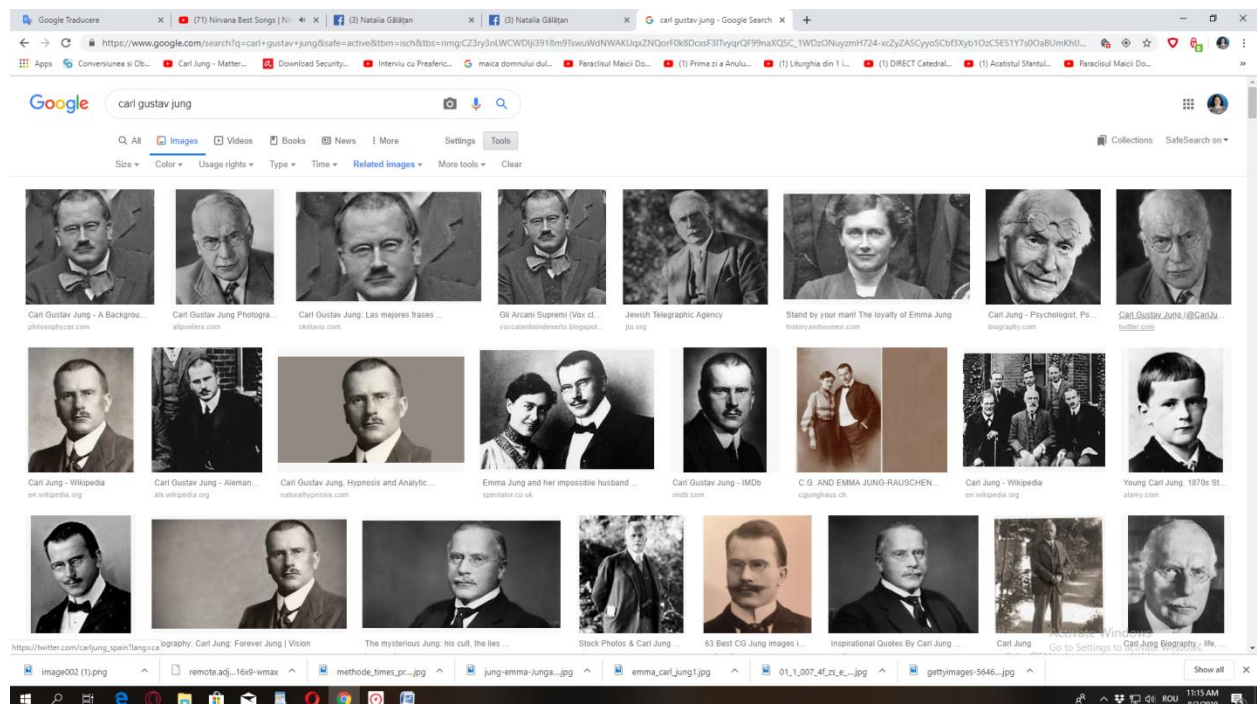
.....
disparated words, meaningless
but how deep was trying me the thrill of inspiration
the thought without apparent sense
Anima Mundi, the soul of the world
was bending over me...

....
My greatest admiration was for the writers.
I loved them from all my heart
and there were fascinating me the tales I was reading
fairy-tales

and even novels.
I was thinking I will be a great novelist
a great writer
But still... that day, with my garland on my forehead
I was smiling, unconscious, happily
to a poetry...

..

Visions ...



By far my blue eye was waving in the sky
Far away the arch was a flowing water, a sea
Far from it was the smoke of a ship
Far as if it were an unrecognizable cloud ...

The sun in your eyes set in my hair
With their dirty things
Of visions, presences or other worlds

...

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a haughty, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..

puiul meu dulce, te iubesc, Victor
My face in the rain
(There were those rosy roses)



It was a tall church in Gothic style
Of catholic rite, in the little stoned square

....

I was making a layover there
In my way home.

.....

The iron bells were beating with a grave,
vibrant sound
reverberated in surroundings
Which it seemed that there were breathing
The air of holiday

....

It was a wedding
My wedding, of course
I had arrived till seven in the evening at home
I had arrived at time...

....

Just in time to enter in the wedding room
With Florin
My enigmatic beloved.

...

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the celestial groom and of the
chthonic bride
Carrying the ointment in the censer.

.....

It was that air
between yellow and grey, between orange and cinder
between sun and shadow
There were those rosy roses

and the geraniums, red, yellow, pink, orange
which were hanging by the windows sills
flowing flowers
on the bride forehead, dressed in white.

.....

It was much surrealism there
in that little square, and the church was unutterable beautiful
the bells were ringing
with their armonious, grave, melodious
sound

...

Everything was having a loosely air of unfinished...
destiny and pure chance
history and time out

...

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and I wasn't there
I was appearing and disappearing, you were appearing
and disappearing

iartă-mă, puiul meu. te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Prelude



iubesc, puiul meu.

te

I was in Cerialle
In that bright, gentle, goldy fall
At the shores of the Ligurian Sea
Where in the bizarre details of a parallel world
Were troubling me so much
That I decided to go to Milan.

...
There wasn't a train at that hour in the little town
peaceful
Seemingly forgotten by the world.

...
Passing by the little railway station
Drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and the green sashes
I heard the bells beating.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a sweet odour of flowers
and of spring
The enchanting trees were blossomed.

...
restless, I asked an old lady
who was passing on the little street
drowned in the white sun of the afternoon:
"Do not mind, madam, what day is today?..."
"today it's Saturday..."

...
since then I confuse the seasons
The fall with the spring
And it always seems to me...
that the bronze bells are beating for me

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
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in the eye of God he looks at the world
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I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...
When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....te iubesc, Victor

Te iubesc, puiul emu...
...

Pe umerii tăiapuneau cu flăcri de foc stelele
În părul tău se jucau nebune, ielele....

Visions ... I love you, Victor, my baby.

By far my blue eye was waving in the sky
Far the arch was a flowing water, a sea
Far from it was the smoke of a ship
Far as if it were an unrecognizable cloud ...

The sun in your eyes set in my hair
With their dirty things
Of visions, presences or other worlds

...
On the shoulders the stars were burning with flames of fire
In your hair was playing crazy, el el
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...Te iubesc Puiulmeu Drag, Dragostea mea.

Deus absconditus and Satan

I wanted 12, 13 years ... I think I was 13 years old.
I had started that Friday afternoon to clean the stables
Tomorrow was the Sabbath, and we were not allowed to work.
Specifically to get the manure out of the stable
Just pile it up.
Grandma did not cook on Saturday, do not wash or sweep.
and went down with my grandfather to the Adventist church in the city.
Dress and cook beautifully as a holiday.

....
I was alone with Bujor, who didn't know where he was.
I cleaned both rooms in the stable
Gathering the manure in the middle

Then I went out to throw them.

...

I was passing over the sunburnt wooden bridge, white
and fresh or dried manure
to throw, on the small log of wood
what started transversely
at the top of the dry manure pile.

...

Under my steps, the beam sinks a little into the urine of the cattle
Green pike circles
Floating blue from the sunlight that August
and I throw them carefully, with the shovel
from the middle of the pile, towards the foot.

....

Tired, finishing the job, I still admire the work done.
The large, green, glossy fly grass flies
They had gathered on the fresh manure
and they suggested it.

...

Screwed I turn my eyes
To the piss that was rolling green, like stains of diesel.
I felt something uneasy ... a voice that spoke to me from the deep
and called me into the background.

I was, like a spell-spell, of an incomprehensible charm
Of fear and horror
Feeling pulled harder and stronger down.
In the next pile, dry
It was the cat killed by his grandfather with the shovel
and buried there in hiding.

I was horrified at this thought
But also understanding for the poor grandfather, who was otherwise
A good man.
She gave them milk in small cans
Cats in the alleys.

...

Screwed I turn my eyes
To the piss that was slamming into the verses, like stains of diesel.
I felt something uneasy ... a voice that spoke to me from the deep
and called me into the background.

I was, like a spell-spell, of an incomprehensible charm
Of fear and horror
Feeling pulled harder and stronger down.

..

The large, green, glossy fly grass flies
They had gathered on the fresh manure and were flying, buzzing, orbiting the sun.
From place to place
and they suggested it.

...

That incident imprinted me bitterly and painfully in my mind
Like my first date
With the Devil
The first, more deadly, more foreshadowing of misfortunes

and full of the misunderstanding of charm
of these wild places
in the deafening silence of the sun
there when everything curved like a bridge of time
cast by God in the center of his Creation -
for I was sure God had witnessed it
to all this

and later her grandmother, who received me between her legs
begging for his protection - who she was
strong -
and telling her in a voice full of emotion everything that happened.

...

In the depths of his work we recognize, beyond laughter, a sadness, that the world is so, and not otherwise, how it could be, how good, beautiful and true it may be. And above all, above all, the amoral joy of existence, an artistic vision that transcends good and evil, to rise in aphrodisiac drunkenness of laughter and perpetual ecstasy. Of course, whoever loves Caragiale can only hate it, we must all recognize it. Unlike Chekhov, in which humor and irony know an endless degree, in which the sad tenderness takes on the most diverse shades, in Caragiale everything becomes specifically Romanian, Balkan and oriental, as well as the differences between night and day. Everything becomes white or black, an explosion of light and color, laughter from the foundations, which shakes the foundations of the being. An endless summer day, with a great heat as an oven, in which we are drunk, in our own and figuratively, by the grandeur and smallness of our existence of little amoral life, located somewhere at the beginning of history, where the laughter was laughed, the weeping was crying, nature was eternal, immaterial and endless the gallery of human types.

I love you, my baby my sweet.

Victor, puiul meu, Te iubesc, dulceața mea, dragostea mea.

TeDoresc și Te iubesc, Victor, copilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

The Volcano



Te iubesc, Victoor,Dulceața mea, Puiul meu. Dragostea ea, iartă-m, Te rog, Puiul meu, pentru viața mea amărată.Te iubesc.

It was a beautiful evening that summer day on Mount Preluca
I and Bujor and I had gone for cakes
cows were moving along horizontal parallel paths
some remained on the mountain, still to graze

others charged the right-hand side of the mountain
to the wooden fountain under the sheepfold of Țariu
and they started to adjust, sipping on each other
stopping at pines and raising the wet muzzle

then drink water again, with regular small swallows.
I was near the top of the mountain
and I admired the sunset, the sky bathed in the sea
of red, orange, red flames

endless degradation ... who knows how many thoughts I have
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Queen!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature

of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

....

Peony had started after the cows, shouting at me for a while
and teaching me what to do ...

I was with the Mount then, with his Archetype ascended
from the holes, which overwhelmed me

and I think he, Bujor, was also overwhelmed by this archetype
that he liked to ride the mountains!
who knows how many thoughts I went through
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Refine!

my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature
of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

.....
Swirling before my eyes. White clouds, white clouds
White typhoon mouths, they imagined different kinds of looks
Flowers, butterflies, angels, gods
God himself the father, with his harsh face thundered above the clouds of heaven!
I was thrilled to admire the sunset
The pains of her world
I hadn't been pissed off yet!
and gasping for the sun, I went out laughing!

....
te iubesc dulcele meu Victpr, puiul meu

The children were both of us,
My brother and me.
From walnut shells cart with ox
I was doing and starving at him
Old men with horns.

And he was reading Robinson,
He told it to me;
I was building the Vavilon Tower
From playing cards I used to say
And I'm a little silly.

I often went to bathe
In the forest eye,
At the big pond I was coming
And her middle was swimming
On the green island.

From clay there I built,
Of the thick and large reed,
Proud fortress looked at it,
With large tin towers,
With hasty wall.

And my brother as emperor
He gave me my message,
To go to the frogs,

Let's call them to battle
Let's see who's stronger.

And the frog king,
Like a fake oak tree,
You receive the commandment of the people.
The pond is a riot.
And we started war.

Oh my! we caught a lot of frogs
It seems to me the king himself
I locked them in the black tower,
From the green island.
I made peace

And I gave them the way of the frogs,
They jumped with joy,
In the deep, they sank
Not to see him again.
We headed home.

Then I asked for the reward
To my deeds
And my brother appointed me
By the king in the north
Over the Indian people.

The white swan was a dresser,
Marches the worst minister
When I ask him to ask me,
He is a sinister millionaire.
I cordially gathered my paw.

And the merciful emperor
He also gave me his wife
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And the stew, brood,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
As an o-cloak
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And strange then
I threw it in the fire.

And on the block we were getting drunk
Over reed and straw

And we were in the mountains.
With each beat
I marched side by side.

And my head was swollen
Paper helmet.
A handkerchief in a stick,
Battle flag.
I sang: Trararah!
Ah! you went your dreams, you went!
Dead is my brother.
No one closed his eyes
Abroad
Maybe they can open it in the pit!

But often in my dream
Big blue eyes
It lights up a smile
From two you come here
My soul awakens.

I? There's still my heart
From childhood?

.....
Ah! it often clutches my mind
An old song.
It sounds like it's whining to me
Sweet in the ear:
World, world and world again!

..

. Taking his brother as a comrade, Greuceanu sets off. A three-day, three-night tip with Faurul-Earth, his cross brother, prepares him for the cunning of the kite. At a crossroads the brothers split up. A knife stuck in the ground and a fairy tale carried by each will have the purpose of telling one about the fate of the other. Returning earlier to the place of separation, Greuceanu's brother finds the "clean knife", a sign that his brother is healthy, and the Moon and the Sun, in their place in the sky, fill his heart with joy. But this is a moment of anticipation. During this time, Greuceanu, metamorphosed, in turn, into pigeon and fly, is from the kites when they return to the kites from the hunting of the Green Cod (unpopular framework in the popular literature). There follows the battle of the valiant with the three kites, each stronger than the other. The popular author has proven talent both in handling the dialogue between adversaries, which abounds in imprecations (<Ah, I would eat the wolves the horse's flesh!>) And other consecrated expressions (<in swords to cut or in battle to fight>), as well as in the dynamic description of the dramatic fight with the tartar of the kite. There is an abundance of repetition of consecutive verbs and circumstances of great plasticity: <The kite arrived and they were beaten: in the swords they beat what they beat and the swords broke; in the spears the spikes hit and the spears broke; then they fought: they shook one another, the earth shook; and tighten the kite on Greuceanu ... and then Greuceanu once tightened on the kite, just when he did not expect his bones to run. This fight is not even seen.> With the miraculous help of the crow (reason for the human-living communion), Greuceanu answers the kite and with his little finger from the right hand of the kite - as a key - opens <cul>, releasing the Sun and Month. The hero's gesture gains titanic dimensions: <Take the sun in his right hand and the left in the moon, throw them in the sky and rejoice with great joy.>

The storytelling power of the narrator is surprising. We imagine a true Prometheus holding in hand these vital beings, like toys, and giving them immense joy to mankind. The greatness and nobility of Greuceanu's act find a strong echo in the community: <The people, when they saw the sun and the moon again in the sky, rejoiced

and praised God that he gave so much power to Greuceanu to succeed against the foes of humble humanity>. ,
the hero lives the simple feeling of duty fulfilled: <And he, satisfied that he finished the job, took it on his way
...> te iubesc, puilul meu, dulcișorul meu dulce, Victor.

That night I had been with Bujor on the mountain, on Preluca
After the cows. When we got up
The sun was setting
In a wreath of pink, yellow, orange flames
Reddish.

It was a vault of bright colors
From yellow and orange
Up to red, to purple.
Broken clouds, like little streams of old
Colored by dusk and white

They spread all over the sky, like sifted by a rare sieve.
I went and watered the cattle at the well
wooden
From under Tari's lathe

....

And then we got ready to steer them to the hut.
I stayed on the mountain
Near the peak
Admire the sunset. Who knows how many thoughts
They were in my mind then, contemplating
Clouds, like snowshoes

With shapes of devil flower angels
Of butterflies, even God-Father
Throne on the clouds of heaven.
No doubt I was thinking that God is
Nature, as Baruch Spinoza had said
Centuries before, and rightly so.

.....

I didn't know much about God
Than what my experience told me
And this was saying a lot ...
And grandma's psalms, and sister Ellen G. White's books
And the Bible from the time of Carol I
I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees
However, that is from the bark
Till the crust

...

I stared at the sky
Getting lost on the horizon, beyond the stallion stud
In a land of fairy tales and stories
Which, strange, the being had

...

Te iubesc.



Out of time

*On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time*

*One of me from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surrealistic drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
It is the canvas of Time painted out of date.*

...

*and then you approach me with stones and cue
I take the words and drown them in the sea
the moon whistles, a sunrise and a pretense of great love.*

...

*When with light claws
One morning he'll kill his dream
Will you cry a lot or smile? ...
I will be as your love wants it*

As your soul demands.

...

*You do not know that he lays muddy lakes at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?*

...

*and then - close to the stones and cue, I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise and a preface
in a great love.
I love you, Victor, the emu chicken.*

*On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
.. One of me from the beginning of the world, painted in a somewhat surrealist drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
On the canvas of the painted Old Time.*

*On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time
Red rocks rose in the sky
Throwing their tips to the caaract.*

...

*Silence. All drowned by aridity here.
Cracks, deep, crawl to the face of the earth.
Everything burns, runs out of front of the eye
In moving waters like a sea
With the heat it is dry, fierce, which cools the eye.*

...

*Time enters the gate of eternity slowly.
Eternal visual illusion, great cosmic illusion.*

*When with light claws
Will one morning kill his dream, wander long, or smile?
I will be, as your love wants it
As your soul demands.*

...

*You don't know that in the mud lake at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?*

...

*and then you approach me with stones and a cue
I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise dawns and turns it into a great love.*

*My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself*

*My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness.*

Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Victor. Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor..

Illuminations suddenly

*In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.*

...

*It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars*

*I love you, my love.
I love you, my baby, my sweet baby, my dear.
God absconditus*

It was noon, past noon. I had taken the cakes me and Bujor
From the large bypass behind the stables
Towards the two fountains, then climbing the end of Don Jara
More grazing, more giving after them
On the Hammer and then on Mount Preluca.

..

I eat noon. We had passed the large wooden gate
On the arches, in the herd of cattle.
There, with a flat shovel, used for removal
Or took the garbage

and with a small flask, we cleaned the calves of the cattle.
Pulling them on the shovel
and then throwing them over the high pile of dry garbage
crushed by weeds, chests and sap.

...

It was a beautiful summer, and I was in high school
Or maybe I was already a student.
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence

Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground.
I liked what I was doing. I mean, I wasn't upset
Too loud
It was a job that someone had to do
and that had to be done.

...

When I'm done, be careful that there's nothing left
and the dusty place, like the floor of a clay house, beaten
it was clean as a slap.
I sighed gratefully, and went to the bottom of the fence
Handled with curiosity.

There, in the shadow of the tall trees, it was cool.
Growing grass and marsh weeds
The eyes of the ox and the small caress daisies resembled the camomile.

...

No doubt Rosia was enchanting me.
But it was a dangerous land, laden with deadly presences
Which were not revealed to the soul at once
You were just guessing them, bending over

In the careless, trivial dimension of reality.
I kept my eyes on the bulls eye, making all kinds of associations

All spinning around an unknown core.
Then the mash dried by the garbage

The back part of the stables sun-burnt, gray-gray
At times white made me tense.
It was a beautiful Roşia place
Full of peace, full of bitterness
Full of serenity

Like a crime that happened many years ago there
and everything was buried under the dry garbage ...
as a memory of other times, of other realms,
with other gods.

...

The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence
Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground.
Te iubesc. Te doresc, puiul emu.

.. ..

1. Real is a totalizing concept, which includes all the other concepts discussed so far. Real refers to a superficial reality or the ultimate reality. Real means living the sacred, participating in the myth, the sacred time and space. Real means hierophany, manifestation of the sacred in the world. "Whatever he does, he (the profane man) is an heir. He cannot completely abolish the past, for he is himself a result of his past. It is formed by a series of denials and denials, but continues to be harassed by the realities it has denied or denied; in order to conquer a world of his own, he desacralized the world in which his ancestors lived; but in order to do this, he was forced to adopt a previous pattern of behavior, and that behavior is still present in him, from an emotional point of view, in one form or another, ready to be updated in his deepest being. . "(Mircea Eliade).

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Copilul meu Dulce.

Come out with the Devil

Te iubesc, Puiulmeu, Dulcele meu, Odorulmeu Scump şi Sfânt.



That morning at noon I went to the cow barn
I should probably clean the stable and collect the eggs
From the nest in the stables

It was a beautiful, hot summer and I was about 12-13 years old
I was small, brunette, skinny
and with the boy cut off on his forehead, he schooled

which at that time I had licked.

....

Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths

Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

...

I go to the pot, my mind a huge vacuum.
A dog gets after me.
He is small with white and brown spots
and I do not know if it was not ours, or only the porch passes us
in search of who knows what.

He was gentle and friendly
That's how I took Michiduță in my arms
and we headed home.

...

In the living room, which rarens the first room of the horses
With glazed square windows
Covering the entire wall from the back yard
I push him into the room and close the door.

...

The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.

...

In the dream that follows the Creature
He moans with his smooth tongue and coarsens in the intimate parts
Feeling pleasure and old, my brain was
In prostitution
I watched the puppy fall into the bottomless pit of my thoughts.
The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.

What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.
...

Lying on the bed, I was watching the puppy, which was hanging from the tail, near the door.
I took him in his arms and led him out
and I have never seen him since that day.

..
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths
Who was pulling me down, pulling me down ...

...
I had 33 people.
I was still very sick. I'm going to bring the cows from Comanesti
Or to see them.
I was in a blooming dress.
When suddenly overwhelmed by a memory beyond me
Coming from the depths
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest.
"Excuse me Tomorrow," crying with heavy tears, which were rolling over me
And works.

Forgive me tomorrow, please marry me, Lord
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest
Overwhelmed by the urge to go deep
and it gave way as a blinding light to science.

...
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
My sweet husband
My sweet baby, Lia feels sweet.
I love you
Victor, my sweet baby
I love you and I love you, my dear baby.
Up on Jara

That day Grandmother Lucretia, grandmother from Rosia
She had made us wet, as usual
I mean balm, good for licking
On the fingers with cream, milk, maybe cheese
And you pissed.

...

I was with Bujor. I had finished milking the cakes
And we had to go with them
On the Year, the high grade
You climbed chest, up to the Hammer.

.....

We ate with lust and we got tired, we and my grandparents
Then we took our buns
of willow
We set out to feed the cows.
I took them first on some beaten paths
Parallel and overlapping

At the wells made by my father, under the ridge of the hill
Let's water them.
Then I started with them chestnut
Let's climb the hill, a steep ridge that climbs
Almost straight up.

.....

I was panting, red in the cheeks, with the chord in one hand
Running for cakes
And we ate them straight up the hill.
They were arranged bright, red, floral, black
besides the fence

From the alley, and soon we reached the upper gate.
In the hammer we breathe easier
And we were looking at the pit bulls, as we said
Boletus, raised from day to day.

....

When I found one more
And especially the little chicks, just cut from the grass
We shouted happy.
Peony called me: Lia, let's see!

And I was running to see the huge python
With a big, raw hat
That grandmother would prepare us with onions
And with cheese.

...

We're going uphill.
From the right, you can hear Mardea's bitch
Lonely and bad mouth
Who had his hut in the meadow, under the foot of the mountain
Barking wild, crushed

Funest, as a preview, under the crowns
The beech forest that gives in front of Prelucii.
To the left lay the forest of firs and beech trees
From under the forehead

A dense forest, where I knew the bear lived.
Soon, while giving the cows
We get to the top.
A straight, beaten path between the two forests.

.....

Beyond which, right in front of us, Preluca rose,
first mountain peak.
There, left on a path
The silky cows were beginning to mate

At a small wooden fountain
Then they took to the beaten track on the right
Besides the forest,
Slowly climbing the mountain, he grazed it.

....

Phages, green, with their shady crowns
Of a metallic green
Of a raw green, the trees not too high
High air, so clean

Laying your head down on your back
You admire the sky
On which they ran without stopping the clouds
And you felt happy, as much as your baby's heart
She could understand it.

.....

Te iunsc, Dulcele meu Victor, MântuitorulSufletului meu.

Brahma the one with thousand faces

That evening, after many years, I was writing in my journal
With black covers
About that frightening happening
Lost, in the childhood distant murmuring sight.

Living it again, in a way... It was a strange, grotesque vision
Frightful, if it wouldn't be endowed with
Extreme numinosity.
From the depths it was calling me the Brahma the one with a thousand faces
Likewise a soft, gentle and bizarre anathema.

...

It was night. Dark outside. My soul was hurting me like a claw
The right hand was helpless to gather itself
And then I wrote
With the demoniac nail from the left hand.

..

Not helped neither by the powers of the bull, the lion and the eagle
Which were working around Mark, Peter
And John
I was writing alone.

...

Around me they were the celestial spirits
Born on the drowning of the aggressive herds
Giving birth in the groups of water
To a second game, more ordered and more pure.

...

Brahma the one with a thousand faces was moving his shapes
With amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling in the depths, from the leaves of the grape-yard
Of the black grapes full.

He was pulling me to himself like a whirlpool, vortex, storm, lightning, tornado
Black tide which returns in itself
Through silent rains in myself
Of the longing of eternity, of immortality full

....

I was feeling as how a force is dragging in the self... deeper and deeper
And vertiginous
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.

...

It was a cruel madness and deep, profound
Of an absolute, profound lucidity
As it is the strength of the sharp top rock
As it is the sea water where is more deep.

It was a madness, which didn't exclude the true understanding, acceptance
The absolute, deep knowledge

As it is the strength of the stainless steel
As it is the sea water where it is more deep.

...

I was likewise the trembling light of a candle
Which makes the night more deep and more profound
Ubiquitous and omnipresent
Strong and omnipotent, abstract and in more places at the same time.

...

The Brahma with a thousand faces was calling to himself the light in me
The path to the consciousness
To my being
Where on he wanted as a sacrifice.

..

I was feeling as how a force is dragging in the self... deeper and deeper
And vertiginous
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.
A soft, gentle deity, and frightful
Black, abyssal, earthshaking
Likewise it is the sea water where is more profound
As it is the strength of the sharp stone edge.

...

Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor
Siddharta
(The Euthanasius Isle)

His grave, stillness silence, last of odoured honey
Flowing like limpid amphora in night
With depths reverberated in brightful, round waters
From the self which in calm waves, in the red nature
Flowed itself.

.....

Underneath warm magnolia in smoke
and the scent
of young woman, pure and clear, of green mermaid
în rosy waters , of an immaculate white
The depths are circling his forehead lost in thoughts.

.....

Green nature, sparkling whitely in the sun
Under the kiss of warm and goldy rays
or the glittering of moonrays
It's undulating, carried out by the mythical thought.

....

A smile of gratefulness is Life
eternal, like a water flowing
From which you are drinking, charmed by its clay pitcher
the smile of death merged with life.

....

enchanted by the slowly slipping of the sun
on starry arch
Lost in the mythical thought, like in the precious
amphora, you flowed down your magnificent body
on rocks surrounded by pure water.

...

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

...

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

.....

O, don't you see that in Eternal moment
has gathered all the divinity
and in every moment which passes away, is fretting
With a supreme thought the Love
of which is full the Life and Nature?...

.....

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

.....

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

Te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu.

Translate: Natalia Gălățan

Brahma the one with a thousand faces

That night, after years, I was writing in my journal

With black covers

About that scary incident

Lost in distant childhood.

Withdrawing her, in a way. It was a strange and strange sight.

Scary, it would not have been endowed with extreme numbness.

From the deep I was called Brahma the one with infinity

Of faces, like a sweet and bizarre anathema.

...

It was evening. Night out. My soul ached like a pebble.

Her right hand was powerless to hold on

and then I wrote

with the nails on the left hand.

Not helped by the powers of the bull, the lion or the eagle

They were working around Mark, Peter

and John.

...

Around me were the heavenly spirits
He was born on the drowning of rustic cherries
Giving birth to water groups
In a second game, more orderly, more pure ...

..

The one with a thousand faces brahma moved their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves
Of full black jeans.

She was pulling at me like a bulb, whirlpool, gyros, lightning, tornado
Tides, which is returning itself
In the silent rain, inside me
From longing, to full mourning.

...

I felt a force as it pulls on itself I still carry the dizzy meadow
Brahma with a thousand faces changes their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves
Of full black jeans.

....

It was a crazy and petty madness, too
An absolute, profound lucidity
Like the age of the rock clone
It's like the sea where it's deep.

It was crazy, which did not exclude the full understanding of acceptance
Absolute, deep knowledge
Like the age of the rock clone
It's like the sea where it's deep.

I was like the light scattered by a candle
What makes the night deeper, deeper
Ubiquitous and ubiquitous
Powerful and omnipotent, abstract and in many places at once.

...

Brahma with a thousand faces and called the light within me
The road to consciousness
To my being
He wanted it as a sacrifice.

...

I felt a force as it pulls on itself I still carry the dizzy meadow
Brahma with a thousand faces changes their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves
Of full black jeans

A gentle and frightening deity
Black, abyssal, earthquake

It's like the deep sea
It's like the strength of a cliff.

...

Silence is seriously quiet, I call
of honey-nmiresmat
Spilling
as a clear amphora in the evening
With depths reverberating in the water
clear and round
From the calm self, where the nature
Red
it overflowed.

.....

Underneath the hot magnolias in smoke
and under the smell of a woman
pure and clean, green nymph
in pink waters
of an immaculate white
I rub his forehead in his thoughts.

.....

green in nature, glowing white in the sun
under the kiss of the rays
hot
or the radiance of the lunar rays
it wobbles, worn by the thought
mythical.

..... ..

a smile of contentment is Life
eternal
like a stream of water
of which you drink, enchanted by her granddaughter
the smile of death combined
with life.

... ..

charmed by the slow dawn
of the sun on the vault
lost in the mythical thought, as in the amphorae
for price, you poured your body
haughtily
on the rocks surrounded by water.

.....

the sweet dream caught your soul
released from the harshness
agonics of the ascetic
no silent realms of contemplation
sublime.

..... ..

silent, magnolia flowers
they were slowly falling into the grass
and they were digging through the fat grass
ants' turns through the snow
White.

..... ..

The smile stopped in the instant
that of forever
what unites in agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, among cold spaces
hug with soft wings
end.

..... ..

oh, you don't see that in the clip
the eternal one
all the deity was gathered
and every moment he dies, he snorts
with a supreme thought Love
which is full of Life, Nature? ...

..... ..

silent, magnolia flowers
they were slowly falling into the grass
and they were digging through the fat grass
ants' turns through the snow
White.

..... ..

The smile stopped in Clipa
that of forever
what unites in agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, among cold spaces
hug with soft wings
end.

Translation: Google Translate
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu.

soțiorul meu iubit, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dragul meu.

The Grandpa from Rosia

I was with my grandpa Nicolae, from Rosia
I and my brother
We had gone to make a fence
At the forest of Jiru....

O, what places of a complete silence, of a great solitude and
greatness!....

The fence was thought to separate
the Forest of Jiru

by our orchards...

Our grandpa has taken in his green bag
from our father, from the mine of coal
many long nails, some of them hooked
or rusted

but in the grandpa's opinion
still good of something.
He has taken also his little ax, and a barbed wire rod.
brought also by my father
from the coal mine.

He has been doing there, at the scene
stamps mill
thick beams of wood
cut by the branches, with a sharp top

where on he was laying in the ground
at 2-3 metres distance one of another
in holes specially made.

Our grandpa wasn't yet so old
We were children
probably at the gymnasium
And grandpa was facing from the rocks
and he was putting the thick pales
in the ground.

then he was hammering the nails, at
12-15 mm one of another.
and I with Bujor were stretching the barbed wires
of iron by the right of each nail

when the beams were ready-made
and our Grandpa was bending them
from short and precise hits
over the barbed wire.

....

So we spent an entire day till the evening
in that silent, peaceful wilderness
Making the fence, making, that is, a thing good
and proper at the house of man.

I was impressed by the mission I had
and our Grandpa was smiling waggish
with his bruise lips, and from the large, green eyes
Seemingly a little sad, although joyful

and I was finding time for jokes too
to sneak behind the fence
and to play in the orchard.

Our Grandparents from Rosia were some deities
likewise the parents, too
working people until the deep old age
who were standing at our cattle in Rosia

for milk and curd, where on they were salting well
and then put it in large barrels with circles
whereon we were bringing at home
too...

....

Grandpa Niculaie, as our Grandma was calling him
Has taken milk to the town,
over the mountains of Petrila, in the large wallets
on the horse

maybe even curd or cheese
until the old man with white hair at the temples.
On Saturday, on the Day of Rest
he was getting down with our grandma

beautifully dressed
and they were going to the church, to the preach
in their velvet dresses, with clean and ironed
shirt and skirt of muslin

clothes of holiday, with the clean and new boots
they were going to listen to the Holy Scripture
these old man, with plain, smooth faces
in their velvet, beautiful clothes.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

Te doresc.

Soțul meu Dulce, iartă-mă, Te rog, Puiul meu. Te iubesc.

Dragostea mea, Iubitul meu, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragul meu soțior, te iubesc.

Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, puișor iubit.
Icarus

My head hurts
I feel a state of tiredness
It seems to me that I have very much to work
And I do not get anything.

The thoughts are surrounding me
I am too busy to do something, thinking of different things
The Thinking is a very serious occupation
Which produces a sort of vacuum
of the brain..

In this vacuum I move heavily and imprecisely
Under the pressing action of the medicines

I fear that the body and my soul simply will
fly away

Likewise a small green parrot is flying from its bird cage
in the yellow intense light of the sun
in a supernatural reality
in a nature ubiquitous and omnipresent
whereon he will find his death like a beatitude
And a salvation
Like a liberty finally conquered.

Upside, on Jara orchard

That day our grandma Lucretia, the grandma from Rosia
has been making ourselves the dipped, like usually
that is, "balmoș",
a dish with cream, milk, cheese, and cornflour.

....

I was with Bujor. We had finished milking the cows
and we had to climb with them
on Jară, the high gradient, whereon you were climbing up
hardly
until the Hammer.

.....

We have eaten with appetite until we were tired,
we and our grandparents
then we took the thin branches of willow
and we started to handle the cows.

We brought, first of all, on some beaten paths
parallel and intersected
to the fountains, one of wood, another one of cement
made by our father, under the ridge of the hill
to drunk them.
then we started to climb with them abruptly
the hill, a sloped ridge which was getting up
almost right upward.

...

I was breathing in pain, red in cheeks
with the little branch in one hand
and we were handling them up to the hill.
they were aligning mellow, red, flowery, black
besides the fence

which was giving in the unstoned alley.
and soon we had arrived at the upside gate.
On the hammer, we are lighter
and we look after "pitoance", how we were calling them
mushrooms, boletus, rising up from a day
to another.

....

When we were finding one of them

and especially little mushrooms, hardly risen up
from the grass and ground
We were exclaiming happily.
Bujor was calling me: "Lia, come to see!..."
and I was running to see the large boletus
with a large hat, unripe
whereon our grandma was going to prepare for us
with onion and cheese.

.....

We climb up softly.
From the right, it is hearing the bitch of Mardea
The old woman lonely and mouth disease
who was having the lodge in the abrupt valley
under the lap of the mountain, barking savagely,
whet

fateful, like a premonition, under the crowns
of the beech forest which was giving
in The Face of Preluca.
To the left, there was stretching the forest of pine-trees
and beeches
underneath the Foreheads
a dense forest, where we were knowing
that has its place the bear.
soon, still handling the cattle
we arrive upwards. A plain road, beaten, between the two forests.

.....

Beyond which, straight in front of us, it was rising up Preluca.
the first Peak of Mountain.
there, to the left on a path
the cows were still starting to drink water
at a little wooden fountain
then they were starting on the beaten paths, from the right
besides the forest
climbing slowly the mountain, grazing it.

.....

The green beaches, with their shadowy crowns
of a metallic green
of light green, the pine trees unspeakable tall
the heaviness of height, with clean air
putting yourself with the head down, on your back
you were admiring the sky
whereon they were running ceaselessly the clouds
and you were feeling happy, as much as your
child's heart could compress it.

....

As heard in Captain Marvel! Listen to more Nirvana here: <https://Nirvana.lnk.to/Essentials> Read the story
behind 'Nevermind' here: <https://www.udiscovermusic...>

Te iubesc, Victpr, Puiul meu

Te doresc, Puiul meu Drag, Dulceața mea. Te doresc și Te iubesc, Tudor, dragostea mea. Te iubesc, dragul
meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, puiul meu. Te iubesc, dulcele meu

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Remembering



A man in front of the waves, looking at
The desert land
Undulating, wavy sea
The wave that wipes out hitting itself by the rocks

Darkened and black, he seems a shadow
Unmoved
Swallowed slowly
By the deep waves

....

And thinking of nothing
Neither to present, nor to future
Scans lingeringly the sea black surface

From which with a tide
There was flooding towards him
A very beautiful and green mermaid.

....

He's lonely. Lonely. Happy
And he is silent
And calm and far away
An ivory atmosphere has getting down
Onto the clear, bizarre arabesque of the moon
Lighting fadely in the distance

Whilst on large surfaces of sea
The drop in miniature of spume
Is spreading itself in fine dentelery
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Victor, Soțiorul meu, dulceața mea, soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puișor iubit.
te doresc, Soțul meu iubit, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Wild boar with silver thistles



That day we had gone after the cattle
I and Silvia, my primary cousin
we had passed by the Preluca Peak and we had found
the cattle, grazing maybe on the
Ox Mountain
above the wooden lodge of Gălăţan

We come back home.
But on the long saddle which

separated the Peak Preluca by the Ox mountain
It was a herd of boars with chickens
There were hearing the strange sounds
they were making

and there was a herd of ten-thirteen wild boars
big and small.
Silvia, my cousin, had been scared badly
and she was shuddering
she was thinking that there is our end.

But I knew from my father that the wild animals
don't do to you any harm
if you don't attack them and you do not break
their territory
but you are quietly on the road.

with all my cold blood I was capable I whispered to Silvia
not to follow the saddle after the wild boars
for they from behind couldn't feel us...
but only from the wind which was blowing from
the front

and we cut the mountain of Preluca straight in two
coming back home.
Silvia was thankful, with tears in her eyes
that we had escaped alive
and I was happy that I was courageous.

..

Later I thought that the wild boars
had the feeling that I am one of them
Euphemistically spoken
Because I had the ascendancy in the Wild Boar
after the Chinese zodiac.

It was also a dear remembrance, that one from
the time of our childhood
When the mountain, the forest, even the ruthless
wild boar, was our brother.

From an oil canvas, with the draining paintings
where in there can be still discerned
the faces of three kids, of two girls, mine, and Silvia's
and of my brother, Bujor.
Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu. Victor...

The Moromets

The thunder strike a sea of red flames is splitting out
A shape carved out in the stone of the dark,
sharp clouds
which throws white powders in unspeakable arrow

Cutting out the sky in red steams.

....

The apocalyptique, colossal rain
Caught us on the abrupt hill flying downwards
It was flowing a white stream
Amongst the white, bruise and reddish
stones.

I was flying downwards like a bird - when she flies away
from the nest in the break of dawn, and flutters
her wings to the sky

I was slipping amongst the brown streams
carrying mud, humus and thick pieces of squeezed
wood.

....

The forest was waving away, with the top of
the trees split out
by the lightnings in the sunset
It was falling down a blessed water, it was taking you over
downwards....
It was falling down heavily a stormy water...

....

Storms whereon the tormented sky is throwing down
Over our heads
To the unseen, red order, of the divine hidden
in the stars
Force of pushing from up to down

....

And my universe was becoming red, apocalyptique and suave,
killer of beauty
The rain around me was drawing a wall
of the large sea tender white and blue kingfishes.

...

In my candid youth, of blue violet
The wander caught to dig itself, with its magnificent
discrete voice
For forces are unfolding in front of me unceasingly
Like an eternal riding on the storm...

With large smile killed on my lips, with the waves
of the water
I am fighting up.

...

Downwards it has been seen the wooden lodge
At a thousand metres and twenty, with its window bars
draining cold...
And the tall grass from the meadow
The poison of the sky is stealing out.

....

Black clouds frightened by death
Are wrapping in the sky
You want to find yourself your destiny, your death

In the weeping of the water from the sky
in the most cruel, splendid
mystery.

The book of Anime III

The second painting

Lord Abraxis

Looking under the pot of the forest now
At the haze that envelops the phages
I can't help but think there is no God
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.
His iron eye
It records everything with full objectivity
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel
Or here you burn in the pitcher cauldron.

.....

Facts matter to him.
Whether it's just words, thoughts
Or terrible facts transposed into practice.

Everything that comes into existence
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread
Atrocities.

....

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.
It is not overlooked either
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces
It might seem to some to be sketching
A cynical smile.

....

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols
From red membranes and fixed looks
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth

The stillness of the viscera.

....

Everything is immobile here. Everything's stuck.
God has turned into a moving air mass
With speed
Above our fingertips
In a lightning-like lightning strike

In a crushed, shaking thunder
In the blade of a knife
In a red-alabaster flame
What burns with a whirlwind above our minds

Like a dry roaring fire overhead.

Everything that comes into existence
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread
Atrocities.

...

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.
It is not overlooked either
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces
It might seem to some to be sketching
A cynical smile.

....

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols
From red membranes and fixed looks
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth
The stillness of the viscera.

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Looking under the pot of the forest now
At the haze that envelops the phages
I can't help but think there is no God
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.
His iron eye
It records everything with full objectivity
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel
Or a red devil in the pit cauldron.

...te iubesc dulcele meu.

Rather, the question of Spinoza's pantheism is really going to be answered on the psychological side of things, with regard to the proper attitude to take toward Deus sive Natura. And however one reads the relationship between God and Nature in Spinoza, it is a mistake to call him a pantheist in so far as pantheism is still a kind of religious theism. What really distinguishes the pantheist from the atheist is that the pantheist does not reject as inappropriate the religious psychological attitudes demanded by theism. Rather, the pantheist simply asserts that God—conceived as a being before which one is to adopt an attitude of worshipful awe—is or is in Nature. And nothing could be further from the spirit of Spinoza's philosophy. Spinoza does not believe that worshipful awe or religious reverence is an appropriate attitude to take before God or Nature. There is nothing holy or sacred about Nature, and it is certainly not the object of a religious experience. Instead, one should strive to understand God or Nature, with the kind of adequate or clear and distinct intellectual knowledge that reveals Nature's most important truths and shows how everything depends essentially and existentially on higher natural causes. The key to discovering and experiencing God, for Spinoza, is philosophy and science, not religious awe and worshipful submission. The latter give rise only to superstitious behavior and subservience to ecclesiastic authorities; the former leads to enlightenment, freedom and true blessedness (i.e., peace of mind).

Te iubesc

...

This proof that God—an infinite, necessary and uncaused, indivisible being—is the only substance of the universe proceeds in three simple steps. First, establish that no two substances can share an attribute or essence (Ip5). Then, prove that there is a substance with infinite attributes (i.e., God) (Ip11). It follows, in conclusion, that the existence of that infinite substance precludes the existence of any other substance. For if there were to be a second substance, it would have to have some attribute or essence. But since God has all possible attributes, then the attribute to be possessed by this second substance would be one of the attributes already possessed by God. But it has already been established that no two substances can have the same attribute. Therefore, there can be, besides God, no such second substance.

If God is the only substance, and (by axiom 1) whatever is, is either a substance or in a substance, then everything else must be in God. "Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be or be conceived without God" (Ip15). Those things that are "in" God (or, more precisely, in God's attributes) are what Spinoza calls modes.

As soon as this preliminary conclusion has been established, Spinoza immediately reveals the objective of his attack. His definition of God—condemned since his excommunication from the Jewish community as a "God existing in only a philosophical sense"—is meant to preclude any anthropomorphizing of the divine being. In the scholium to proposition fifteen, he writes against "those who feign a God, like man, consisting of a body and a mind, and subject to passions. But how far they wander from the true knowledge of God, is sufficiently established by what has already been demonstrated." Besides being false, such an anthropomorphic conception of God standing as judge over us can have only deleterious effects on human freedom and activity, insofar as it fosters a life enslaved to hope and fear and the superstitions to which such emotions give rise.

Te doresc.

..The necklace of beads

I want you.

... That summer morning, I and Bujor climbed,

I think walking home

To Rosia.

Through orchards, through Țariu's orchard

And we were about to pass the wooden log

Made in a fence

What separated an orchard from another orchard.

We play

We play among the trees, among the beech trees

And I was collecting beech leaves

On which the fruits were collected

Some small moles

...

Of which Bujor wanted to make me a necklace.

I picked a lot, both of us

And Bujor made me a very good necklace.

I was breaking the buds from the leaves

And Peony was spinning a needle through the holes

From both ends.

And so did the necklace.

I didn't have many ornaments in those days

.....

Than the colored glass beads

Mother's go

And then Bujor's necklace.

We didn't need much to be happy

....

And childhood is the happiest age

From my life

The one where everything was wonderful

And then, we had discovered the books.

....

Looking back, without anger

I realize I had a beautiful childhood

Even if we were not children

That's how you stir and soak.

...

Everything was a miracle. I loved nature,
Rosia, grandparents, parents
We are happy to tears, without knowing it,
the happiness of being alive. Te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu.
te doresc, dulceața mea.

Te Doresc și Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Paul and Virginia...
(after the title of an old book..)

Recently I was thinking of the introversion
That gave birth to so many thousands
of poems..

I cannot watch the world, otherwise than through you
In an embrace without an end.

Dulcele meu, te iubesc... Victor, puiul meu drag.
Cruelly painful melancholy...

A dream with myself, with a white shoe and a black shoe
I was passing untouching the ground
On the streets of childhood, shaded by the huge linden trees
With the same springlike, oniric footsteps...

....

It was by then when I meet you, with your hands
left on a book
Preoccupied by death...
Sad lovings, reveries...longing of leaving
from your attic...

....

1907
Flames, feeble soul finding himself in the mirror
Cruel knees wounded in my flight to you
Cruelly painful melancholy, rustling of forests returned in self
and to find you lost and sad, alone and silent
in myself.

Te doresc și Te iubesc
It is so strange everything...

It is so strange everything
The men, the trees, the rain

Fantasmagoric, jelly, gentle illusion
Of the brain and nature
Maya...

.....

My body burning like a hand of leaves
Likewise a bunch of dry tree trunks
At the road edge
Drowning the blue cold sky
In lucent wisps of smoke...

.....

It is so fantasmagoric everything
The people, the trees, the rain
Sad, serene, late illusion of the brain and nature
maya...

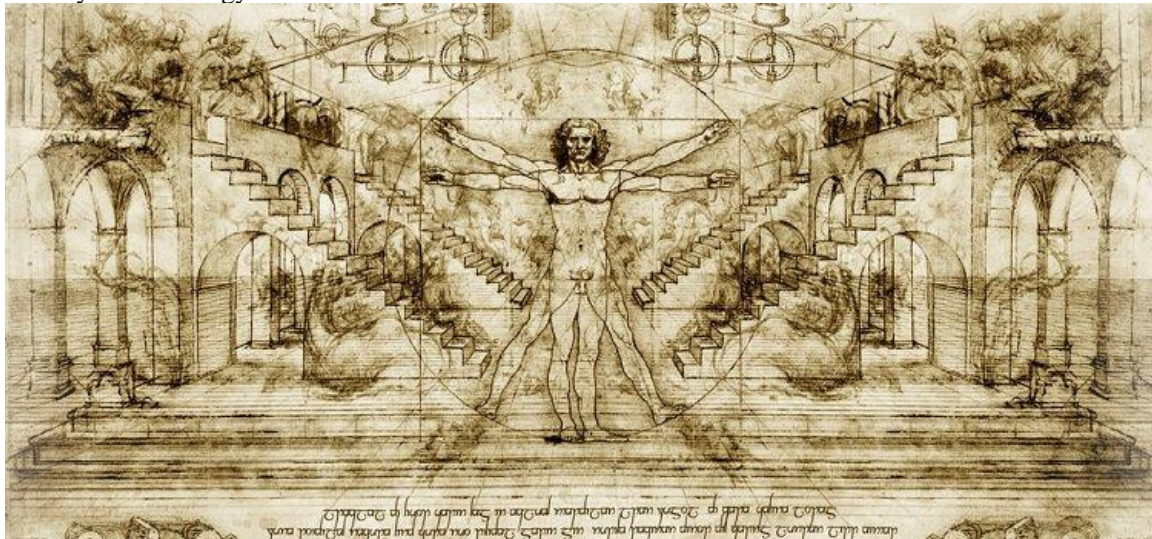
.....

My body burning as axis mundi to the sky
In a warm, happy autumn
In the chain which is comprised in arms, with sadness
by its thrilling, moving wheat spices

....

Steps
Passing to the sunset
In a cold October evening
Comprised in the bustle of the moment of now
Seconds of honey and smoke.

Dragul meu,iubitul meu dorit, soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puiul meu drag.
The Myth of Androgynous



iubesc, dragul meu dulce.
Passing underneath the arches of leaves
In an imaginary city
Slipping through fingers the living fence
Crushing the wanders between eyelids
I am thinking that every myth has a real
Foundation.

Likewise something which substantiated the world
From the beginning.
Do not hurry to say that the myths are babies' sleeping stories
For you yourselves have been children...

....
For those who didn't forget the childhood of the
Humanity
And their own childhood
The Myth of the Androgynous exists.

....
First we are enough for ourselves
The shape of Anima, of Animus
It is so deep buried in ourselves, so alive and strong
As we are living and breathing.

....
For those who still believe in ideals
The Myth of Androgynous exists.
Even if it doesn't occupy now but the secret pantry
of the body
The one we carry in our souls.

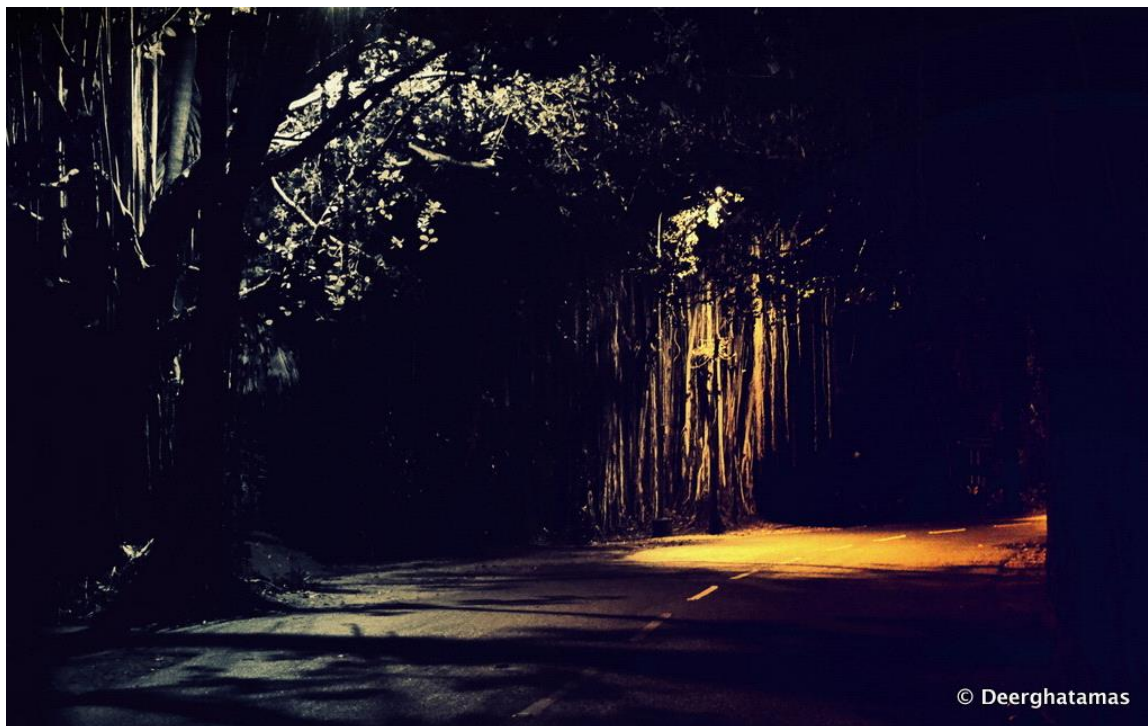
....
Even like that, halves, looking for the one to complete us
We compose together with him or her
An Androgynous.

...
Searching deeply in my soul
I have found you...
Living breathing, with human shape, whereon I draw
in my poems
in the nights with full moon.

....
Even if the body is ruining itself
and enters in the domain of the profane
It remains in soul a bit of Divinity, of immortality
And this is the other half of your soul
Looking for you on his turn through
the world.

....

Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc.
On the streets...



On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around
Nor you...
On the streets I was passing by
I was having a strange feeling of deja-vu.

Maybe there were the houses bending towards me, lividly
Maybe there were the old, sordid walls
No one known... far away the horizon was comprised
by the smoke
The fallen fence was looking at me as though...

.....

I knocked with my fist tight in your window...
The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept....
I knocked in your window... and you didn't answer me
The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept....

....

On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around
Nor you...
On the streets I was passing by
I was having a strange feeling of deja-vu.

Dragostea mea iuvită, Victor, puiul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Don Juan

On the sand beach washed by solar winds
Don Juan had been wreck-wrecked
With his old ship of pirates and he has remained
the only survivor...

A young rebel, with dark black locks
framing his romantic face of orgolious
and seducing young man.

I only remember his hair
stuck by algae and little shells
His wounded body
where on the young beautiful girl
with the greeen eyes likewise
the water of the sea
and breasts likewise two garden warblers
has bandaged for days
and nights.

...The girl was the sweetest apparition
that the savage, unhabited isle
has showed to Don Juan, deprived by luck
and hope.

....
Everthing was breathing an air of virginal savage
an atmoshere of beginnining
of the world
wherein there wasn't but the
two of them

In a whirlpool of the time
Become spiral
where in their boundless, unchained love
have known all thrills
of the true passion.

...
The lodge from straw and clay
where in they were making love like two fools
with the feeling
they are alone in the entire world...

...
You see, I inhaled precociously
the rarefied air
of the absolute love
which was correspoding to the internal stucture
of my soul.

...
I always believed
that there do exist extraordinary men
in extraordinary circumstances
That you can overpass your condition
Rising above the background
wherein you live.

...
That's why I never could read the Human Comedy.

The life was more than that.
The life was tragedy
The seed of disgust and of the lack of humanity
Where on the exceptional, ideal loves
have

Out of time
Opposite from all that is common, trivial, worn
to exhausting
opposite from the coat for all days.

.....
Lovings filtered by masks
They were showing me the pure feeling
exalted until the limits of the sublime
and tragic.

The world of dew

This happened
many years ago.
I was a kid, maybe young, in high school, or how I tend to believe now
At college.
..

I was at the door of the cattle barn, in a beautiful, golden summer.
I was sitting outside, and I was looking inside.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
From outside.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of dust mackerel and geese -
Brought from millions of years away - when its radius is only now
Lights of our sight

...
I love you sweet lady.
Hay. In the alleys. Near the cattle barn
A cool net floated, a deafening silence.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
To come in.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of the pigeon of dust and geese - a mystical world, of God
and his winged angel friends ...

meditating on the beauty of the rays, the dove, the peace and peace
I was drawn into a timeless tunnel - into a world
in which miracles occurred, a timeless world - where Time
it had ceased to exist ...

a dreamlike world, of the miracle, of the dream, open in the chest of Reality
a world of poor Dionysus ...

"There is neither time nor space," he said, "they are only in our soul." This means that the world with all its manifestations is a sensitive, subjective reflection of our consciousness and we have the power to change all external events and things. . Man, by its very essence, is omnipotent, because it carries in it a divine spark, the divine image of the soul: "... and yet, if I close an eye, I see my hand lower than with both. If I had three eyes I would see her even bigger, and the more eyes I had with all the things around me, the bigger it would seem. However, born with thousands of eyes, amidst colossal looks, they all in relation to me, keeping their proportion, would not seem to me bigger or smaller than they seem to me today. To imagine the world reduced to the size of a bullet, and all that is low in analogy, the inhabitants of this world, supposing them equipped with our organs, would understand all that absolutely in the way and in the proportions in which we understand them. Let's imagine, caeteris paribus (in other words, the same n.a.), surrounded by the sea - the same thing. With unchanged proportions - a world bounded by the sea and another bounded by the small would be so great for us. And the objects I see, viewed with one eye, are smaller; with both - larger; how big are they absolutely? Who knows if we do not live in a microscopic world and only the opening of our eyes makes us see it in the size we see it? Who knows if they do not see each and every one of them in a different way, and do not hear each and every sound in another way - and only the language, the naming in one way of an object that one sees it that way, another otherwise, unites them in the understanding . - Language? - Not. Maybe every word sounds different in the ears of different people - only the individual, the same remaining, hears it in a way. And, in a space conceived as without borders, is not a piece of it, no matter how big and how small it is, just a drop in relation to the boundless? Also, in eternity without borders, is not every piece of time, however big or small, just a moment suspended? And here's how. Assuming the world reduced to a dewhead and the time ratios, at a drop of time, the centuries in the history of this microscopic world would have blinked, and in these blinkers people would work as hard and think as much as in our swarms - their swarms for them it would be as long as ours. In what microscopic infinity would the millions of infusers (small animals, invisible to the free eye, which develop in liquids: microorganisms) of those researchers be lost, in what infinite amount of time the joy - and yet, all, would be - all like today. ... In fact, the world is the dream of our soul. There is neither time nor space - they are only in our soul. Past and future is in my soul, like the forest in an acorn-tree, and the infinity as well, as the reflection of the starry sky in a dew. If we were to find out the mystery by which we could relate to these two orders of things that are hidden in us, a mystery that maybe the Egyptian and Assyrian magicians possessed, it was in the depths of the soul descending, we could live in the past and we could inhabit the world of stars and the sun. Too bad the science of necromancy and that of astrology have been lost - who knows how many mysteries we would have discovered in this regard! If the world is a dream - why couldn't we coordinate the range of its phenomena how we want it? It is not true that there is a past - the consecutiveness is in our thinking - the causes of the phenomena, consecutive for us, always the same, exist and work simultaneously. To live in the time of Mircea cel Mare or Alexandru cel Bun - is it absolutely impossible? A mathematical point is lost in the boundlessness of its disposition, a moment in its infinitesimal impartability, which does not cease forever. In these atoms of space and time, how infinite! If I could lose myself in the infinity of my soul until that phase of his emancipation, which is called the epoch of Alexander the Good for example ... and yet ...

" Te iubesc, Te doresc, dulcișor dorit.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei, Dragostea mea, Dulcețamea. Te doresc, Puiul meu iubit. Fiul meu Dulce și iubit.

Dulcele meu iubit, Puiul meu Victor, te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu iubit.

El Greco

te iubesc, puiul meu.

The music of mermaids...

Whispering from the waters

They seem some Suns or some tired Moons...

In the blue, opaline water

With waves which are foaming foolishly underneath

These ballerinas of the ocean

Are rising up their smiling faces

Between the waves

Laughing, smiling unconsciously

With the unconscious happiness of the lunatic

Which is walking sleeping on the street...

....

Happy

Happy faces

Rising up from the waves with fine dentelery

As the smooth skin of the arms

Embracing the water...

.....

Faces...

There is nothing counterfeit here.

They are speaking with the peace of the deep

Which laid down like a all-inclusive curtain

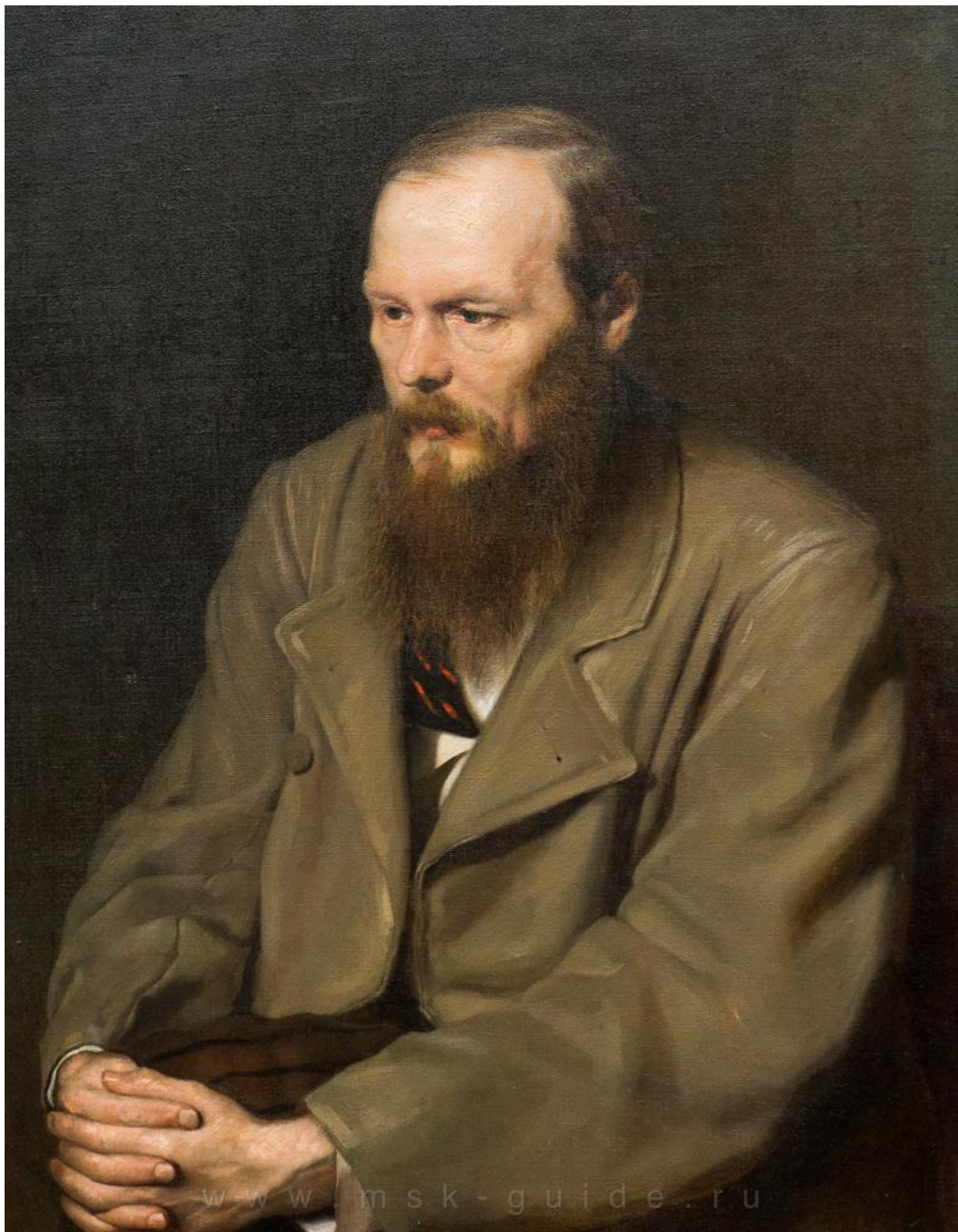
Over its faces

Comprised by the drunkenness of the swimming

And of the endless happiness.

dulceața mea, dragostea mea, te iubesc Victor, puiul meu.

Karamazov brothers



A washerwoman
Or a flower girl...

Or maybe both a washerwoman
and a flower girl...

A merchant woman
From the middle of the past century.....
Red in cheeks
and with the rags hanging...
Selling fish
Or other cheap products
Sweating
Wiping with the lap of her dress

.....
I have fallen in love with her
Probably
They were attracting me the low-ranking people
And Katiushka was one of them....

....
Maybe because that they were more sincere
That they weren't wearing masks
That they were that that they were...
No more
No less
Their words didn't have double-meaning
They were as much as possible
Monosemantic dogmatic

Being so polysemantic
likewise all the words from fundamental vocabulary

...
It was fundamental Katiushka
Whereon it calls in the real life Grusenka
She was having visceral starts
Which were frightening me
And attracting me

...
I have wanted to marry her.

....
It was something in her nature
of washerwoman
flower girl
saleswoman or merchant

that was attracting me unutterably...

...
Maybe it was the fault of the dry, salted fish
Hanging on the strings
Or the pale flowers from the big square
Passing by there
I was looking for her always...

Mingling among the sailors, workers
Blacksmiths, poles
peasants

salesmen

in the great square
whereon they were passing by people of all sorts
Fancy carriages, cages
With coachmen dressed in velvet
Ladies with umbrellas, gloved
Interesting of how much is this or that
an unspeakable resin...

....

And she red in cheeks
wiping the sweat
An isle of greenery
Among faded faces
Her greasy hands were always clean.

Iron virgin

The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.
Iron steam was burning on his body - a silent, unknowing luster
A divine sexual offspring
Or maybe the full-timeless night.

...

Winner and defeated, hunted and hunted
They were all talking about a known thing, I don't know ...
The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.

Winner and defeated, hunted and hunted
Everyone was talking about a murder ...
Made with cold blood on the civor or beyond
They miss the boundaries of the word
What happened in the night, unknown, easy
Teiubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulcele meu.

They were all talking about a known thing, I don't know
The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.

...

The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet
As if it hurt or wanted it
Stop wasting time.
Iron steam was burning on his body - a silent, unknowing luster
A divine sexual offspring
Or maybe the full-timeless night.

...

Cold things - like the kama of a knife, of a surgical knife
Her gut tightened like a hedgehog.

An old picture on the wall. a slowly burning icon
the candle juice went out ...
there is a crying butterfly at night
hitting in short strokes and quickening my thinking
hidden in holes of darkness, trapped as in a
cage...

.....

the walls weep and fall to the ground. a century of
loneliness lies open on page seven.
over the puddles can be spotted running at night ...
a hedgehog squeezed into the luminaire, into a moan
of illusions - they are broken ...

like the shards of a mirror.
an age of loneliness lies open on the page
seven, on page seven, on page seven ...

I love you and I wish you, Victor, my baby, my dear. My lover

Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

By the twenties



Women, flower sellers
with reddened cheeks and silver coins
clinging by their girdles

the first hour of the morning
are gathering
in the large square, the carriages are passing
slowly on the stone road
the acacias are weeping out.

Beautiful Romanian girl
you smile to me
from an old photograph, with wavy edges
aged by time
aged by the time passing by

Women, flower sellers
with reddened cheeks and silver coins
clinging by their girdles
the first hour of the morning
are gathering
in the large square, the carriages are passing
slowly on the stone road
the acacias are weeping out.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, te iubesc...
On the street...

On the street of the cherry trees blossomed
I have often passed
I was looking at your window to the sun rises
With a lost, lost thought...

Through of the sky white snows
So many times, so many times...

....

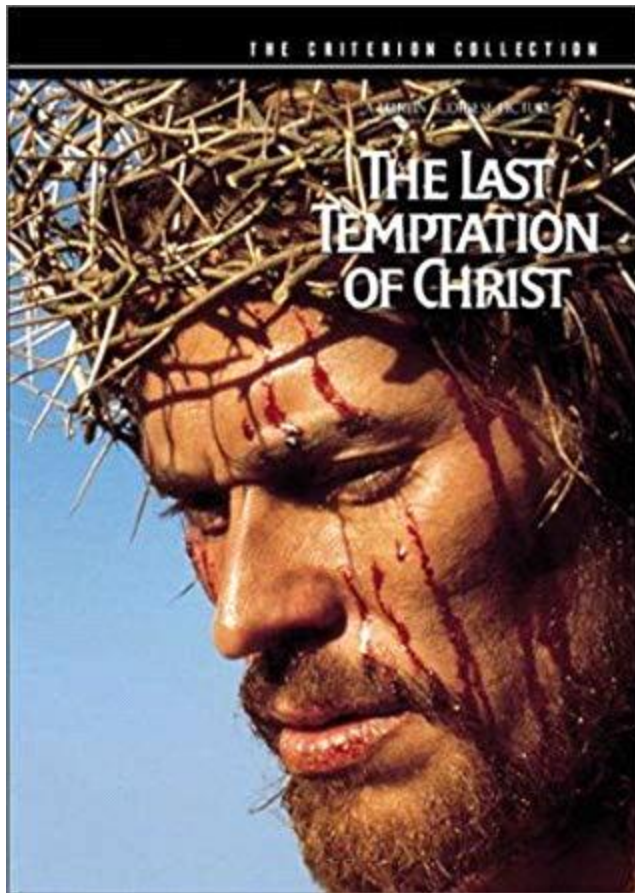
Today even if I would turn back on the same
Empty streets
I wouldn't find anymore but the shadow
Of my footstep...

.....

On the streets apricot flowers are falling heavily
The light is melting itself
In the penumbra of a sunset
Yawning over the abyss of my soul.

Te iubesc Victor.

Victor, Iubitul meu drag, Dulcele meu, te iubesc.
An age of loneliness

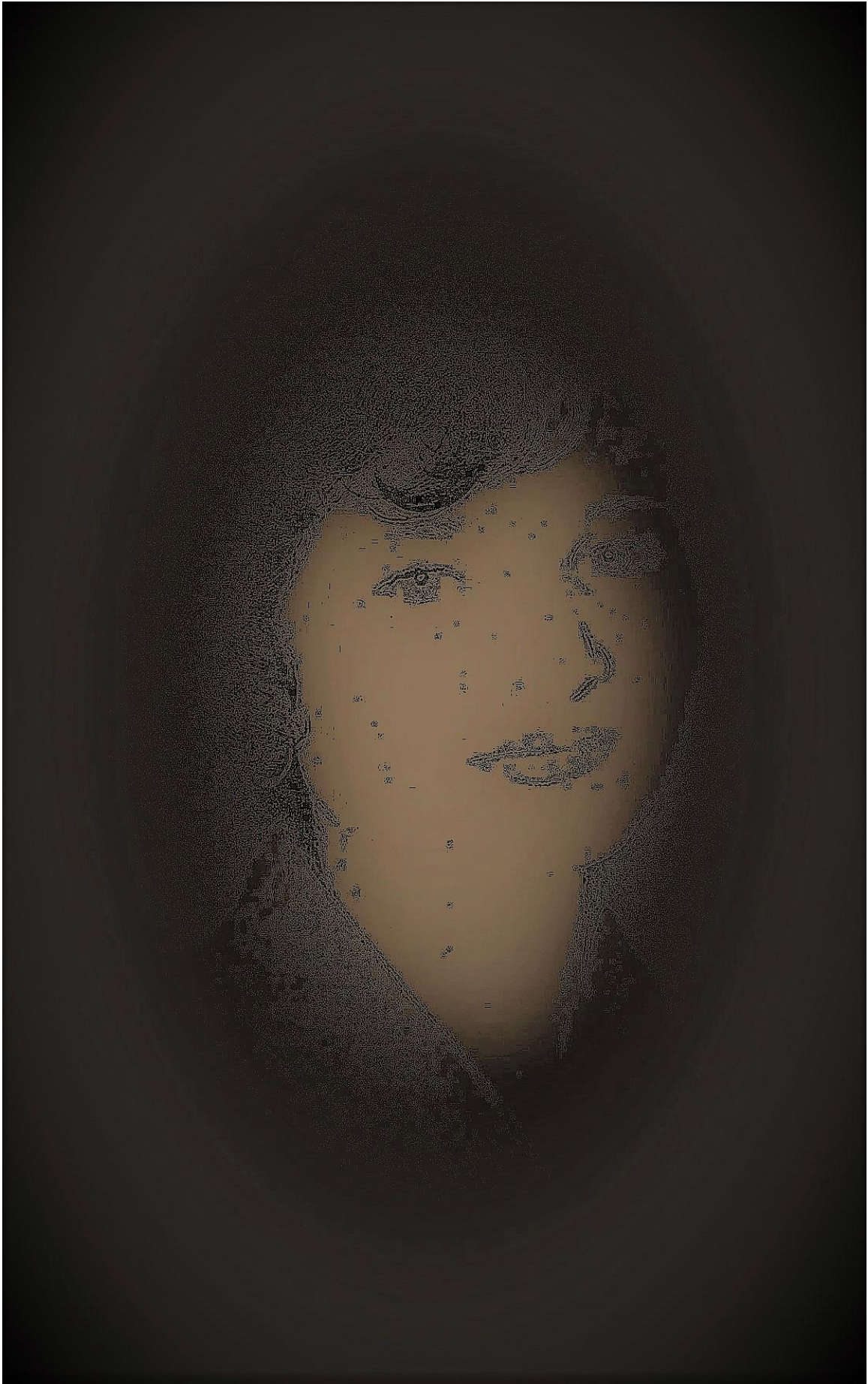


An old image on the wall. An icon is burning slowly
The candle's bowl has quenced.
It is hearing a cry of night butterfly, hitting in short and fast beats
My thought, hidden in deeps of darkness, caught
As into a a cage...

The walls are crying and falling down on the ground.
An age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
Over the ponds flippers are fleeing into the night...
Into the glade has gathered a hedgehog, in a clew
of illusions - are falling broken...

an age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
at the page seven, at the page seven...

Bhakti-yoga



The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
From a railing of a balcony, in a white and black Bucharest
On the stoned, moist street , wet of rain

I was watching the passengers passing by
With their opened umbrellas
Likewise some huge flowers, black and white, in the rain.

....
Oh, suffering, you, painful of sweet
In the immense library, my soul had taken its flight
It had embodied into a fire bird
Into a nostalgic dragon, with the dreaming
Flowing over its temples, being born from fire worlds.

...
Discrete youngwoman, of a melancholy beauty
My brain I had burdened
With the rough buddhist teachings.

...
Maybe from here it was coming the inner,
contemplative beauty
for it wasn't having anything to do with the frivolity
and the obscene.

....
Standing on that little terrace, with a side view
I was watching the passengers.
Suddenly it was revealed to me
The completitude of the whole, coincidentia oppositorum
The indestructible unity of Everything.

....
By then I didn't know about the complexio oppositorum
Which, in itself, reunites the same idea.
That that in the coincidentia oppositorum
Actually in their unity, stays the divine miracle.

...
I was seeing the dunes , arching at the skyline,
drowned by sand
The incandescent sun, that was giving birth
To illusions of the Maya, a Morgana girl
Glittering hipnotically under the hot rays of the sun,
An eternal visual illusion.

...
Unboundless desert.
But at its end, at the most limit point, beyond life and even death
It was stretching the Sea.

...
There it was starting the rain.
In a complete round, like in the intoxicating curvature
of the eye
Suddenly it was stretching the Sea.

....
Then I understood
That only living something to its end, with supreme intensity
And without measures of safety

I can plunge in the brightful sea of the Self

I can live the Divinity, through an absolute identification
Being myself God..

...

The Equality was overwhelming.
The divinity wasn't a strange body, an abstract idea
A theological concept
It was irradiating from the self, like a sun with thousands
of rays.

....

That which was truly overwhelming
It was the fact that my personality, my Ego, didn't lose its attributes
Didn't dissolve itself in the numinous
mass of the divine.

...

This identity has followed me later
It has asked with ferocious love its rights.
Reading sometime Bhakti-yoga
I embraced the law of the universal love

...

I understood that between religions
It doesn't exist any difference and nor between
cultures.

For that what makes a thing truly valuable
is its universality.
Just contemplating the archetypes
Which preform the reality
Make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
So sublime

In an agony and a mystery of green which embodies
The immutable essence of the world in a complete
merging

You can raise yourself to the perfect stair of the ecstasy and of the
self-knowledge.

Dulcele meu Profesor, Iubit, Soț, Animusul meu, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puiul meu.

te doresc nespus, te iubesc, dulcișorul meu drag.
The snake from the water
te iubesc.

The own mind becomes spring to the pure light
It emanates radiance and wisdom
Like a jade
Glittering green in the sun, under the white
soft snowing of the spring.

...

I tell you

The retreat in yourself is an art
and a science
To gather on your heavy shoulders
Everything which rises from the deep of being
Everything which the old deities are calling
to you...

Because isn't late, o sorrowful soul
To gather amethyst treasures
Under the pale forehead to gather the old wisdom
and the rare mysteries
to give a goal, a sense, direction, movement
For your unshaken will.

....
Be a God
To yourself be God
And Deity
And do not look in strange worlds
That which from the old beginnings
is lying in yourself.

...
To yourself you are enough.
With the pallid forehead in the white clouds
You find Alpha and Omega
in your mind
Do not get tired, but look forward
And dig in your tornado depth.

...
Don't you see?...
That your mind is the beginning
and end to everything. Wonder, fretting and idea
Woman both with man
Get used to be your own ally.

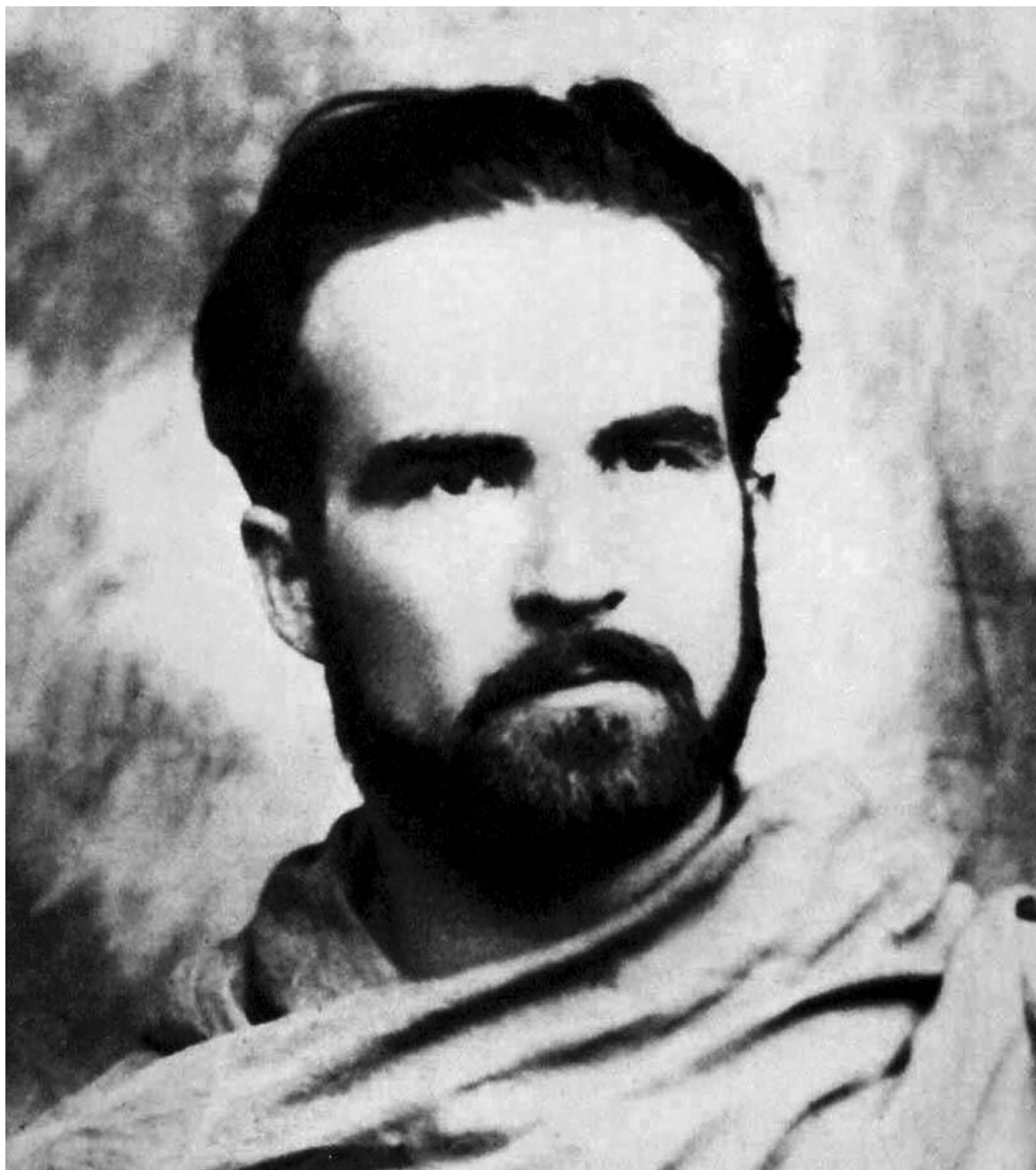
....
Long echoes in withered minds?...
But look in yourself the echo, the wonder, the emotion
the miracle, happiness
The ecstasy which comprised the Nature

Of which suddenly you become lucid and awake
The wonder has drained on your cheek
O, who tasted from his Self, has tasted from the world

And the world is the endless row of mirrors
Where on in violet shawls you mirror your mind
which is comprised by an ecstatic vision.

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Bhakti-yoga



That what makes that a thing to become truly valuable
is its universality.

....

Don't be provincial
Don't slutter in narrow skylines.
Let your spirit to breath the deep of the depths,
and of the coverings..

...

Maybe Lucian Blaga
wouldn't have ever been interesting like a simple
peasant from Lancrăm

it was needed that his spirit to touch the depths of the
universality.

But I tell you more than that:
His spirit could have been even then to touch the depths of the universality
For what it really counts
It's the profoundness of the spirit.

.....
It is about here simply
By the coincidentia of oppositorum, by simple things,
even so complicated
By little things, simple things, even if so complex.
Simplicity in complexity, and complexity in
simplicity.

.....
I tell you more than that: between religions
It doesn't exist any difference -
For whom has touched the Enlightenment -
And nor between cultures.

.....
following sometime Bhakti-Yoga path
my spirit has opened to the law of universal love.

....
Just that what transcends the pettyness, the frivolity,
the provinciality, the limited
and the fog in thinking and in mentality
can lead us
to the true springs of life.

...
Only touching our full potencies, through a continue
growing and development
we can reach to that what is immutable
and unchangeable in our being.

...
only this way we can reach to the collective encrypted
in things, in living beings
to the archetypes which are preforming the reality
and make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
so transfigured.

.....
Only following the way of Brahma
the One with a thousand of faces
you discover the singular person from the deep.

....
The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
Watching from a railing of a terrace, in a library
The passengers, in rain, with umbrellas
In a white and black city. has revealed to me, suddenly
Coincidentia oppositorum and the complexio
oppositorum.

....
unboundless desert, with dunes drowned in sand
beyond of...

at their endless extremity
in a complete roundness, it was unfolding the Sea.

....

Just arriving at the end, at the limit of limit
you will be able to see
that Everything is One and One is Everything

and it isn't anything split, dual, or non-complete.

te iubesc.

Morgana girl

We worked on hay next to each other
Bujor next to my mom, and me next to my dad, Bujor and my dad in the middle.
We return the hay from the furrows
and things are going pretty fast.
I grind the furrows, with a rake, in a rapid motion
I make them dust as they would be called and I fast forward
Along the fence ...

Sometimes the rake hangs in my air,
shaking the green grass
Silk spreading in a green mesh in the air.

...

And now I have. Gather your chairs around the square table
Right next to the white wall
In the cool air and in relative peace
We eat but not too much
and generally not much
otherwise we can no longer work.
Bread with boiled eggs, sheep and cow cheese
Tomatoes, cucumbers, onion peppers,
meat sandwiches, omelette sandwiches.

...

We drink coffee. We smoke on the porch. But dad says it briefly: let's get the storm clouds tight
Don't you see I'm up?
It is addressed to me.
Peony looks at me reproachfully, taking his fork
and starting ahead.

Let me finish my cigarette
Giving all the coffee left on the neck.
In the scorching sun, we gather the dry hay from the bottom of the fence.
I make color, that is, hay color, with rakes
and Bujor and my mom make pork.
Dad tightens his thighs, intervening again in the kitchen
and making more pork.

...

Mom's red. She looks porodic. With sweat running in vertical rows
On the face, sliding down

The mother is a monument of nature
Unleashed.
Slacken the hay on the fork
Then he places it with his fork face on top of the hay head.

””

I make pancakes. I'm happy. If I can say so.
Hay this huge straw dragon
Fluttering, raking and prickling with a fork, swelling, bending ...

The smell remains behind him
The ground is shaved, trimmed, with the thin patches of grass coming out
Through fresh, smooth cheekbone.

..

He sat down on the radius, stuck the anvil in the ground, matched the edge of the seam and then began to hit it with the hammer, rarely pressed, with his eyes focused on the silver steel. When he had finished, he got up, removed the stoneware from the belt, dipped it firmly in the water from the heel and then stroked the sharpening of the stitch with the stonework, always changing the fingers of his left hand. Then, with a fist of grass, he wiped the whole rib. At that moment, his gaze rested on Toma Bulbuc's mermaid, mowed, with hay gathered in bundles that stood still here, like frightened mormoles. The yellowish-black earth seemed like a big, shaved cheek.

- Our place, poor man! (...)

Under the kiss of dawn all the earth crumpled into thousands of fragments, according to the stains and needs of so many dead and living souls, seemed to breathe and live. Pigeons, wheat and oyster holders, hogs, gardens, houses, forests, all hummed, hissed, snorted, spoke a harsh voice, understood each other, and enjoyed the ever-glowing light. fruitful. The voice of the earth penetrated into the soul of the poor man, like a calling, overwhelming him. He felt small and weak, like a worm that he treads on his feet, or like a leaf that the wind blows as he likes. Long sighs, humiliated and frightened in front of the giant:
How much earth, Lord! ”

The scorching sun, tingling with its scorching heat to our feet
and our head was burning.

The mother had her white, mottled stump
he wiped his forehead, his cheeks.
Then he gets even more busy.

... the scorching sun, dazzling, made waves of heat in front of his eyes
Like billions of splashes of gold, silver, sunshine
Bending in colored, transparent waters
In front of the eyes
Like an eternal, ubiquitous, beautiful and delusional
Morgana girl.

Petrilei mountains, dense, compact forests
They strode among these colored waters
Flowing and undulating, bathing in the air as in colored water.

...

There is no rain! ... Shouts Bujor, slower!
You don't see the clouds narrowing to the north, ”Dad said harshly
Pointing finger up.

Don't you know where the rain is coming from? ... he said sarcastically.
Looking at me impenetrable.

...

Under the kiss of dawn all the earth crumpled into thousands of fragments, according to the stains and needs of

so many dead and living souls, seemed to breathe and live. Pigeons, wheat and oyster holders, hogs, gardens, houses, forests, all hummed, hissed, snorted, spoke a harsh voice, understood each other, and enjoyed the ever-glowing light. fruitful

...

The climax is contained in verses 30-32 and speaks to us of the terrible moment when the emir sees himself alone under the desert of the desert, "under the sky of steel", when he feels lost all hopes, all hopes of reaching the dream city: "On his mind he feels a deep night ... "The emir is tormented by hunger and thirst, which puts a rock on his chest and belly, the air is fiery, and the red color of death has encompassed everything, before or behind, in the sides, and even the Emir's lungs burned with pain. The frightening signs of physical and nervous exhaustion appear, the temples are beaten, "the eyes are complete demons".

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te iubesc.
Te doresc

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Monsoon rains



It was a warmy night, beaten up by monsons
When I put my leg on the shore
At Madras.

My senses were loose, unchained
Ready to receive
The carrousel of sensations which was encompassing me intoxicatingly
Full of unknown fragrances
Of water, ground and clay.

....

I scrutinized the marine surfaces
The ocean...

On the right, tall towers of clay and stone
Were looming in the horizon
With the strange arabesques of their twisted
bodies.

A young Hindu has loaded my baggage in the rickshaw
I got up beside him
And we were leaving on the streaked streets
Of the capital.

....

The monsoon was stinging my nostrils
I was remaining on the retina
With the image of their twisted naked bodies
Everywhere this tantric ritual debauchery
It seemed to me that was floating a superior understanding
Of the body and of the flesh
Of the soul
Which was escaping to me...

...

On the streaked streets
I arrive at the destination.
A demolished, cheap hotel. With an almost empty room

The lavatory... the laver, seated on a tripod
The bed, the wardrobe
Everything painted in white, like a hospital salon.

....

Outside the Hindu were clamoring
The little ones, curly and in torn rags
Were fleeing on the streets...

.....

Suddenly the silence has layed down.
I threw myself tired on my barrack bed,
hallucinated
With the monsoon stinging my nostrils
And I fell down in a deep sleep

....

From which, to the down, has waken me up suddenly
My companion with the hair cut
On her forehead
From the room next door.

Victor, Puiul eu, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
The Red Book



te iubesc, puiul meu.

It is so much sarcasm out here, so much poetry...
 So sweet irony, smiling subtly
 Like a cruel hand, smiling childishly,
 starting from a little body
 With the large wings spread over the abyss...

....

So much death, and frost and blood
 Starting from the dove wing which is weeping out
 Broken over a fragile Universe.

.....

So much sarcasm out here, so much irony
 Starting from the lips spread over one tooth
 At which I was looking with remembrance
 At the cruel broken little wings.

.....

Let us to be good or devil, to be demons
 or deities?...

....

Let's wait for the sacred light
 To flow over the iris in pure irises and in poetry
 From which the gentle death is calling me
 And to be, oh, Lord, all of us Yours...

.....

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...
It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Gutural Voices ...

Gutural voices lost in the distance
My eyes swim like herch of herring in the sauce
With onion salad and caviar from a boat
Of which the mothers are laughing down
and I thank the foot on the ground.

...

Feelings, shawls, winds, waves
Lost voices in the clearobscur
stellar rain
solar
The earthly chair ...

”

The rain and sunshine flow into the room
Like a wave like a tide
Like a tornado, like a typhoon
I'm telling you, just give it a moment now
Honey and smoke ...

...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hillsides
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Everyone is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a pool of fish, like a sperm cavalcade

....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
....

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...
It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
I love you, Victor, my love.

Dulceața ma iubită, Victor, te iubesc, dulceața mea. te iubesc, dulceața mea.

The God Ra
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea.

I am passing through the silver forest
At the edge of vast, yellowish cornfields
Wild boars were passing untouched the ground....
There had been ceased from their painful
Lamentation the leaves, the wind...
And I towards your arms stretched out I was
running...

.....
Between two worlds
Archangels have stretched out their silver wings
And the field with corn leaves falling down
Has transformed itself in burning silk.
....
Old, warm humus, stroked hoarsely of boar hooves

And moss of termites
With white larvae in the soft ground.

.....

The savage, cruel Prince is in hauberk and iron
And the armies are rumbling in the air, bloody and cruel
And mothers at home, with white hair
Are searching in the four sights with the iron eye.

.....

The corn is golden dream of the giant sun
Which goldens the round corn cuilean, with its soft silk
Burning, crying , in the air of brilliant silk
That falls down on the bitter stones
In the top of the mountains of little ore blushing away.

.....

I am passing through the silver forest
At the edge of vast, yellowish cornfields
Wild boars were passing untouching the ground....
There had been ceased from their painful
Lamentation the leaves, the wind...
And I towards your arms stretched out I was
running...

Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc.
Adam and Eve



te iubesc.

I was wandering on the corridor of the train
Looking up for the date
you were born.

Of course... the 2-nd of April 1969/1978

....

Drawings
Faces
Signs
(esoteric or not)...

I was looking for a number, some numbers
The certainty
It was you

....

I wonder why the train was trembling so hard
Why did it run with that colossal
Speed?...

With the frightened eyes
I was passing from the carriage to corridor
And then back
Still looking out for something.

....

Layover at Craiova. We change the trains
To Tg.-Mureş.

I was drinking coffee and seemed lively
But in my mind there was giving a strange
Fight.

.....

Paradise landscape.
You, long brown-haired
And blue-eyed

You are a woman
I'm a man

.....

I am blond-haired and brown-eyed.

...

Then you are blond-haired
I am brown-haired
With blue eyes like two sun storms.

....

There is the Snake too
Coiled on a tree
Looking at me with dark blue eyes.

...

But at the end of the centuries
I was going to remain with the Snake
That way the Vision told me.

.....

Your hair disheveled on your shoulders
You were an Androgynous
Unutterable beautiful
With eyes like two blue lakes
And we were having both of us long hair.

....

Your beauty was attracting me
Your hair
Your eyes
Like a magnet

Above us the colours were passing unceasingly
And were changing our look

Likewise the water of the lake is changing
When it's hit by a storm
Or enlightened by the moon rays.

....

I was knowing only that:
That I love you.
te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Foret interdite
te iubesc, dulceața mea.

Green
Gas station
As cropped from a fantastic movie
Giving the absolute illusion
of reality

....

A gentleman in the overalls
half bald
Feeds the gasoline machine

.....

Straight, gray pillars, a smell of fresh, of new
of paint
The youngwoman from the wicket -
a girl with black hair cut on her forehead
As an actress in the twenties

is speaking politely with my mom.

.....

I watch every detail
with a childish, exalted curiosity
It was a nightfall in that Maramures
with the taste of great, savage endless landscapes
and with buried forests
into dark blue smokes, with gray selvages.

.....

It was preparing to rain.
The clouds were threatening, stretching together
and covering the sky
with their fantastic consistency, of huge dark
foams.

....

Everything was breathing an air of the end of the world
Somewhere - on the other side -
and we were really on the other realm
into a chthonic, underground dimension
of the world from the ground.

.....

There were Characters.
Of course personae
From a mute film, who were speaking
Without hearing them
Embodying something: a symbol, a figure, an idea.

.....

Underground passage through the world of dead
dotted in my trip
by endless calculations

....

Forests of spirits
a dream world, in which you were stepping slowly towards death
in which you were in death
eternal. Endless.

.....

Green
Gas station
As cropped from a fantastic movie
Giving the absolute illusion
of reality

.....

Straight, gray pillars, a smell of fresh, of new
of paint

te iubesc, Puiul meu.
Chaos and chimera

Immobile, calm, protective, soothing order
An order encrypted in Chaos, my dears

The only true reality
Ultimate
The first and the last
Pneuma.
Deep, black, endless, gentle, mild
Without taste, without smell

Catalepsy

Darkness
A world which was closing itself the wings
Likewise my tired, sad eyes
Which had been seeing the death.

Drain you ...
I love you and I wish you, Victor, my baby.

At the resuscitation pailion there is a solution for infusion
20% glucose 1000 ml solution for infusion contains 200 g glucose as 220 g glucose monohydrate and water for injections.
I am weak, very weak, like falling into a deep sleep
and gradually slip into a state of catalepsy.

...

Bujor is allowed to stay with me.
He's very worried, as far as I'm aware.
He asks me about capitals, cities. Mountains of water ...

..

Lia what hospital does Colombia have?
Bogota.
But Chile?
Lima
It's not Peru's ...

...

? ..
Santiago de Chile, Bujor said.

...

What about Paraguay?
Asuncion ...

...

Lia, give Liberia ?.
Monrovia ...
What about Libya?
Tripoli...
What about Lebanon?
Beirut.

..

He kept asking me, but I was freaking out in some weird sleep
Where I was following him hard

Or I couldn't follow him anymore ...

..

This is catalepsy, think me ...

While the soul sinks into the all-encompassing darkness.

...

The tire I think of ...

It was a soft, soft, black space

Where my soul traveled in peace ...

He hugs me with love ...

A calm chaos, ordered protector, that spread the reflective effluent

Of love, of thought ...

...

I do not know how long I was immersed in that black, calm, quiet sleep

When suddenly you wake me up.

Peony was next to me holding my hand

and still asking me ...

from where he was taking breaks during his time

looking at me worried.

...

Lia what capital is Bolivia? ...

La Paz ...

Real estate, calm, protective, soothing

An order in chaos, my dear

The only true reality

latest

The former and the latter

Pneuma.

Deep, black, endless, gentle soft

No taste, no smell

Catalepsy

Darkness

A world that closed its wings

Like my tired eyes, reconcile

Who had seen death.

....

The tire I think of ...

It was a soft, soft, black space

Where my soul traveled in peace ...

He hugged me

A chaoscalm, an ordered protector, who spread the reflective effluent

Of love, of thought ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling

barking

Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ash of the sky ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt tied with hay ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ash of the sky ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te iubesc, Victor, Soțiorul meu iubit și Dulce, Puul meu.

Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Soțiorul meu, dulcele meu puișor, te iubesc nespus. Victor, te iubesc, dulceața mea.

The psichiatry section

Darkened worlds drifting away
In the blue night where from they came out
I listen to my heart sweet superstition
Hidden deeply in the ogive of the chest.

...

Shadows had been draining
On the scarred face of spasms and illnesses
Shadows left from the dead world
On the path of living ones
Like big, questioning wings of kingfishers in the sunset

Have touched his cheek in silent kiss.

....

Hideous black shadows
Have been drained on his pallid and livid face
Where in the death was digging itself obsessive path
And a streamer of indicible pains
Were finding their spring on its crowned
forehead.

Caught between the shadows of today and yesterday
Where in the death was digging immortal
black grave.

.....

Caught between today and yesterday, now and then
Between there and here
A metaphysical thought was slowly moving around
To his body of bones and pots

Freeing him from the sad carapace
And his skull seemed opened to the world of here
Where in his soul has found a path
To fly away beyond ruthless armors of stone and warp

....

Leaving the cavern of the chest wide opened
To the atrocious world from the deep
Where in a sepulchral flock, thoughts were moving
slowly around

...

With his eyes large opened over the sunrise
With foams hanging down by his crumpled lips
He left the body to the world of now
Lying down in cemetery of bodies and of lives

And his soul has flown away towards the
imaginary worlds
Under the moonrays of the eternal dawn
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

.....

Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
time
Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.

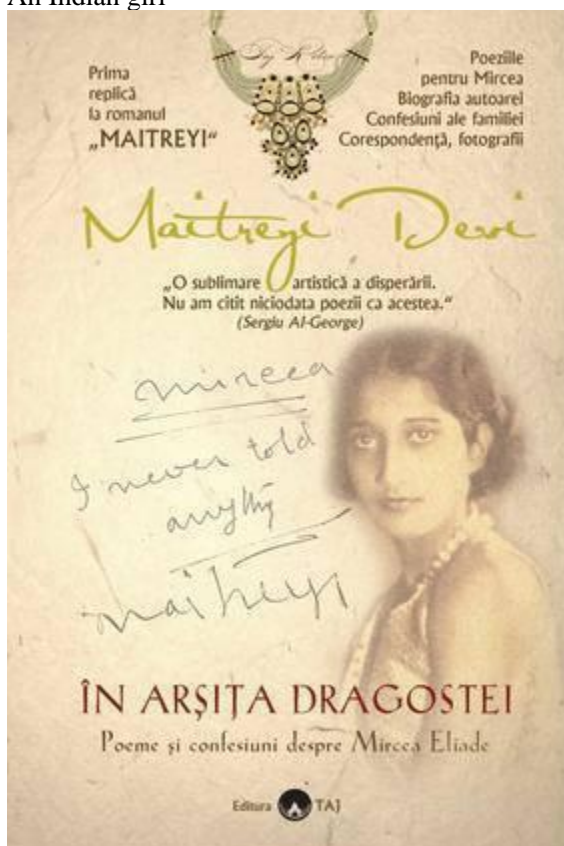
It's so hard to turn Time out of his
beat endlessly ...
A star was when it was not seen ...
I miss your raw love of your chest
My string
And the time runs out of the breeze
Forgotten by himself. I can not look at it anyway
I wish my son
And my eyes blink blind
Stick for moments, days, hours

And all the holes go up ...
What I miss
What I'm gonna die ...
No matter how I like, I can not watch Time
It's flowing
And the clouds pass as long and endless moments
Over the country te iubesc.

Te iubesc, dragostea mea. Victor, puiul meu soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc.
Puiul meu, Drăguș și Dulce Puișor, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Dragostea mea, Te doresc, soțul meu dorit, Te iubesc, puișorul meu dulce

An Indian girl



A picture
Presenting a young girl
An Indian girl
With the eyes large and profound, almost black
If it wouldn't been the colour of the
roasted coffee beans

Or of some roasted chestnuts
Likewise her brown smooth short hair
Which falls around the pale-yellow
cheek

she is looking at me reproachfully
I am sure she is looking at me....
And her words written on a piece of paper
Are addressing to me...

In the old sari, from the beginning of the thirties
Cream-coloured
She is turned to the left
Likewise I was turned in my early forties
In the photographs...

Only at forty
I began to understand her
To think mythical
And in a language of the symbols of the self
This young girl started to understand by young
The value and the price of life
Of love

Of the true love
And of the sacrifice.

.....
Infinitely sad, her eyes look through you,
Beside you
In a philosophical dimension of love
And happiness
Which learned of the early
The incommensurable value of the eternal
present.

.....
O imagine
Prezentând o tânără fată
O fată indiană
Cu ochii mari și profunzi, aproape negri
Dacă n-ar fi fost de culoarea
Boabelor de cafea coapte

A unor castane coapte
Ca și părul ei scurt, castaniu și lins
Care-i cade în jurul obrazului
Palid-gălbui

Ea mă privește cu reproș
Sunt sigură că se uită la mine...
Iar cuvintele ei scrise pe o bucată de hârtie
Mi se adresează mie...

În vechiul sari, de la începutul anilor '30
De culoare crem
Ea este întoarsă spre stânga
Așa cum eram eu întoarsă la începutul anilor mei patruzeci

În fotografii...

Doar la patruzeci de ani
Am început s-o înțeleg
Să gândesc mitic, și în limbajul simbolurilor sinelui
Această tânără fată a început să înțeleagă
De tânără
Valoarea și prețul vieții
Al dragostei

Al adevăratei iubiri
Și al sacrificiului.

....

Infinit de triști, ochii ei privesc prin tine
Dincolo de tine
Într-o dimensiune filosofică a dragostei
Și fericirii
Care a învățat de timpuriu
Valoarea incomensurabilă a prezentului
Etern.
Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dragul meu Victor. Soșuul meu.

Iartă-mă, Puiul meu Te rog în genunchi să mă ierți, Puiul meu.
Victul, puiul meu dorit, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
maitreyi



My trembling, tired soul, of unknown, pale frightenings
has been hesitating, looking
at this pallid beauty, with pale, yellowish
hands of clay
and hallucinating arms of sunny colour
her powerful breasts of Bengali virgin
getting out from a carriage.

There were impossible to define her eyes
black like two firing coals, squirming slowly in the hearth
and her beads carmine lips
her face framed by dark licked hair
of a chestnut glittering fainted, discrete
in the night which was falling down.

....

I wanted to give her my arm...
But she gave me a sliver over my mouth

"It isn't appropriate to talk to me"
She told me roughly with her guttural voice
"nor to touch me..."

sahib.”

....

And if I have been hesitating so long in front of this notebook
It was only to play back
the wonder, the uncertainty of our first encounters

when Maitreyi seemed to me
almost ugly...
Te iubesc. Te doresc. Victor, Iartă-mă, Puiul meu.

Bengali nights



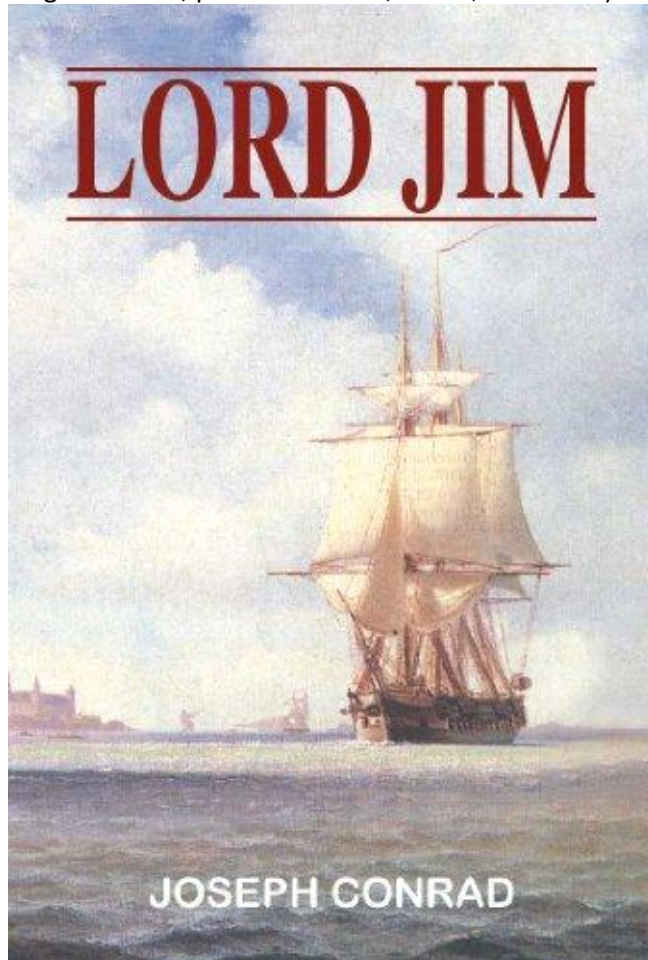
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te iubesc.

It was a warmy night...
A springlike June...
The sky, serene, dark blue, of an intense blue, of amethyst
Profound and darkened
Was sparked by a small veil of stars
Moving
Goldy, luminiscent
Woven like a borangic veil
And spread out on the milky ckeek of the sky.
Limited by the trembling tops of the silvery trees
In the darkened night
By the voice full of warm whisperings
Musical, guttural
Of the tropical forest.

dragostea mea, puiul meu dulce, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc puiul meu dulce.



The Book

Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Lord Jim
(A ship disappearing under waters)

In my robe dripped-robe
I was presenting myself in the face of the psychiatrist
Who called me for a medical
Appointment.

....
I entered timidly
And with my brain tensioned, trying
To give a good impression.
This intention was coming
From the part still conscious
Because, I have to say, much of my conscience
Was buried deeply in the unconscious.

.....
I had to look at an image, black and white,
Showing a girl
Which resembled to me.

.....
I had to describe it.
I described it as better I could
Woving an entire, beautiful story
About the beautiful girl
Turned to the left with her face
And wearing a kind of headkerchief.

.....
I told him that is the Virgin Mary
And she has a mission on The Earth.
To save the world and Her Son
To become the second Jesus Christ.

I tried to interpret every detail as better
I could
Giving a lot of details
And trying to make the story veridic.

.....
The doctor then wrote me on my hospital exit letter
That I suffer from border-line disorder.

....
I have to say that I liked the term.
I have read many times that medical exit letter
Happy of its strangeness
Which of course was due to my strangeness.

Once even I read it staying at a terrace in the center
of my little town, drinking beer.
Having an important air
Of senior official, or maybe University
professor.

.....
I was even a kind of laboratory mouse
On whom the medicine students were doing
their practice.

....

A state of consciousness and unconsciousness
Of sadness and of happiness
All that
Trying to recont a story about Lord Jim
To Mrs doctor
A book whose plot I couldn't remember.
All the students around me...

Looking at the poor Jesus
Who was actually a young woman
Curious, very, very curious...

....

Te iubesc, Dragulmeu Victor, Puiulmeu. Lia e tristă și i-e frică.

Victor, Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Elegy. The 11-th.



soțul meu iubit, te iubesc nespus.

Hanged like an innocent child, with his little head
downwards
The little white rose
Is lying pending over the lip of the tall vase
Likewise a leg of swan in fallen flight.

....

His life was short... and not too beautiful
He waved at the shade, far away from his dearest Sun
in a smoky room, where in I am always
wandering away...

And alone he faces innocently the immortality
And carries my name through
white spaces... Lia.

....

Ye iubesc, iubirea mea Dulce, Dragostea mea.

Fragmentarium

It snows with snow flowers, filigree over the verse
Over the sense...
Lips without a history, eyes densely of intense...
Hands sliding passionately
In the lapse between sweet moments
of love.

Dulcele meu Victor, Soțiorul meu, Dragostea mea, Victor, puiul meu dulce și drag, Mântuitorul meu, te doresc
și te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.

Dragostea ta, Puiulmeu, ea cea mai prețioasă comoară de peppânt pentru mine.
Victor, dulcele meu, te iubesc, puiul meu.
Blurry flowers of silver

Dragul meu Dulce, Mântuitorul meu, te doresc, iubitul meu Victor, te iubesc, dulcele meu.
The snake
te iubesc.

I was passing through lazy forests of white willows
Ripe warmth, likewise in the fireplace
leaves of jade and of snowing
Were caressing me with whisperings of love...
the pearly sky - an amethyst teardrop

The grass, growing savagely beside the little path
doves swinging on the empty road
late o summer, it's very late...
It was undulating the body of the nature, alive
stretched like the greeny snake

in sun...

Blurry flowers od silver



My soul is so feeble, painful, timidly and cruel
It is pallid, squeezed and slashed
And of sweet love it is lividly emptied....

Floating in the the love of pallid moon on waters
Trembling timidly and scared
It looks in the high reed a bed
Wherein its pain to sleep itself...

....

The teardrops have been dried for a long time
It has remained the heart pulsing sick
In body, with its love, suave
Towards an indicible, calm land shore.

.....

I comprise tenderly in my hands
Of this break of dawn cruel wrath
Its sweet silence and stillness
That comes up in silvery things, gravely.

....

At the gates bundles of lillies are lying down
And the velvet violets
Are searching something in my eyes,
timidly, revolted

Are scattering in thousands of drops...

....

I was passing in silence through the gates
Still verandah and blurry flowers

Of white silver
In dead souls, with gentleness I catch myself.

....

I was passing silently at the gates
No one has opened in a little while
The wooden, heavy bars are falling heavily

In the bottom of the fountains
and in weddings
I hear how the dead souls are whispering.

Te iunesv, Victor, Dulce....

Puiul meu Victor, Dragoste Dulce, Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu drag, Mântuitorul Sufletului meu.
Nihil sine Deo



There are passing instants likewise long clouds
on the lowlands
and they are drowning in the shadow
of another sunrise

with my head in my palms to the same superstitions
I give my sweet oblation
I wear them in my palms, and they are planted
in the chest of mine.

To the same mystery I take a detour, just I am with a year
two, maybe more, older and more tired
The same walking stick with a silver head
I wear with bitterness in a hand

...
the same old scepter, the crown dilated
I am older with a year, younger with an instant
And the breathe is short, and the eyes
are sinking muddy in the hooves

Sweeter, more sad, my hurried callings, but still the more
they pass, more vane
and the sky is pouring in my palms
his glance of steel.

...
It's me, I'm still sitting here and writing
And I take my head in my arms and scream the desert ... do a long one
Eclectic around the bare and tragic statue
What keeps eye on itself

I've made a long portrait in the veline sheets
Just the cinder breaks of dawn have caught me still waiting
entering on the same door
many times in a row, faster or slower

thinking that I will surprise a smile on the shape
of the naked statue, a caress -
and then I put in the firelock the silver bullet
and the sea drove its way to the last big roar.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea... nespus...
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Trup și Suflet, te iubesc nespus.
Te doresc. he singing wood



te

iubesc, dulceața dragă a sufletului meu.
and the days are passing desert likewise steppes...
the giant baobab has been rising up
in the middle of the field.

Alone, sad, without vigour,
Without fatherland, as the old men are saying
He faces lonely the eternity.

....

Soon there will have been growing up beside him
Some little baobabs
Green, like some youth and tender offspring
And they will comfort his sadness.

Soon the horizons will fall apart
Or maybe the field will be just another.

....

A green meadow, sprinkled with flowers
With the streams slidelying crystalline into the cracks
from the ground.

The silence of the joy and of the divine blessing
Will cover the place
Soon the birds will fill his branches
and they will cover him with their
cheerfully chirp

Soon his crown will become again
rich and bushy
Shelter of the birds of the sky.

Sad, I carry the cup of bitterness to my lips
Love, you, painfully sweet
Renunciation, you, painfully bitter
Sweet and gentle
Covering my soul with the dead leaves of the futility.

Lost in dreams
I make my head shelter of the birds of the sky.
Full of holes
My skull will breathe the absolute.
On my bed of death I was reading
Exercises of admiration. In my forever armchair.

The sky will be blue, without clouds
A lightful azure
Soon the Divine Being will stay underneath him
In complete contemplation and meditation.

....

Soon the baobab will cover himself
By the flowing blossomed magnolia
Covering the body of the man with his crossing legs.

Soon the Cross from the baobab wood
Will transform itself in singing wood.
Look, the silence has covered everything!...

Te iubesc. Te doresc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Great mom
After an old poetry

Big mom is dressed in beautiful heels
Ribbons and walks from head to toe
Colored and shaded
From the balconies or the seabed are purchased.

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with the whipping of whips -
Clothes tighten hedgehogs
Colorful colorful colorful toys
the chicks run down the valley, heap, what to say ...

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with a sharp blow
Ass to everyone shows it -
Then he sweeps them out of his mouth - he puts them on
At brine, that is in the mouth water.

....

He took it down the valley
Because he doesn't know how to go agal
The stairs trembled behind her
The footsteps shook, slammed into the jute whips, into the tarp.

...

He took it down the valley, because he does not know how to walk agal -
The blisters on the blouse swell
The flesh of the dress deflates the baba -

before you could say Jack Robinson
As the heart grows.

...

Dozens, rides, ribbons flow behind her
and she trembled at her hasty and heavy steps
when the noodles take them in their mouths they come to mourn
and - then he gently strokes them with his left hand.

...

Guard! ... The noodles are flowing on his chest
Baba is no longer standing
Red on the face as a porodic-
She gives a small, small, small snout to her throat.

....

Is she blonde? ... reddish ?, .. brunette? ... sane? ...
He wears a gentle anathema on his chest
The elders are rattling
Who get chest when meeting with nun.

...

Guard! ... The noodles are flowing on his chest
Baba is no longer standing

Red on the face as a porodic-
She gives a small, small, small snout to her throat.

Dozens, rides, ribbons flow behind her
and trembled by her hasty and heavy steps
when the noodles take them in their mouths they come to mourn
and then he gently strokes them with his left hand.

...
...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with the whipping of whips
Clothes are dragging hedgehogs
Colorful colorful colorful toys
the chickens are flowing down the hill, so to speak ...

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with a slamming blow
Ass to everyone shows it -
Then he sweeps them out of his mouth - he puts them on
At brine, that is in the mouth water.
Big mom is dressed in beautiful heels
Ribbons and walks from head to toe
Colored and shaded
From the balconies or the seabed are purchased.

... I love you, my sweet chicken.
...

I take the gun and shoot myself te iubesc dulcișorul meu.

Te iubesc.

The little Chapel



To the little and receiving chapel at the hospital
I went so many times and I stayed in
and I prayed !...
I was stopping astonished in front of the same
icons

Trying to understand their mysteries and symbols!...
most often there were beautiful
blossomed flowers in the crystal vase, next to the wall
on a little rectangular table
covered by blue velvet.

.....
there I saw for the first time the mystery
of the Divine Liturgy of the Saint
John Golden Mouth
in front of my eyes, on the little square table
in front of the sanctuary

where high on the wall was standing the wooden cross
of the Saviour of the world
with the blank eyes
at the moment of His Divine death.

I watched every time in admiration
the Saint Liturgy
the small and fast, though attentive gestures
of the Father Ionel Zărie
the Priest of the little scepter and tried
parishes.

Not to anybody is given to see this great Mystery
only to the sufferings
touched by a merciless fate
most of them mental
alienates.

....
I was stepping inside
when there was nobody in, and I watched with the same
amazed fascination
the icon of Jesus Christ
wherein I was recognizing myself
entirely.

.....
The icons on the clean walls, on the desks
The Mother of God with Her Divine Son
where on I was kissing every time

everything was attracting me unutterably.
In front of the Last Supper
I have been standing for many times

trying to understand its meaning.

I was counting the apostles
trying to figure out who they were
Who is Joan and Judas
or maybe if there was Mary Magdalene
in the painting.

....
from all that city
it was the only church wherein I was feeling at home.
I was feeling happy
smelling the odoured white or pink lillies
the carnations, the roses

and I brought myself some flowers.

....
Once a time I wet them with holy water.
there wasn't water anywhere
and I put them holy water.

....
For those times it dates my eating of bread with water
and cherry syrup
figuring out the body and the blood
of the Saviour.

I learned to bring peace in my soul
for this most blessed Father
and from you, my sweet love.

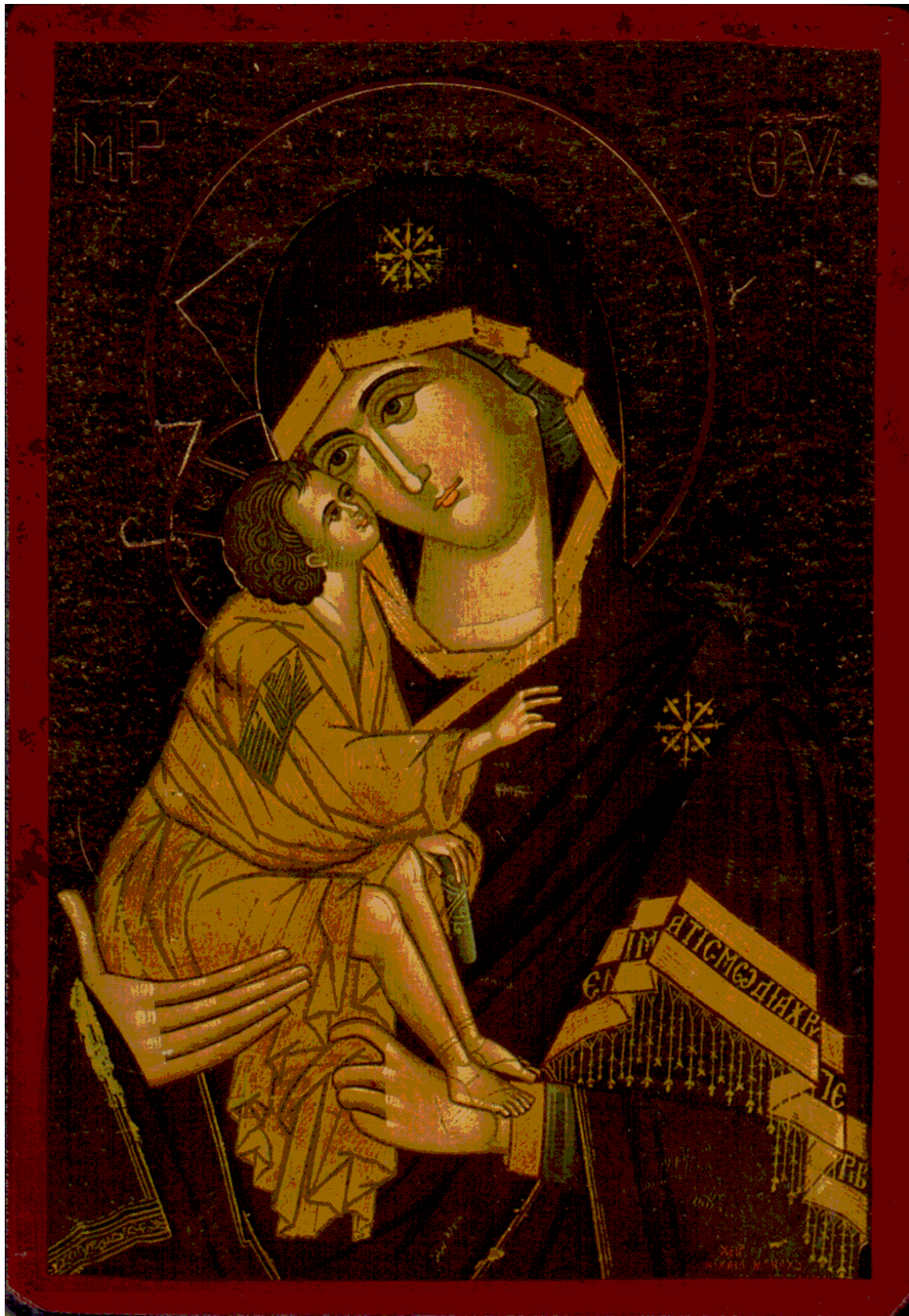
making myself even the Holy Eucharist.
I was so convinced
and I am so convinced
that I drink the blood of Saviour
and I eat His sacred body

than I made myself healthy.
God bless you, Father Ionel Zărie
and your little and receiving Church
where I understand thoroughly
the mystery of the saint Communion
with Jesus, His Mother, all Saints,
and Apostles

our Patriarch
and our Episcopo of Deva
and Saint Arsenie Boca, who opened me
my way
to the much desired
Divine Rescue.

.....

Ave Maria!...



Ave Maria, Saint Virgin

To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.

Above our bitter sorrows
Your glance comes down with a gentle and warm compassion

O, come from the night of my thoughts
You, dressed up in light.
....

Ave Maria, Saint Virgin
To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.
....

Dulcele meu Victor, Te iubesc. Iartă-mă Te rog, Puiul meu.
Red carpet wood...
te iubesc, puiul meu. .



From five-six in the morning it comprised me
The despair of being...
It is wonderful the breaking of the dawn
The candles of the night are
turning off
The air is cold and moist, burned September

Drunk in sake little cups
With taste of brandy

Ars poetica

I love you.

Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...

The whole valley is in smoke ...

Slips rising slowly, on the road

and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees

in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall

Like shawls, white waves waving

At the neck of some ladies

The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!

As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Through the orange-filled body of the world

I walk with timeless walk - and melt them all in verse

and I throw them to the brink!

As Faust I made a harsh covenant - to give my breath of life

In a poem

When a thousand lighters light up in the sky! ...

and - my alabaster chest burns thousands more suns!

Through the orange-filled body of the world

I walk with great speed - and I melt them all in verse

and I throw them to the brink of knees ...

Banks lie in the damp air since September

With the mist slipping into their eyes

What I covered was old and cold sprinkled

You have cold, tender mornings

Silent hours fly by

In the milk of a matte, translucent ivory

Autumn, night and early, hidden

With her blue eyes

smoky

Blinking under the weeping eyelashes

and all of a sudden I feel like an alien

in the world

I suck and alone, and quencher

and happy and sad in my fantasy world

timeless

my hands and body flowing

through the ancient mirrors

to him yesterday

A magical moment, and ideal

and a smile born of pain and meaning

through the body full of orange-
of the world - with mine, non-existence went.

I love you...

The bright days drain their smoke flame
In the voluptuous white mist
Defeated at the edge of the road ...

The paths in the creeks sigh
between the lines
Leaves scattered by twigs
mourning.

Silence from the beginning of the world and of the age
The log shook his silver mane
Silver and smoke stars fall
It mixes with the steady land.

We used to go through the streets of yesterday
Under the shade of lime blossoms
Old houses, old descendants
Their air was silent and languid in the alleys.

.....
I want you...

..
Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically..

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain

Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...

I love you and I wish you, my sweet baby ...

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu, dulceața mea.
I love you, my sweet Tidor-Victor, my sweetness.

...

Second game

With the crown in the sky of blue fire
and with its roots in hell
that's how they go through the dry and lucky world -
I hear how dead spirits groan!

...

On the mirror of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure!

..

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My bitter world is coming back to me -

Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet
What are dude's sips!

...

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
Made up of timeless plains -
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver! ... live! ...

..

The sky from the waters turned into zenith -
He turned back to the ineffable and unspoken
Hit by the waters of the green-blue sea, the emerald
Struck by the winds and the blacks - it's not hot!

...

The sky from colored water and from the water
He returned to the area -
He returned to the rainbow -
On the wings of an ineffable kite!

...

On the edge of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
It is made up of timeless plains
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver!

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My world turns bitter -
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet
What are dude's lips sucked! ... wet! ...

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweet, my sweetness.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Te doresc, Dulcele meu.
Soțiorul meu Dulce, Victor, Te te iubesc, Puiul meu.
Alpha

Doors
Doors opened
Doors closed.
Doors between-opened
Parallel spaces
Impermeability
Symbiosis.

te iubesc, Victor

Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu
Damask rose



Frail, delicate tree offsprings are seeking for their fate
Through fragile branches fallen to the wet ground
It's winter in the forest, and it's wind
And mist stubs and frozen grass are winding themselves
in the ground.

The sweet thrills of the fall which is ending
Are perishing likewise the dusty must

is entering the ground
It's cold, late autumn and it's wind
Which sweeps away the delicate corollas of the sweet
dandelions.

.....

A dragon falling down at the sunset
With multicolour diaphragms and green-turquoise
shawls, which caress cold and diaphanous the cheek
of air and of perfumed white snow.

....

Your smile imprinted in odd things,
in my cold and thin arms
Burying themselves warm in snowdrifts
with long, and cold, translucent icicles

...

I was stealing your kiss from the white
bark of birch
And I was encrusting your heart with an arrow
Milky, ivory, mat - a little scream of
white swing

...

O, don't believe me when I'm gone, under the leaves
of walnut green
I'm waiting for another tender, goldy fall,
And the sweet flesh of your lips, alive
to kiss me sad, and bitter-sweet, with vivid cruel
yellow leaves

To sip its bitter, sweet water of the mouth
and the winter to black out imperceptible puff
of lightful flower from its claypot.

Persian rose

The leaves are trembling at the frontiere with the indicible dream
in a deep, abyssal evergreen
The flowers take themselves long respiration from the abyss
beyond everything is phenomenal...

.....

clearly springs the sky from the deep blue sea
and the horizon - a colourful spot
a masterly bird
trembles its waters at the border with dawn
there where are meeting, misteriously, brightful
al suns...

.....

The secret silence embraces all nature
The body, the arbor, the speaking



There are lying the ridges of the wind on the sun
From where are waving white, soft snow.

.....

The leaves are trembling
at the frontiere with the indincible dream
Like everything is eternal and phenomenal
The shore calls to itself dream after dream
Wave after wave, shore after shore

.....

Everything is ceasing in the roses perfume
In the brides smile, in the longest day of the year
Carried out by zephyrs in the horizon
In the brightful, silky, rising up phaeton.

....

It remains everything frozen, everything is raises up
In the highs, through brilliant dust
of the small shiny, sparkling ore.

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce.

Storm

Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu puișor.

Surrealism...

An underground world, of the dream

A world opened in a miraculous way to our eyes...

The tower of a church, in the distance

The thunder of the raging rain

Getting down the green, white bushes of ash

To the ground...

The trees, livid in the rain
Far away
Into a decor lost in rain and in archetype

Little, green trees
of a white green, close one to another
Fallen down to the ground...

...

A green greensward, unreal, detached it seems from a dream...
Dreamed with the eyes
wide opened...

....

The colour of the sky, an endless degrade
Of pastel colours
Of the rainbow

Rosy mixed with green...

The colour of the dream
And of the real killer of beauty...

Te iubesc.
Love, salvation of the soul

It is raining with soot, with still winter thoughts
With tired freesia, and autumnal.
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

...

Over the breasts of perennial turmoil kiss, silky carnivore
Silent bite
From the meat of the arms, of the breasts ...
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

....

Stone eyelids blink hard in the frozen deserts
Snows with quiet stone, with stone flowers
With flakes of stone
and death, over my head.
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

...

It's late, sweetheart, the fire is still burning in the fireplace
with yellow sparkles -
and-blue wishes I go through
after the death of soft death
snowing on my crest. in the frozen deserts
stone eyelids blink hard ...

you take my hand, you look at me gentle, so gentle ...
flowers of omnivorous sprout in the ground
it's winter, baby, the fire is still burning in the fireplace
with yellow sparks
and blue ...

the cherry blossoms cast a black shadow over the alleys
from city center
and the flowers float like charred hands
over arteries full of chimeras

I sit by the window and listen to the noise and anger
I'm asleep ... but I can't sleep
I hear strange sounds hitting
of glass

like birds, scared of tired spring
what came so late, as if blown away ...
it rains with soot, with thoughts still hibernating
with tired freesia

and autumnal.

You look at me gentle, so gentle
Flowers of haze, dew and ice lurk in the ground
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.
I love you.

Puiul meu drag, Dragostea mea, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Exorcising demons...
te iubesc.

The poetry of the street
And the prose of the house, of our own room
This is the the world we are living in.

.....

There...

I was thinking that I didn't have
Nothing else but poetry.
Being hit by the realism of Edit
(money, money...)
By the realism of the street.
Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.

....

Arrived at home
I am thinking that I don't have anything else
But you, my dear, but you.
An abyss between the realistic man of the street
Of the place of work
and the dreamy, fantasy one
from the front of computer.

....

Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain
(I have had an exercise in the classroom)
and my three quarter sleeves
Where on the children have observed (...).

Te iubesc.
Nirvana

The paradox presence-absence
How to explain the absolute otherwise than through
negation?...

...

The mystery is deepening out
beyond the polymorph figures whose traits
are suggesting
The infinity of the living form...

...

Into the distance
is lying down an illumination. Of the darkness
by the light of day.

Te iubesc, Dragul meu.
The sea



Fjords, coral fountains
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface
In violet ridges they are fading away.

...

Yellow, translucent rain drops

Of the sky warm ephemeridae
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea
And they split out in a good still.

....

Sublime serene
And the boat shaking on the opaline wave
The sadness of the sea arching
Over the round, in a divine smile.

.....

Fjords, coral fountains
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface
In violet ridges they are fading away.

...

Yellow, translucent rain drops
Of the sky warm ephemeridae
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea
And they split out in a good still.

Dragostea mea, te doresc...te iubesc, puiul meu drag, Victor, dragostea mea.
Sirens' whispering...

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.



A metallic voice is speaking to me on the phone.
I was eating crying,
Alone
In a railway station.

....

It wasn't anything special here.
Everything was as commonly as possible
But it hit me the voice stamp -
A little bronze statue
A cavern, deep voice, like a fence of wrought iron.
But still warm...

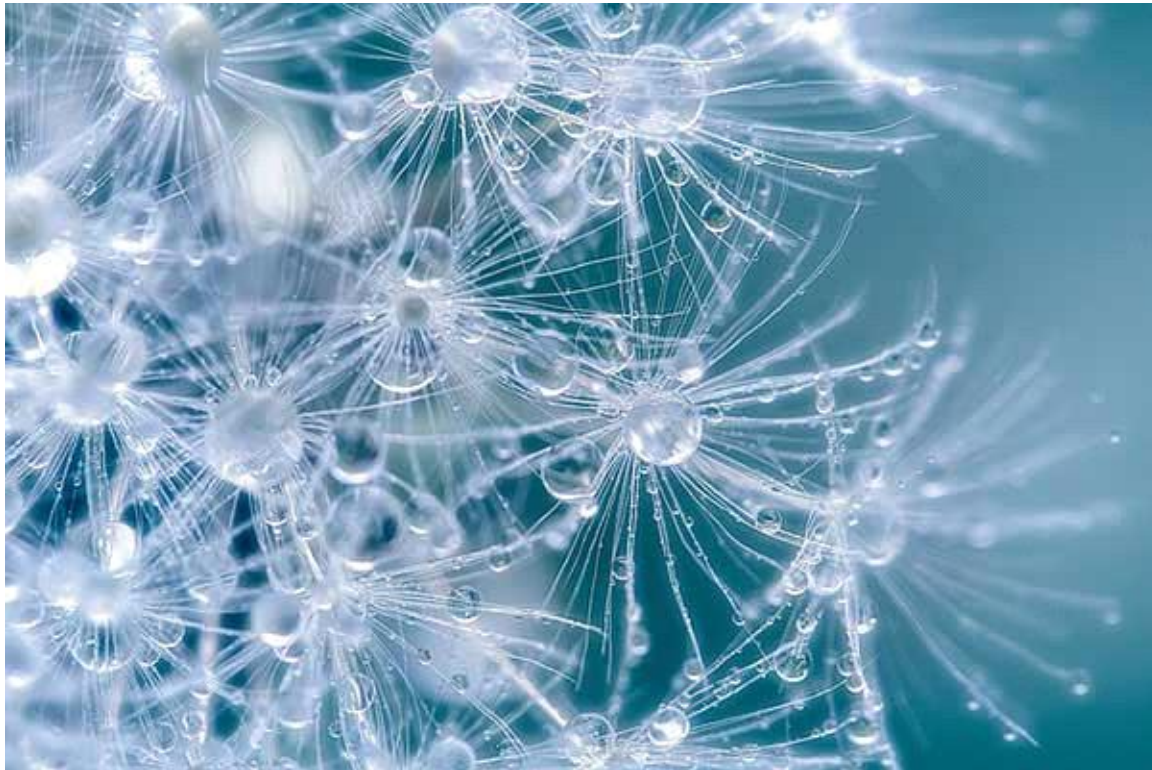
....

The melted metal was making it warm.

....

The metal which was flowing from the few words
Has transformed the few words
Into a love date.

Dragosyea mea, Victor... te doresc și te iubesc...
Prayer for the Lord



I'm sad, O, Lord, and I am slanting
My soul is full of bitterness
For underneath the moon gentle serene, it's still in me and
in the world
A heavy teardrop of wormwood.

.....

My soul is bitter and wordless of all the things I've being said
And the Animus - sweet dark blue
bird of light, broken from the sky white snow fall
I snowed it with the bitter
teardrops.

Te iubesc, Dragostea vieții mele.

Te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea
The midsummer nymphs



Wedding in the heaven
The sky is crying its clouds to the ground
Waves, huge waves of flowers
It is the noon time, when the midsummer nymphs
Have come to the bridal celebration
Of the summer.

You don't know for sure if there is an absurd theatre
Or a brain catching n dimensions
Or a delirious state of any furibund mad.

....

Or simply the summer
In its enigmatic, firing majesty, translucent
In its heat it comprised everything
Static, petrified
Like a twirl carrying to the high
Brightfull powder of ore.

Parable...

It is raining ... with huge dew patches ...
It rains on the porch, on the window sills
The rain fluttered like fingers unseen by the mist
On the shoulders of mornings ...

...

I stopped in myself, in the infinite circle

in the sunflower seed
in infinite, endless space-time
of which, -instant times, when I awoke ...
...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze
with the cold wind swelling their nostrils
in time-space become infinite
in the drink of the moment, moments of honey and smoke ...
...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze
with the cold wind swelling the moans
in the immense sky garden
looking drunkenly on the road to light.
...

I weighed my volume, which measures
one hundred grams =
how much concentration and metaphor in this head
brain-free
in search of the lost realms of childhood

I HAVE DELIVERED THIS QUICK COURIER

...

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

My body was devoured by the feasts
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography you float like waves of clouds over the earth
Watering the earth

With his trembling light.

Traveled on both sides, he knew the ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit into the arms of the frightened crowd
Among the strings of the dead and the living
They are the past, the present and the transcendent
Between sacred and profane.

..

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I LOVE YOU, MY VICTOR, MY SWEET.

Victor, Puiul meu, Puiul meu drag, Dragostea mea, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.

Te doresc, Puiul eu, Iubirea Dulce a Sufletului meu, te iubesc, Victor...
Chant I



Sadness, reveries
The world isn't more beautiful after you have written a book
It's simply in another way.

....

It's more different the smile, the abyss
The death, the destiny
The word, the covenant
The silence, the speaking.

.....

Fantastic arabesques are getting out from the leaden sky
Enchanting, charming
An ivory end
And the other gray.

....

Speaking, silence, murmur
Laying bricks and immortality
The sea and the chanting
The moon, the sun and the Earth -
Geea.

....

I'm blinking hit by the high
And then I throw up myself in a spring
Dense on the lips
Smiling, transcribed
On long parchments into abyss.

.....

Murmurs

Voices

Stones

Rocks

Transgressing the high

Were hurting my eyesight

With the chanting, blinding, Geea

Of the star named Earth

Sparkling their adornments

In front of me there were passing the slaves

of The One Too Tall

Undulating the spokes

And throwing up the seeds

Of the giant wheat.

Exorcising demons...

te iubesc.

The poetry of the street

And the prose of the house, of our own room

This is the the world we are living in.

.....

There...

I was thinking that I didn't have

Nothing else but poetry.

Being hit by the realism of Edit

(money, money...)

By the realism of the street.

Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.

....

Arrived at home

I am thinking that I don't have anything else

But you, my dear, but you.

An abyss between the realistic man of the street

Of the place of work

and the dreamy, fantasy one

from the front of computer.

....

Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain

(I have had an exercise in the classroom)

and my three quarter sleeves

Where on the children have observed (...).

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack

of flesh and blood

I have come down from the cross
and I live the dream of the green
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones
in the moist, wet benches

...

I live the dream of the green
The dream of the crucified from the cross.

...

The dream of the green is here
On this moist bench
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair
On my handbag

Smoking a cigarette
Like a little old woman brought back...

....

Watching the slow curtain of raindrops
The rain which is falling down
With a gentle, unheard whispering
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass

....

No, it isn't here...
My place
I have run from the cross
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green
I am Jesus.

.....

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination

In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.
Te doresc li Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.
Te doresc.

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

..

There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...

The sky is supported by a clay hand

Everything is a silent euphoria

A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...

..

The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind

and then in a silent frenzy

it is given to the black, the earth ...

..

Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...

They are lost in the streets ...

They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...

I walk between heaven and earth

As if I wanted to

To join them in an indescribable kiss

The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...

..

I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...

I am without eve and without age ...

and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine

of my heart of indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...

..

It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...

The sky is supported by a clay hand

Everything is a silent euphoria

A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.

..

Come as you are - as holy as a whore

Like a friend, like a friend ...

As I want you to be ...

...

Your hand holds mine

Your kiss sucks my lips -

She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter

More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

Puiul meu dulce, Soțul meu iubit,

Te iubesc nespuse de mult....

Dulcele meu Victor, te doresc, puiul meu, te iubesc...

Leaving the dry meal of Easter



In our knees falling down, and to You praying
We pray, Oh Lord
Do not order us
After our sad crying bones....

But after Your great goodness
Over the everything, good or bad
Oh, Lord, and save our souls.

Puiul meu, Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Copper-coloured little church



Copper-coloured little church, with oval windows,
in semicircles
Or round stained glasses cut in Cross
The yellow light of the candle
To the corners of the room leads it away...

With the foundation of yellow bricks
And with a dome cupola, in the top with a flower
In form of laced cross
My Master and my Lord of the nights
In a hurry brings to me.

.....

A sunny rosette
Opened to the smile from the inside
It carries, in gentle devotion, the Mystery, Saint One
Which goes down to the ground
And glows goldenly my little hermitage room.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Dulce, Te iubesc.
I desire you, my sweet-heart, I love you Victor...
Stones fallen down

Large, sharp rocks rolled
Cataracts have been casting their depth to the pit
The bones of the mountains dishevelled
Were foreheading the burning glittering

Of the sun of July.

.....

Apocalyptic image. The red valley from a postcard
With white-black rocks
Fallen down
Gray ridges of stone and granite
Raising up their glance to the zenith...

...

Silvery, gray, colourless
The static molecules of the air
Have caught everything in a frozen vortex
To the unseen sun
Hidden by the rosy air
Into a realm of absolute Time.

A vision....



Entering the little corridor of the kitchen
Some day....
On the seventeenth of June...

I had the strange feeling of your presence
next to me.

I have seen your face, your shape
In four dimensions
Naturally
With your blue eyes gentle and warm,
Looking at me...

...
It was a sweet apparition
Coming seemingly from another world
Or another dimension of the reality
To comfort me and to caress me, as I was lost
in my world

Without any events....

.....
The same day your sister came to me
And took my hands in her hands
And spoke to me...

....
I felt happy
That day I knew once again that you are
My anima and my animus
Sent to me by God himself.

...
The garden before us
The warm hands of Nicoleta keeping comforting
My right hand...

The few words we have shared each other
Before my mother came
...a feeling of reconciliation, silence
And inner peace.

....

..

Three Little Pigs

On that summer day I was riding the car, the whole family
On the road that leads to the Flori Lunca
Far in the mountains

Climb up Mount Bou, right at its highest peak
From where the panoramic image sits

Over the nearby mountains, the two nearby peaks
The hills that were rolling away
Carrying on the edges of their flimsy houses, small white dots
Seen in the distance

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious
the image of so many lands, Lord!

..

See my dad tells me, there are the mountains of Sibiu, of Sibiu
My father was telling me, looking away
I went to Magdi, Dieter and Ferries in Sibiu ...

...

Without wishing I thought of the illustrated book with the three pigs
Seeing the green, yellow hills
Different weddings of the summer, which seem to be twinning
In a bright rainbow
On the mountains around.

..

Without wishing I thought of the people who lived in these mountains
In these hamlets, in these villages lost in the creek
That everyone lived, slept, woke up, ate
They would bring their food to marvel at where, and they lived there,
at the top of the mountain.

...

The three pigs lived in the mountains around,
On the hills sprinkled with green, with yellow
On the grass that gleamed white in the wind
Blowing its leaves long into the sun

Quickly moved by the windy expressions
At the top of the mountain.

...

I lived the whole historicism and poetry of that summer day, in the mountains
and I bent down, face blinded by light
to lift a stone, consisting of several concentric layers of rock
it was interspersed with small ore
who had her beauty, beauty and toughness.

...

From the mountain peak on the left, two shepherds with sheep rode them on the saddle
What connected the two peaks, with the sadness in the back
and with the shepherd dogs after them
and my father stopped talking to them and worshiped a glass
of pumice

..

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious
the image of so many lands, Lord!

Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Odorul meu cel Sfânt și Scump

Burnt Forest

On the return from Bou Peak on that sunny summer day
We thought about where the road would be better
For the car.
So I rode to the left, across the other side of the mountain
then we started to take it slightly down.

I passed through a forest, still on the road
Pretty good for the car
Then I wandered down through the Burning Forest.
It was a forest charred by the deadly flames of fire
Recently.

..

As you can see with your eyes, only charred stains, fir trees, beech trees
Of alders, birch trees, pine trees. Cut logs,
burnt and charred. This was a terrifying picture.
It seemed that the unconscious, the unconscious of Nature
it had turned out to be outside

and had carbonized everything around him with his killer flame
searing.

It's a bleak picture: it's the coast that once
A green forest rose
They were only contorted bodies, charred by trees

Cut logs
Of forests or of owners and burns.
The image shook me: I even wrote a story
About it, a literary composition

Which I later deleted.

We descend below, sharing in the desolate impressions.
In the zigzag.
A road to the right was waiting for us below
Through a living forest, with bizarre tall logs
Of firs and pines.

...

When suddenly, astonishment: a tall fir had fallen along
and had blocked our way, which was a kind
like a swamp, a narrow and winding road.
We look dismayed. I hadn't taken my medication
On departure.

However, I look at how Dad and Bujor had taken the little bullfighter
Suitable in case of need in the car
and they had begun to dig the trunk just below the middle.
The tail of the bulls had dried, and the edge played in the tail
They had to fix it several times
With lemongrass, beaten into the hole in which the cut

Get in the queue. Weary. They did it in a row. Their hands had swollen
and they were almost bleeding, the minstrel was small
not quite effective for such a heavy task.
The shadows of the sunset were coming down.
I was sitting near the trunk, on a log

Looking at their skillful movements, their silent despair
and non-invasive. I was pretty sure we were going out
from there, Bujor and dad will clear the way.
Dad was already old. She was trying hard to hide

The confusion, while Bujor had taken the hard on his shoulders.
My mother was spinning like a butterfly
From one to the other, probably incomplete conscious
The seriousness of the situation.

...

When suddenly the truffle bursts into air
Pressed above Bujor.
The trunk is chromed to one side, with weight
To make room for the car to pass.

...

Below, through the swamp that clogged the wheels of the car
The car bends dangerously to the right.
Believing the car will overtake us
I jumped out of the car, from my front seat

By the driver's side. Once upon a time, my mother, who was behind me
He does the same. Finally, Bujor goes hop

and something awaits me. Soon when the darkness
these wild places were already beginning to be expected

take the main road, which led to the Lunca Florii.
We drive it to Taia, on the paved road, full of sand
The children were playing, careless
In the middle of them, and then, you arrive in Petrila
We make it to Petroșani.

..

... To live a bath of fire, to feel the play of an inner heat, full of flames, is not to attain an immaterial purity in life, an immateriality similar to the dance of flames? Does not emancipation under the weight, under the attractive forces, what happens in this bath of fire, make life an illusion or a dream? But this too is little compared to the final sensation, which is one of the most paradoxical and strange, when from the feeling of that dream unreality you reach the feeling of the ash-gray preface. There is no inner fire bath whose final result is not the strange wrapping of the feeling of this preface in ash, when you can really speak of immateriality. When the inner flames burned all over you, when nothing left of your individual existence, when only the ashes remained, what sense of life can you have? I have crazy voluptuousness and infinite irony when I think that someone would blow my ash in the four corners of the world, that the wind would spread it with a frenetic jolt, scattering me in space as an eternal rebuke to this world.

...te iubesc, dulcele meu, puiul meu.
te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu.
23 oct. 2019, 18:25

Leg you

Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke and honey
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...
Until you touch your lips
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos

dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, love me.
I want you.
The desire and the love of my life, Victor Bratu.
Te iubesc.

Froom the nojan of rememberings...
From the nojan of rememberings...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...
...
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...
...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...
From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking at her...
...
What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...
...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.
...
His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes
Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

...

What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking at her...

...

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.

...

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, un sinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops
Of absolute
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.
Of love.

...

What can be more tormenting for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love

...
There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

...
The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...
True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...
Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded

...
By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes, it was a Her...

...
Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down
In the bright azalea fields.

...
Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puișorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...
Sad, overly sad

The Youngman who received in his tender, gentle Soul
The whole suffering
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself
A defeated.

...

But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened
Shadowed by glasses
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering
Of whom he received in his heart
The poisoned arrow, impure of love
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire
Not happiness and victory.

...

His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul
Salvation and faithfulness
And not bitterness, humiliation.

...

What can be sadder for a mother
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate
Full of promises of the World
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?....

...

From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world
Up to its core, to its bottom.

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

...

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown, with straight, silky strings
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

...

On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving

Like the signature of color and light
Of a painter
Gathering itself on his neck
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.

...
The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered
They were letting to guess, only, their whole
Beauty and their whole poetry.

...
His innocent shoulders in the thin coat
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –
Waiting to be just lighted
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem

...
The feet slipped under the table
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.

..
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...
Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu,iubitul și doritul meu puișor.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Puișor, Dragul meu.

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth
His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so
Although there were a few words
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puiul meu. a folder in the back
Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table
of which only a sec

and from which you deduced that the young character
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,

it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...

...

Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man

who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised

....

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read
a memory of the foundations of being
and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love
in total and overwhelming dedication.
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce. Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu

My baby

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

.....

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...

...

A boy-teen-boy face
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes
Where lies still alive and hidden
Of the silent seas

...

An androgynous body naively imagining the Will
When from His soul a rising
Blue-pink only the Being
My child was watching in the sea
His smile was silent on the baby's lips
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....

With his pink hands full, with pits
With round arms of flower and milk
Ask for my whisper noodles
Let them hang undisturbed on paper

...

Where to bring them to salvation of pure azure
At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death

...

Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child
It's the pink and white cherry blossom

Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...

Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise

...

I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

...

Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.

...

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

T iubec, Viactor, dragosea mea, ulceața mea.
The book of Anime III
Second painting
Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

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I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce. Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, dulcele meu

Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

.

The book of Anime III

Painting three

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower deities

They spoke to me with such love, so often ...

Contained with the ornate eyes

Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The mysteries that I have met since then

In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves

In their light which descends gravely

I let myself be comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest

In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight

Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way

And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight

the passing of the soul, love

soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet

over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise

What has been since then, what is before

Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown

Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest

I miss meeting you, waiting for you

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind

I cannot think and mirror it...

...

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns

Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine

What I grew up in my breast, on my chest

Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us

I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness

the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-

a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself

I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter

Through a dark labyrinth of fields

Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon
In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation: Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălăţan
Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soţior.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceaţa mea.

I love you, Tudor, my baby.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor..

Initiation

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphim
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth

With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...

Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

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....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape

The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
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...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..

The magnolias were falling ...
I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future

The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.
I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are
... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

...

It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
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With the stick stuck to the stars
I love you, my sweet Victor.

See Rama

The door lock moves like a dream -
I again leave the soul of temporal eternity
Momentary, eternal, concrete, yet abysmal
Nothingness, no chaos ...

...

With thousands of eyes the black dagger speaks to me in the window
I tremble in bed
Not daring to sleep - though almost asleep
With his hand on the temple, caste ...

..

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Frosted fretboard from sleep - with infinite care open the door
and I slip
go to the room, in the bedroom -
I press the brown door, I speak from the threshold
I told them I was scared and was about to fall out of bed ...
(in which for a few more nights I lie)

...

That out there sounds weird, weird noises ...
Who's who walks outside in the middle of the night
Seeing all my thoughts?

...

I miss the dreams of the night - the powerless right hand to squeeze
I spend my night dreams on paper
With his left hand
My right hand hurts like a beast
squeezed over thoughts and images like a pencil -

I bend down to pick up the Matrix tubes from the closet - like in a dream ...
when all the world at once
a wheel is spotted ... it gets in my throat, belly and gut
the time in my room is doubling, it is burning ...

in the yellow light, crying ...
near the foot of the table is the empty glass
in the night there are noises, owls outside -
it's the slot - now full of less than a quarter ...

but didn't I drink it all? ... I exclaimed in my thoughts
with circumflex forehead, inert eye -
but I didn't drink it all - the quarter glass?

...

"Dreamy cypress trees sway
With the black branches looking down.
And lime with a wide shade of flowers down to the ground
Towards the dark sea the wind shakes! "

Through the halls a man in a black robe deserts
Fearing his footsteps, he slips into secret.
Under his long cloak he hides a dagger,
He looks back with fear and bitterness.

He laughs ... He rushes to the shadow ... the salt shadow.
Due to some walls, it slowly appears again ...
Above them quickly and again:
-O, Sarmis, long fight, great for us!

What are you running away from? What are you running away from? Don't you see in the fight that I'm calling you?
He doesn't think I'm shaking, he doesn't think I'm afraid!
He was rising again and his face was weak.
And the fixed eye looked with fear and pain:
"Oh, my cowardly heart, why do you gnaw in your breast,
Ends up! And the dagger I get out of my hands now ...
But I'll squeeze it in ... Wait ... wait, you foolish fool. "
-Children once and fall dead -Brigbel.

..
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

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Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
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and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
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in the glass with a god looks at the world
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te iubesc.
..Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

I was silent on the road

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars

Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
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and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

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Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.

I was silent on the road.

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With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The Humans move like a dream, they talk, they smile
With the soot forehead
With hands full of earth
With my shirt stuck with hay ...

...

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
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With the stick stuck to the stars

I love you, Victor, my love.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now –
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

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I love you, Victor, love me.

Black trees, white trees
Sit naked in the solitary park
I pass among them, sick of dreams
With my step increasingly rare ...

...

White birds, black birds

I tear, shake
On the top of a pillar, between the antennas -
Strange and black bucket ...

...

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Adonai

The word of death that saves
Slowly on the chest and eyes go up
It is lost in the blue Sea of Atlas
Like spikes on the cheek.

..

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze turns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.

...

..

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, cold morning ...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

..

There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

..

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...

....

and from the chaos of the valleys, in the proud face is closed:
Oh, I come, Lord's night!
By fate it dislodges me!
Give me Freedom to roam
All the cosmic space like a lentil seed

..

Give him Love, hope, mind
In wise remembrance!

..

Oh, young voivode with soft hair
What you adore, your overnights empty
I give them Love and Mind
and many feelings
to look back like before!

...

You ask me for my Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time
To discover even in the Land of the Dead with her
To enter, triumphant n-Olympus!

...

You are my very own Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time.

...

Time of war, cruel hatred and fate
Time of love, of sweetness

and death

Time to do everything I thought

Time to think and think long.

...

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time to sleep

To the great advice of the wise

I give you time for the eternal to reap

To kill the righteous from death.

...

...

For you see the harsh measure of those on Earth:

You make yourself breathless, ice wind

Burning sun and power

and blows their pain!

...

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time!

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars

You will find green clay pots

and nights of movies

a sky of stars below

above the sky of stars ...

...

There's nothing but Pneuma

In which you stumble with your hands around your neck

Silent and asleep like a bride

With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth

moved by the celestial cosmic wind

acolytes, through the spaces of the space where

mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face

Your chest is spasmodically tight

and they are offended

white hands like the sweetness of the face

to a loved girl.

...

..

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes

Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes

Like leafy green leaves through the vines

In a cold, dewy morning ...

A beautiful dead man with live eyes

Your look burns me, your eye presses me!

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone

Hours leave

Over the autumn sill, aged

Before time

With long whiskers falls over the yarn

White winter deception ...

...

The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes
and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...

.....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...

.....

You hold me up when the bedtime comes
and we whisper -
a madness
everything they have been and how many they will be
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...

....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing
What do you give me, at sunrise
Sweetlips with bitter lips
Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet
I kiss bitter lips
Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...

.....

Silent, cadence, monotone
Hours leave
Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...
I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla
You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...
your trees
Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine
with cinnamon flavor...
my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through
the pine tree forest
Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that
is moving out the strings...
Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away

realm

...

Winter with a taste of vanilla
I bury my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands
which comprise my face
into a misunderstood, misunderstood
caress...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice

At your warm breast call me ...
 At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
 whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
 ..
 And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
 One night gives the same night
 The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
 Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
 He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
 Leaving my mouth as a prey
 To your lips, so sweet ...
 ..
 Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
 Still warm, vibrant, melodious
 His chest arched like a bow
 Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.
 ...
 Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
 With your low, low voice
 At your shy breast call me ...
 At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
 whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
 ..
 His rosy-red lips opened softly
 Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
 By the glow of the night burning blur
 By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.
 ..
 and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
 over the beloved lovers
 while the moon gives sweet tones
 his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...
 ..
 Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
 With your low, low voice
 At your warm breast call me ...
 At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
 whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...
 ..
 His rosy-red lips opened softly
 Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
 By the glow of the night burning blur
 By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

 Eyes in the chest help memories
 From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
 With a look, full of love, yet sad
 Still loaded with suffering
 ...
 From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
 An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
 He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
 Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canals
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

Hos blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky

Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...

Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door

Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter

His immortal, white, Canats?...

From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs

An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry

He was looking at her...

....

What can it be more thrilling for a mother

Than the moment when her young Son

He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant

When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating

In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery

On his innocent shape, of the young man

Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute

As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse

As a promise and a legacy

At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur

Over the azure sea

The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes

Where you cease to exist

and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery

Frost pesterps from the snow of roses

Where you cease to exist

and you start to be ...

to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

The book of Anime III

The fourth painting

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..

.

Eyes in the chest help memories

From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.

With a look, full of love, yet sad

Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes

Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
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To your lips, so sweet ...

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Still warm, vibrant, melodious
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Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

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At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
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Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
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With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
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And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

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At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
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Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peesters from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Google translate

te iubesc, Dulceaţa mea, Puiul meu Victor

Te doresc, Puiul meu.



Blue skies

...
From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home
It was a rain and windblown
As if he had never seen it before.

...

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...

...
But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.

...
Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white
with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms

threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.

...
The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlas sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle

When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...
It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...
His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...
He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this, I would not have believed
On a wind like this

...
This is fine, he smiled

Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself
At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

...
and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down

...
and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.
My love

...
she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

...
Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

..
Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

..
....
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...
It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

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His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...
Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms

like threatening children
crying

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...

....

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...

...

The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out

Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...
In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show

.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...

....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

...
Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...
Serve the servants
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break

Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling

...

I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

....

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves I love, my baby Chick, my love.te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubesc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

The book of Anime III

The fifth painting

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...

Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..

In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.

..

When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...

Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...

Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..

My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...

The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...

Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals

Rain kiss
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In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Iubirea și Dragostea scumpă a vieții mele!...
His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin

With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...

..

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride

It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens

They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light

They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer

Fall on my chest

Let me kiss you on the chest

When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride

O, Cathy came to my breast

and let the cruel cuddle

it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai

as your black hair, like your hair, you waved

black ebony warm silk towels

it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure

leaving it in my warm

where the moon is warm

silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.

Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.

Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.

Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked

With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed

Out of pants

It turned white, virgin

Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat

In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...
The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...

....

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...

...

The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

..

I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights

I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...

In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show

.

.

I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...

....

It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te uybesc, Tudor, Puiul meu dulce, Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night
As I write I read Kant ...
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ...

..

In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts
- embroidered in outdated languages

Ah, I've told you thousands of times
In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine
Just cold forged
and everything was dressed in white ...

....

It was a deep night - de Profundis
Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold night away.

..

They were heard from nowhere
There were no voices, no footsteps
Only the cough dries in an opportune moment
Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...

...

My forehead was burning with red mist
and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -
although everything is worse than drawing in coal
of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.

...

Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...
No sound, no sound, just moans around
my soul is black and white
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold and distant night.

...

I died! Yeah... I died ...
I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam
Sea when Adonis comes out...

....

Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds
I was sleeping forever
Reading, thinking and writing Kant
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc
Te doresc, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea. Victor, Puiuleu.

It was a rational night...

It was night, it was raining outside
and my heart was clutching like a claw.
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast
They are like a flower-like an undead
What's going on between us

...

It was night, it was raining outside
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes
hot and cold....
question marks in taste were mottled

fruit nozzles

...

in your smile you never started, lost
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...
in dusk in the evening, so sweet
bitter

...

I felt an increasing desire in me
to sink slowly, slowly
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...
question marks popped into your eyes
hot and creamy ...

...

It was a quiet night outside ...
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast
like a flower or an undead
what made his bed in us ...

..

The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy
I don't know where to drink
If you do not know who ...

....

It smells like Jesus Christ ...
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone
At bedtime...

...

The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine
Teddy bear must
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.

.....

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...

...

In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive
I smelled abstract work
You, lambs, children
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -
Friday...

...

Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered
It was silence it was late
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar
A puppy with white fur
I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...

It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples
In my rational cam
The smell of mine and children...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...
The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...
Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor
and then I took the gun to shoot myself
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter
although it was a rational night
and the dogs barked far outside.

...
fall with the slower through a stream of dark chaos
until I touch the lips of the earth
which I prevented

...
watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea
the soul of the Earth is
it looks great to me ...

...
Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...
The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...
It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puiul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puiul meu.
...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

Love me when night falls

...
Hard night, uninterrupted by steps, voices
Just the sound of pills dropped on the floor...
Nine, two, broke the silence
with their syncopic, lethal fall ...

...
I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...

To enter the moths' page.

....

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

Take me, Lord Jesus, be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

Number of pills, one-two, nine, 23
I'm thinking of taking another three - two that fell on the floor
No taste, no smell
and one for deep sleep. A zolpidem. But I need her
and the last driptane
in a film with many pills, all taken
with mistakes and stolen things ...

....

I'm taking the fish's belly. I'm John!
and go out to the white, the raw light, the white light that is to come!
I'm born again, Mom ...

..

I sleep in the bed, I slip in the dream, with tea, I drink on my lips
Quiet, quiet
I sleep in my bed sliding in the dream...
Hold him tightly in the longing, of Jesus.

...

Things are really very messy
There are no options to say...
Except you are with Jesus, you are Jesus
There is not much to say ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

...

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

take me to you, Lord Jesus
Be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

... over dead bodies of dreams ...
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea...
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, dragostea mea.

The book of Anime III

The fourth painting

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes

I lose myself in a garden full of splendor

Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle

A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks

From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep

and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals

soaked in the blue of pure eyes

that I kiss with flair

lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses

like two water lilies ready for flying

blue, full of thirst for heaven

breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies

lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips

when they turn vertiginous

endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes

I lose myself in a garden full of splendor

Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle

A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks

From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep

and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine

from which force he gives the unbelieving gods

to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe

all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op

Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain

Like two hidden, green vine clusters

That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals

soaked in the blue of pure eyes

that I kiss with flair

lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

Translation: Google Translate

Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălăţan-Nemeş

... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Come as you are

Come as you are - as holy as a whore

Like a friend, like a friend ...

I want you to be ...

...

Your hand holds mine

Your kiss sucks my lips -

She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter

More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...

the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...

heavy words speak of love and death

and shatters the body by staring at the stars

the black, torn banner

to wear it

barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full

to die ...

..... ..

the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning

warm over clay

just beginning, full of

the end

Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand

and in kisses

we forget what it will be

careless at Time, at crossings

to words

looking into our eyes

remembering ...

.....

slip on your bare feet

in my warm dream of love and pleasure

as you close your eyes in pain

when I give my lips tender

-obol ...

..... ..

the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?

...

....

Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...
I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...
The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google Translate, Google dictionary
Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google Translate and Carl Gustav Jung
Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceaţa mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling

...

I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

....

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts

Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves I love, my baby Chick, my love.te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubesc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

..

A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

..

The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -
The aroma of her bear
A young girl in front of him appears ...

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake
Wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and rhythmically
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc, Vitor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
teiubesc, puișorul meu dulce, Victor, dragul meu.
The shadow archetype

Sobbingly on the obscure paths of the mist
The divinity was showing up to me
In her immeasurable form, bahiko, and dark.

.....

The divinity isn't a summum bonum.
He is beyond the good or evil
Beautiful or ugly, feminine or masculine.

....

He is beyond opened and closed
Liberty or prisoning, external or internal.

.....

A dream has clarified me
That divinity is immeasurable. Beyond of the dogmatic descriptions
from books
Beyond the Christian doctrine and morality
Beyond the formal interpretation whom the many
give to her.

.....

I was locked somewhere
And I was hoping to get out
There, outside it was Jesus
But not Jesus from fairy tales.

...

It was an atrocious divinity
By a painful and soothing completeness
Gathering together the contrary principles
Making himself a vehicle of the Good
and Evil alike.

.....

Only accepting in my life
The Archetype of Shadow
I learned something.

....

That this is another face of the Good
An eternal face of Good
Closer by his destructive mythological
Valences.

.....

This hypostasis of the divinity
It doesn't stretch you temptations.

Only beyond of temptations
And of the infamous purgatory of sins
You discover, in an end,
That Divinity doesn't stretch you
Any temptations.

....
It is because she is the temptation itself
And only who has the courage
To discover the dark side of himself
Learn that it's no temptation.

.....
There the Divinity thrones
An immeasurable entity, beyond the good or evil.

...
Crossing the purgatory of morality
You discover that the essence of Divinity
It doesn't lie in morality.

....
But in her painful, dark, contemplative
Completeness.

.....
And only who has the bold
To discover to himself as a God
Gets to know in the end this divinity
Atrocious and sublime.

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

..
Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet of desire, of promise, of the covenant.

..
She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

..
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind

With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.

...

and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.

Invasion of objects

The world has passed lightly, imperceptible
From miracle to commonplace
It has become, suddenly, familiar, calm, silent

Like an evening of October, leisurely
Near the cup of tea...

The wind, the birds, nature
Don't conspire any longer in offering me mutely
The free and solemn spectacle
Of the myth

The waters don't hide anymore the deep depths
Of the unconscious

...

I see the object in itself.
The object is silent, it doesn't discover to the glance its core
Twisted into concentric layers
Like the rings of a tree

And though, I can touch it
I can resonate with its magnetic rays

...

The object is tired but still generous.
It offers himself, in his simple, secret, silent way
To the searching eye
Which caress it, and doesn't aggrieve it

Occupying its place from always
In the pantry of the things

.....

The deck between known and unknown
A bridge between the past and future
Constant between equilibrium and imbalance
Eternal and passenger
Multitude and uniqueness
Interpretations and interpretation, absolute
and relative

....

The searching eye take in possession the object
From this unmiraculous world
Where in it is a miracle
Projected outside itself, in an eternal, perpetual, glorious
Participation mystique.

With silver undines ...

He left the evening, with thick, voluptuous wings, in foam
Of the sea coming in with silver
In the room of visions displacement
In the room of agony and direction ...

...

..

.

I watched where I swam like a swim
When heavy golden hair lets it fall
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways
Nude nymph, with pearl silver.

...

We met in dreams of pleasure
We met in sweet dreams

Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.

...

Your penis, like a snake from deep, groaning
I get my soft butterflies, gnarled moaning
It is allowed to fall into uninterrupted waters
Over lustful wishes, standing ...

..

He craves a new life
Maybe a new morning when Aurora slammed her fingers into the window
and the birds in the morning sing with gossip
on a branch.

We met in dreams of pleasure
We met in sweet dreams
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.

..

Sweetlips come down on her breasts
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest
Mix with the mouth water

...

The ghost enters deep, deeper and deeper
In butterflies flaking and obsolete
Passionate wishes for moaning calf
When the water is pounding, it gets louder.

...

Blanca is in the swing
Lord is your Mire
It flashes like a child's dream
Yours love of love
Leave your face sweet

Over sweet German foodstuffs
Under the serene ray
Your arms to sleep on
Leave your sweet face
sweet and blackened by sweets ...

....

Sweetlips come down on her breasts
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest
Mix with the mouth water

...

I watched where I swam like a swim
When heavy golden hair lets it fall
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways
Nude nymph, with pearl silver.

I

An endless man
Suddenly you discover
That you are not interested in anything
Nor of the career
Nor of love

Nor of friends

...

You remain lonely on a desert island.

....

Suddenly you ascertain
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs
Are more full of Anima
Than the people
And you are starting to understand Buddha.

....

Suddenly you ascertain
That the solely full of sense is the life
and death
and between them, it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown
so pure, so beautiful
the creation

....

That everything that it counts is what you are living now
this instant
suspended in time
lived intensely, in a perpetual present
stretched in all your fundamental
gestures
in birth, wedding, death
love

.....

All that I have learned
I've learned from my Moromets
and from the Comănești orchards
from my father, from my mother
from my brother
from my dearest beloved

Lying on the porch of the house
Ordered gently
As in some sessile coffins
I tell you
The only moment is now
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins
The only moment is now
Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Participation mystique
te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu dulce și drag, soțul meu iubit.
My brain has become fecund
It fertilizes the rhymes with its passionate voracity

My gentlemen
I was born dead
whilst the eagles were feeding with my flesh.
And love, physical love
it was still participating in the history

to the real, to the ideal
To the splendid animal.

.....

Creature, human being, bird, symbol
How much religiosity is in the naked body
and in the thought fleshless alive
circling in sweet surrender in the desert.

....

In real, mythical, archetypal worlds,
in forms and in beginnings
I pour out the clay of my hands
the being of the dust and straw.

...

On the top of the mountain
a fire has sprung out in the heights, and in strange
circles and in springs
the blue light of the edge of the blade
to my eye, it was given to see.

...

forces had been fused in a roar
wherein into the same consciousness
waters had united over the fire, hot ash
over the Sacred place.

...

Axis Mundi!... Axis Mundi!...
I stay like the primitive in the iron center
and the fire is crossing me
from the Sky to the Infern.

....

Let it be! let it be!...your spirit to preamble
in the things
To project in nature beginnings, contents
and the sacred fire which preambles
in your dust!...
Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.
The book of Anime III
The fifth painting

Like Eol that flies by the sails, it screams!

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves

Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves

When in the morning with her cold wing

They break and break into many icy and cold evenings

When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world

Flying Shadow-swallowed knee

Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam

Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

..

Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy Young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him

..

Like Eol that flies through the waves and screams
When the seagull beats the water with its white wing
He cold thought of longing
Brought in the whisper of love.

..

At the black castle, he partly beats
and a girl with the blond calves away rich and thick
falling down and hunched over
with the dew-blue-eyes, he saw them kiss, wet, pearly

she falls on his arm, dead, in a faint
of ebony hair.

Oh, my sweet sweetheart Catherine
She lets his head-and-arms sleep

Under the eye's eye,
it stops at the chest of the suspire! ...
for I came, oh, here
the tea of the nightingale beats

until the arrival in the morning, there is a lark
hurry, let's go, no time to stop! ...
and gently lifted her thighs
passing it on reaching the creeks

..

and kissing with his lit roses lips her closed eyes
fall with desire on his left shoulder.

In heaven the big chariot, the small chariot -
and fine-opaque by spitting up berries

chicken belly with her children
hurry up, baby, there's another clock until dawn!
jumping into the saddle, he leaves in the night
when combining the day's clear obscure with the night's whisper

Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

Harder and harder, closer, closer
He had loved her with love, sweetness to his chest
And on their face with the rush of thought, they pass
He ignited my feelings!

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves
When in the morning with her cold wing
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings
When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!
Te iubesc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.
I love you, Victor. I love you, Mihai. I love you Carl. I love you almost as much, I don't know too well... The
same, and in a different way. I desire you.

te doresc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, Draostea mea, Puiul meu.

Your eyes...

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Likewise two blue stars that are glittering
and fills down the darkness with their
warmly flame

Your eyes are often speaking to myself.
And your hairs which is reflecting
it's dark blonde light...

.....

Like two red precious stones
that fills the air of their summery warmth
Your sweet lips are stealing me,
the shy light of my eyes..

.....

Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground
As in winter the white flakes
of snow and pure light
I kiss their grave, sweet darkness
which in the white night of the spring
sits down...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Your eyes...

te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Your neck

It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery

It pours out the sweet nightfall
on the ground

Covering the earth with warm darkness

Of the night and of the burning stars

Glittering smoldered...

So blue are your eyes

Likewise two darkened stars, full of the night...

Of thunderstorm streak....

And though... The sweet twilight

warm sweet odor of the springtime

brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...

full of the mystery of moon rays passing through the arch of leaves

a sweet warm unknown eye light...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.

Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters

Your gentle, serene, pure eyes

Gentle, little, precious pearls

That are litting up in the sky a thousand...

Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Collosal rain of dragons

te iubesc.

te iubesc, puiul meu drag și dulce.

Your sex is like a huge bird

A huge stone phallus, and of magma hardened

blinking, orbiting to the sky in red waves

from a hidden, enigmatic crypt.

.....

the birds were flying on the sky

Smaller or larger, whiter or more violet

straight, curved or straight

rosacea or, on the contrary, funeral...

....

colossal rain of dragons shaking in the heights

thrushes, bottles and guinea fowl

making in the sky the last waltz

confetti, rice, barley, oats - the sky was a savage sausage

....

mouths, twirls of typhoon

Shaking themselves, with their smoky backs

Swallowed hugely

insatiable...

the blue and tenebrous dragons..

....

an orgiastic union between yin and yang

the kite rising in the warm wind
waves of storm and serenity
it's in your hook-up, sweet pilgrim...

....

the stone colossus washed by rains
glows shyly, indelible between soft winds
the Time has carved out in it
a crypt
under his arm sleeps his buddy, a nettle
old, frightened - he looks in the fog of the time
the tender orchid of his sweetheart
to call him
lying down in forgotten, dusty poems.
Te iubesc , Vuictor, Dragstea mea.

Victor, Puiul meu, te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu dulce.

Te iubesc Dulcele me Mihai-Victor, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.

Te besc, Dragostea mea.

Outsecție

On the black hair veil, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

..

A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

..

The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -
The aroma of her hair
A young girl in front of him appears ...

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

Like a golden snake-like a silver snake
Wet wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and rhythmically
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc, Dragotea mea Victor.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling

...

I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

....

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves I love, my baby Chick, my love.te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubesc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words not being
understood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
in the opal depths of the sea...

....

.And your down voice
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus
In the moist ground...
Deep, grave, like a melted iron
Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina
with its incandescent and ardent
light.
Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words misunderstood

I'm falling down deeply and deeply
into the pearly
sea....

and your low voice
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground
in the moist land...
whispering metallic
lava flowing down onto the eye
with its black and incandescent
light.

te iubesc
Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.
Te Doresc.
Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu iubit.
Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

..
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...
and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...
Over our embraced bodies -
All the power is hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

..
and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

..
I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

...
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragosta mea.

Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me
I'm staying and I look at them
Without no word
In silence and with remembrance
Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking
To myself.

...

Their light comes down gravely
Over your face, sweet white ray
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through
On your shape
Without no words...

....

I have been trying to find in them the echo
Of the feelings which are tormenting me
Then when from the large of the world ark
I come down to the shores from the abyss.

...

I kissed them and I have drawn
them in book
Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...
And I found them often in death.

...

And I have died many times.
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply
My desert feeling I laid down
in the book
My deepest and my desert feelings.

...

Each time I have searched the word
To give me life to drink
again
Of the heart innocent echo
And I found them... often in death...

...

Translation: Ntlia Găcățan, Google dictionary
Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulceața sufletului meu.

The seven sermones

I am a monster
I know I am a sacred monster....
I transformed everything into literature
The screaming, the agony

The pain, the death.
Love.

Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept by the wind
Another I from the beginning of the world
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

..

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops in green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

..

I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest
Your sweet tender hand to look at it
Which bent in unknown harmony
Over the sweet human thought...

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops in green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puiul meu.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths
Another self from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.

...

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest
Hands down to look at you
What bends in unknown harmony
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

...

With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries te iubec, puiul meu, cu toate acestea...
Te doresc, puiul meu dulce şi drag, iubitul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea, Iubirea mea.

The book of Anime IV

Painting one

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories

From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.

With a look, full of love, yet sad

Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes

Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere

His eyes were looking at her.

It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure

Over which he discovered the turbid blue

Of the eyes, so pure ...

With circums dug beneath blue sapphires

Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.

Is opened his shirt open

Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching

Like a little frightened little lady

In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves

With thin, thin bone, which bends tears

Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories

From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.

With a look, full of love, yet sad

Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes

Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere

His eyes were looking at her.

It seems very close, it looks like

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low

Still warm, vibrant, melodious

His chest arched like a bow

Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago

With your low, low voice

At your warm breast call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes

whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

..
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

..
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.

...
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again

Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy
The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

Hos blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

....

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...
...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..

.

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...

With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

..
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
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Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...
He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers

Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
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With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
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The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canals?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

....

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery

On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute

As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

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Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Google translate

te iubesc, Dulceaţa mea, Puiul meu Victor

Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Anima mea, Animusul eu, Arhetipul meu iubit, Te iubesc nespus.

Te oiubesc şi Te doresc, Puiul meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes

I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other...

..

Translation: Google Translate
Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălăţan-Nemeş
... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.
Te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu.
Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.
Te iubesc şi Te doresc nespun, Dragostea mea.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla
You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...
your trees
Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine
with cinnamon flavor...

my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through
the pine tree forest
Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that
is moving out the strings...
Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away
realm

...

Winter with a taste of vanilla

I burry my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands
which comprise my face
into a misunderstood, misunderstood
caress...
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album
Te iubesc.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.

I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest

I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation: Google translate

Small correction: Natalia Gălăţan

Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.

Te doresc, Puiul meu. T iubesc.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone

Hours leave

Over the autumn sill, aged

Before time

With long whiskers falls over the yarn

White winter deception ...

...

The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -

a madness

everything they have been and how many they will be

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing

What do you give me, at sunrise

Sweetlips with bitter lips

Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart

I kiss bitter lips

Lips sweet lips bitter

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

You hold me up when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -

a madness

everything they have been and how many they will be

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing

What do you give me, at sunrise

Sweetlips with bitter lips

Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet

I kiss bitter lips

Lips sweet lips bitter
and red lips kiss indifferently
ardently...

.....

Silent, cadence, monotone

Hours leave

Over the autumn sill, aged

Before time

With long whiskers falls over the yarn

White winter deception ...

I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dulcele meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.

Te besc, Dragostea mea.

...

Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems

He really is broken

From star fire, from sun fire

By burning it they grow ebony wings

Above that falls ebony hair

Under the clear sky

Hot-hot, full of sweet!

..

A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—

te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky

What goes down his chest gently

They are lost at the end of his pink bell

..

The sun was trembling in its orbit

In the black one -

The aroma of her bear

A young girl in front of him appears ...

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself

She lies in the shade of her hair blonde

Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear

He has a round white on his shoulders.

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips

Like honey bees, wine from beehives

Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water

Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate

While the eager Eros

He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

Like a golden snake-like a silver snake

Wet wet and warm and beat

With fast movements and rhythmically

With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.
Te besc, Dragostea mea.

...

Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

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What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

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In the black one -
The aroma of her bear
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While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc Dragul meu.

Come as you are

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
I want you to be ...

...

Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...

the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...
heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...

..... ..

the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end
Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand

and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words
looking into our eyes
remembering ...

.....
slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-obol ...

..... ..
the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?

...
....
Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..
....
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...
I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is
...
So come on as you are...

...
I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...
So come as you are ...

...
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...
I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...
and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google Translate, Google dictionary

Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google Translate and Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceaţa mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dulcişorul meu.

Te iubesc şi Te dorec Victor, Puiulmeu.

My baby

His profile picture

They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue

Like the Mediterranean at the exit

Like an old, blurry image

Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

.....

The baby's lips opened in a murmur

Over the azure sea

The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes

Where you cease to exist

and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery

Frost pesterps from the snow of roses

Where you cease to exist

and you start to be ...

...

A boy-teen-boy face

Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf

Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes

Where lies still alive and hidden

Of the silent seas

...

An androgynous body naively imagining the Will

When from His soul a rising

Blue-pink only the Being

My child was watching in the sea

His smile was silent on the baby's lips

Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas

Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....

With his pink hands full, with pits

With round arms of flower and milk

Ask for my whisper noodles

Let them hang undisturbed on paper

...

Where to bring them to the salvation of pure azure

At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death

...

Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child
It's the pink and white cherry blossom
Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...

Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise

...

I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

...

Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.

...

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
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...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

Two tears of azure, pure gold
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching

Moving away...
Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

.

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc dulcea mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulce Puișor.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul emu, Dragostea mea.

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A young man approaching.

...

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Light and Shine -
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I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc dulcața mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulce Puișor.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
I easily touch the lotus flower lips
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...
At the entrance to the gate of heaven
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.
While he completely gave himself away inside of her
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...

The young Dorian may be hungry ...
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...
In about half an hour ...

....
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed
The young man grabbed her hair
he drew her but power towards him ...
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers
they were looking for bed sheets
whispering with a passion ...

...
The young man was moving quickly inside her
It seemed like an engine excited
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...
Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

..
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...
In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show

.
.
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...

....
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally

I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...Te iubesc.

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking

Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele.

Anima și Animusul meu, jumătatea mea dulce, Soțiorul meu iubit, Puiul meu Dule Victor, Te iubesc nespus,
nespus...

The sea of Atlas

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self

Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state

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...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...
te iubesc dulcele meu Puișor, dragostea mea.
Te Doresc, Puiul meu.

Love story

With pigeons in the hospital,
It was a beautiful story of love. This was one of the main reasons why I didn't want to leave
salon no. 14.

The window on the opposite side of the entrance overlooks the roof of the building,
the cover of the hospital covered with
a kind of pitch.

There, in the mornings, and at noon,
the pigeons came in search of food.
From salon no. 15 they were given food at the beginning,
over the roof,
then the doves gathered to me,
in front, and on the window sill.

It was beautiful to see them,
to touch them if they let me, to talk to them.
I encouraged and loved her very much.
There were also two or three blue ones,
with the feather of the dual harps,
in two colors: they were exceedingly beautiful.

Most of them they were blue.
There was one hit in the head, at back, dark-blue,
black, every time I whispered a lot:
Mother's baby, what do you care for,
what can mother do for you,
what happened to my darling, his mother's love?

Then I would talk to each one separately.
A few days later, two white pigeons appeared,
one completely white and one white
painted red, rusty. red, rusty.
I told everyone: make slices at home, chickens of the mother,
dears of the mother, look for me at home! ...

The pigeons were too adventurous on the squash and didn't seem too hungry ...
so I gave them food to the peacock,
on the roof, under their nose.
In general, ugly, black crows did not venture too close.

The pigeons swarmed and fluttered away
like rain showers.

They would put their beaks between window
and sill, to pick up the fallen bread
or even enter the inner window, to eat the fallen bread.

I ate two pieces of bread from them in the room.

All the bread, a lot, which was overrunning,
I gave to them.

In one of the last ones one
spontaneously dropped me a breakdown,
a beautiful, small, almost black feather, on the interior window, almost black feather, on the interior window,
until I spoke to you.

There was also a beautiful love story.

I loved them

and I love them very much...

te iubesc, Victor, doritul și dulcele meu puișor, dragostea mea.

Te Doresc, Puiul meu.

Puiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc nespun, Animusul meu și Achetipul meu, doritul meu soț.

Love story



And I forget just why I taste
Oh yeah, I guess it makes me smile
I found it hard, it's hard to find
Oh well, whatever, nevermind

Activate Windows
Go to Settings to activate Windows.

I can't see the end of me
My whole expanse I cannot see
I formulate infinity
And store it deep inside me
I formulate infinity
And store it deep inside me

Activate Windows
Go to Settings to activate Windows.



te iubesc.
I kiss your arms, your shoulders
I am falling down into the snowing of your body
As into an emerald sea
With the smile of oblivion on my face, of the total oblivion

With the smile of everlasting
Remembrance
Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so
Although there were a few words
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puiul meu. a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table
of which only a sec
and from which you deduced that the young character
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,

it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...

...
Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man

who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile
a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised

....

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read

a memory of the foundations of being
and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love
in total and overwhelming dedication.
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce. Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, dulcele meu
te doresc.

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Your smile....

te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...

....

your smile
carried on colored waters of air
winds in the rib of matter
likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united at this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering
cornfield.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words not being
understood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
in the opal depths of the sea..

....

.And your down voice
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus
In the moist ground...
Deep, grave, like a melted iron
Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina
with its incandescent and ardent
light.
Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words misunderstood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
into the pearly
sea....

and your low voice
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground
in the moist land...
whispering metallic
lava flowing down onto the eye
with its black and incandescent
light.

te iubesc
Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...
Nirvana Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubesc Victor, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.
te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.

Te Doresc.

Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu iubit.

Animusul meu, Arhetipul meu, Te doresc și iubesc nespus!.... Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc și Te Doresc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu.

Your eyes...

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.

Likewise two blue stars that are glittering
and fills down the darkness with their
warmly flame

Your eyes are often speaking to myself.
And your hairs which is reflecting
it's dark blonde light...

.....

Like two red precious stones
that fills the air of their summery warmth
Your sweet lips are stealing me,
the shy light of my eyes..

.....

Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground
As in winter the white flakes
of snow and pure light
I kiss their grave, sweet darkness
which in the white night of the spring
sits down...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Your eyes...

te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Your neck
It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery
It pours out the sweet nightfall
on the ground

Covering the earth with warmly darkness
Of the night and of the burning stars
Glittering smoldered...
So blue are your eyes

Likewise two darkened stars, full of the night...
Of thunderstorm streak....
And though... The sweet twilight
warm sweet odor of the springtime
brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...
full of the mystery of moon rays passing through the arch of leaves
a sweet warm unknown eye light...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

doresc și Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Victor, Puiul meu.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words not being
understood

I'm falling down deeply and deeply
in the opal depths of the sea...

....

.And your down voice
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus
In the moist ground...

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and your low voice
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in the moist land...
whispering metallic

lava flowing down onto the eye
with its black and incandescent
light.

te iubesc

Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Ochii tăi...

De la mine pân' la tine
Numai ape limpezi line
Ochii blânzi, duiosi ai tăi
Blânde mărgăritărele
Ce se-aprind în cer ca stele...

Ochii tăi...

Te iubesc.

te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc și Te oresc nespus, Soțul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Animusul și Arhetipul meu.

Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluely smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Te iubesc și Te doresvc nespus, Puiul meu!...
Dulceața mea iubită.

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future

The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.
I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...
Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Dulcele meu.

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.
te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, a nespuse de mult!...
Te iubesc, Dragul meu Soțior, Puișor iubit, Soțior, Dragostea mea..

The book of Anime IV
Painting two
Te Doresc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Puișor Dulce.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu iubit.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling

...

I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..
At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...
He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

....
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..
Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..
Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
I love, my baby Chick, my love.
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubesc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

From the nojan of rememberings...

At the door of Heaven

Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter

On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery

For his comrades have prepared to kill him...

Then when He was carried in the world

Only of the immortal, white foams

Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness

Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus

Can he be reborn

Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs

An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry

He was looking at her...

...

What can it be more passionate for a mother

Than the moment when her young Son

He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment

When he becomes a man?...

...

From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist

Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy

They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute

In the ideal dimension of poetry

In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure

Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings

It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes

Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

...

What can be more disturbing for a mother

Than the moment when her young Son

He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment

When he becomes a man?...

From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist

Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman

He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating

In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery

On his innocent face, of young Youngman

Ready to enter the stormy door of the world

In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute

As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt

Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking at her...

...

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.

...

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, un sinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops
Of absolute
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.
Of love.

...

What can be more tormenting for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love

...

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute

As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded

...

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes, it was a Her...

...

Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down
In the bright azalea fields.

...

Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puișorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Sad, overly sad
The Youngman who received n his tender, gentle Soul
The whole suffering
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself
A defeated.

...

But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened
Shadowed by glasses
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering
Of whom he received in his heart
The poisoned arrow, impure of love

Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire
Not happiness and victory.

...

His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul
Salvation and faithfulness
And not bitterness, humiliation.

...

What can be sadder for a mother
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate
Full of promises of the World
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?....

...

From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world
Up to its core, to its bottom.

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.

...

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown, with straight, silky strings
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

...

On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving
Like the signature of color and light
Of a painter
Gathering itself on his neck
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.

...

The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered
They were letting to guess, only, their whole
Beauty and their whole poetry.

...

His innocent shoulders in the thin coat
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –
Waiting to be just lighted
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem

...

The feet slipped under the table

In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.

..

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu,iubitul și doritul meu puîșor.

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so
Although there were a few words
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puiul meu. a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table
of which only a sec
and from which you deduced that the young character
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,
it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...

...

Smash the blue circles

On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man
who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile
a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised

....

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read
a memory of the foundations of being
and the surprising force of the Animus
who was looking at you smiling
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love
in total and overwhelming dedication.

I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu, Iubitul și Dulcele meu Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce. Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, dulcele meu

te doresc.

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

..

Many drips fall into the strange dance

In a heavy, small, mottled rain

In wet rain, it would be said

They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery

Wet of desire, of promise, of the covenant.

..
She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

..
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...
Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.

...
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind

With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.
Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.
Te dores, Piulmeu. Te doresc.

Two tears of azure, pure gold

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching
Moving away...
Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces

Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

.

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc dulcea mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulce Pușor.

Which of the aces

Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure metals
The rain falls around me, the rain unpunished.

I paused quietly in the light
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.

...

My mesh stockings
They are broken, with many circles and with many cracks
Foot to foot, and with the cigarette in one hand
I better read a full sheet of ladies to get out

Let me give my company ladies a mesh.

...

I go out, happy, I shake my head
and a hand goes to my mouth
ruby liqueur ...
... while with dead gestures next to the resurrection
The pale of the night night innocent lady

...

She looks at me with big eyes
Then he smiles as if guilty
As he draws her art, her eyes flicker
In his books he accidentally bent me

...

We raise, it's a big stake.
abbey
The sad lady went to pray
On the bed with his hand on his knees he brings to his chin
Twisting a tear under the eyelashes
I smile sweetly and throw my books on the table.

...

With jeans on the table stretch
Still taking a sip from the glass of wine

The madness that makes me slow my eye
Blinking like a dream ...
Then in a proud slow motion, he slowly puts his aces on the table
..

It then rolls and hisses
and taking the coins pile
Which he also laid on his feet
Laughing is done with the eye of the prickly
Passing by me pulls me a twig.

...

I went out. My mind is empty, without thoughts
In my shabby forgiveness, I shrug my shoulders
and the thought runs after me, without ceasing
with his step, his sweet, sad, bitter thoughts ...

...

Come back
The mouse is sleeping with his hand in the temple
With broken jeans, with one hand left on one leg ...
It crumbles, then snores again ...

The other counts their holes in the net.

....

Suddenly, he fell asleep from sleep.
I put my hand on the pencil and write another line
Just grinning at a thought I just knew
Passing a bat over his ass
The lady with sad eyes and long hair ...

..

Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure rejuvenation
Bouncing around my tireless evening ...

I fell silent in the light of goodbye
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness

Barbarian Jebir
After an old poetry

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with her big shoes
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

...

Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

....

It's screaming, puppy, the wine flows from the glasses ...
It spreads inflorescently on the floor ...
Glasses clash ... Barbarian Jebir is laughing and laughing on the table
The food is mixed with the wine
Creating the gray, hot molasses ...

...

Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with the big tassels
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

Even in his youth ...

At dusk, Jack hurried to his house
From a fringe neighborhood of the city
Cathy was waiting for him at the entrance
At seven o'clock fixed, and they were going to get together ...
In his little bohemian apartment, by the young holt.

Rush. The wind came in easily
Through the rebellious pleats, of the rocker, of a dark chestnut
Silky and upright, entering his eyes
Beneath the glasses with a thin frame, which he wore
A little rough, a little naughty
Slightly absent ... with the thought alone he knew where
In the blind spot of light, in a somewhat surrealistic setting ...

...

Cathy was waiting for him, wet with happiness, at the entrance to the small market
Where was his house, bordered by flowers at the entrance
and hanging them from the windows ...
with the hair fluttering, swayed by the rebellious wind
with my eyes as I said wet with happiness ...

give you goodies, both of you are concerned: Hi Cathy...
hello Jack ...
are you waiting for me a lot?
for about a quarter of an hour ... she said, her forehead burning
of an unusual temperature
although it was evening and the air was cool...

the young man suddenly pulled her close to him, biting his lips and one hand
tapping her small tits, she is even in shape
what they were guessing under the thin blouse.
Come on, said the impatient young man, today I'm going to...
To listen to Nirvana

He said, smiling softly, ironically, pulling her up.
Arriving upstairs, the young man put "Even in his youth"
and then he went back to get a glass of wine.

Do you drink? ... he said slightly troubled, his hair in his eyes
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...

Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration

When, suddenly, the young man got up, he used to bring the girl wine.
He pulled her onto the couch, grabbing her hair
and pulling it easy
where she slept, and he began to kiss her desperately

pulling her hair and biting her lips
then tearing off her clothes.

Jack penetrated her, then slightly bending her leg
He frantically penetrated her
In a wave of pleasure and orgasm, with irregular movements
Hitting his eyes closed
As he got deeper and deeper ...
In an orgasmic journey that seemed to have no end.

...

Cathy, the young man whispered, covering his arms
How is my love, my sweetness
My sweet, I love you... she whispered, perspiring
and as if in hypnotic poison.
Cathy, he whispered, with the latest irregular movements
He reached paroxysm
Then, in a sudden relaxation
She let herself fall over her, her breasts, her legs and her hollow.

...

As it is, he whispered, finally warm
With a frown, severe figure, held in a smile.
Okay, she whispered, Jack, you're a real car
To make love ...

...

E, not quite so, said the young man again imperturbably.
In fact, that's how I would like to always be
But they are only rare
and only with you, my love ... get me out of my mind ...

...

and you do me, she whispered, keeping her eyes down.
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...

Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration
Prepared for another trip
In the world of purple-cherry shadows of love
and pouring a glass of wine, red, dry
listening to her quietly and desperately.

...

At this point, I remained with my eyes on the ceiling, relaxed
and suddenly decided not to repeat the experience.
Mrs. Verginica was asleep, snoring agitated and gasping in her sleep
and Mrs. Cristina, lightly, with her back to me.

...

Outside peace starts cracking by the day ... with slight movements
I get out of bed, take my cigarettes
and I straighten myself, with my head slightly bent,
at the smoker, suddenly as if by the banality of life
those of all days

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor dulcișorul meu.
te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei. Iartă-mă, te rog, Puiul meu. Te iubesc, Dragostea ea.

Come as you know ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck

and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Mihai, Dragostea mea

Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dulcele m, Victor, Puișorul meu. Te iubesc și Te doresc Victor, Dragostea mea,
Soțul meu iubit, Puiul meu. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dragostea vieșii mele

Pick me up, pick me up, yeah ...

The birds chirp ... a divine song ...
I'm back on the other side and sleeping with my hand at the temple
from so much concentration my brain has dissipated
in millions of sperm ...

....

We were traveling through the virgin forests
At high heights from the ground
Reciting in my mind, with my eyes closed, my most lyrical poem
The one I write in my sleep

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
I love you, my sweet Victor

Leg you ...
Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...
Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy

For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal

...

Kissing your violin

On which they left

I drive away around me all the evils

... and in general everything blasphemous

Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

..

Kissing your violin

On which they left

I give a new definition to the miss

and the sense of Amor ...

...

Kissing your violin

Which the stars have set

I note the existence of creation

With the sweet-bitter silence of grace

What's happening to your sweet son

Easy, easy, easy ...

... I love you sweet Victor

I get the gun and shoot myself

It slows down some sort of chaos

dark

Until I touch the ground with my lips

Which I prevented

My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape

The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe

Known from deep reveries and dreams

With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...

Te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked

With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed

Out of pants

It turned white, virgin

Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat

In waves of orgasm

I easily touch the lotus flower lips

As if to test their moisture and softness

Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...

At the entrance to the gate of heaven

With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream

He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm

She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.

While he completely gave himself away inside of her

Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,

His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...

The young Dorian may be hungry ...

Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?

Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...

In about half an hour ...

....

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed

The young man grabbed her hair

he drew her but power towards him ...

knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers

they were looking for bed sheets

whispering with a passion ...

...

The young man was moving quickly inside her

It seemed like an engine excited

With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst

Entering the gate of heaven

With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream

He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...

His white body, half-naked

With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out

Out of pants

It turned white, virgin

Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat

In waves of orgasm

Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower

As if to test their moisture and softness

Rose petals ...

..

I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights

I get out of bed slowly

and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...

In my nightgown

Received at the entrance

With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine

They really look like a show

.

.

I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...

....

It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Blue skies

...

From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home
It was a rain and windblown
As if he had never seen it before.

...

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...

...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.

...

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white

with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.

...
The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlas sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...
It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...
His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...
He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this, I would not have believed
On a wind like this

...
This is fine, he smiled
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself
At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

...
and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down

...
and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.
My love

...

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

...
Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

..
Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

..
....
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

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It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
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Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
crying
te iubesc, Victor, dragostea me.
Te doresc.
Te iubesc și Te Doresc, Victor, Puișorul eu, Dragul meu. Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu iubit.
Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling

...
I ask for the films

Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
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Under the clear sky
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..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
I love, my baby Chick, my love.

te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubesc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...

Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..

Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...

Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...

You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..

Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..

In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall

Lost in thoughts.

..

When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...

Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...

Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..

My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...

The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...

Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

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..

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...

..

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits

in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...
I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu Dulce.
Te iubesc Mihai, Dragul meu.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.

I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation: Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălăţan
Te iubesc Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.
Te doresc, Puiul meu. T iubesc.

Linen reflux

At the entrance to his small spacious apartment on Florilor Street
Catherine paused, thinking a little:
this would not be one of the endless
incursions between the leaves of love

...

full of candy, no purpose? ...
yet something attracted her, with a suspected force

with an incomprehensible charm
to Jack's apartment in the spring
on Florilor street...

...

His gaze troubled with sadness
It had been pierced in his heart like a painful imputation ...
The silky brown chestnut, falling on it
Eyes of violet, the lyrics are old ...

...

A memory with Jack floated between the folds of memory
To disperse in the spring expressions:
They, jumping in the rain puddles, like two children
holding hands, laughing happily, without even knowing them.

...

why they are happy, why and why ...
the rain danced around their wet bodies
with clothes sticking to the skin
In his arms, Catherine swayed, with rain and drunken love -
a deflated farmhouse
while the valuables, they washed the golden sands
retreating into a gentle ebb, looking into his eyes, then laughing.

...

...

I met you in the summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

...

.

My sweetheart, it's summer
and cricket crickets in the grass
to me, they turn whiteheads, with violet faces
long stalks of hollyhock
I fell down with my face upwards
watching with wonder eyes
under the shadow the sky
and then looking in our eyes we're laughing...

....

..

I met you on a summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

translation: Natalia Gălăţan. Google dictionary, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung

Ye doresc, Victor, Dulceaţa mea, Puişorul meu,
Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soşior şi Iubit,
Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Your smile...
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...

....
your smile
carried on colored waters of air
winds in the rib of matter
likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind
on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united in this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering
cornfield.

te iubesc.
Your cruel and warm eyes...

I was looking for answers in the bitter beer, in your
warm and cruel eyes...
There were sluttering question signs in the taste
of fruits of the mulberry tree

In your fading away, lost smile...
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night
so sweet, so bitter...

I was feeling rising up in me bigger and bigger a desire
to drawn yourself slowly and slowly....
in my soft, wet eyes...
There were sluttering signs of questions in your cruel
and warm eyes...

.....
In your fading away, lost smile...
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night
so sweet, so bitter...

te iubesc, Victor și te doresc...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Your sweet lips...
Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body

Tired and sad...

They carry in their coral flesh and blood

Deep thoughts

And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubesc și Te Doresc, Victor, Pușorul eu, Dragul meu. Te iubesc, Victor, Pușorul meu iubit.

Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars

It seemed like a lightning break

Wandering through them

With his arm when the girl covers it

And looking at the weeks

He falls, dear darling

...

I ask for the films

Through the dark shadows the darling

With the tall and silky stew

Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars

It seemed like a lightning break

Wandering through them

When his arm grasps her smoothly

Loved to sleep

Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..

Among the meadows with silver flowers

Top with ruby

Under the clear sky

and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts

Their brilliance is lost as in a sea

Silver waves fluttering to shore

With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue

He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness

Inside the silver lake

Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing

With tears of silver

In yellow and pale reed

With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars

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When his arm grasps her smoothly

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Their snow-white skirts

Their brilliance is lost as in a sea

Silver waves fluttering to shore

With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion

He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness

Inside the silver lake

Surrounded by white coves

I love, my baby Chick, my love. te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc

Te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soșiorul meu, Te iubesc nespus, Odorul Sufletului meu.

Ye doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puișorul meu,

Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soșior și Iubit,

Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Your smile....

te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind

likewise some sea snakes

bearing the black of the earth

to the sky...

....

your smile

carried on colored waters of air

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of the earth

by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music

of the stars

united at this beginning of the year

in the stars' glittering

cornfield.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dragul meu, Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soșiorul meu.

Te Doresc, Dulcele meu, Dulceața mea.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Mihai.

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Dulceața mea, Victor, Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu.

Translation from Romanian into English: Carl Gustav Jung, Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș

The book of Anime VI

First Painting



T iubesc, Victor, Dulceața ma, Puiul meu
Luceafărul – Mihai Eminescu

A fost odată ca-n povești,
A fost ca niciodată,
Din rude mari împărătești,
O prea frumoasă fată.

Și era una la părinți
Și mândră-n toate cele,
Cum e Fecioara între sfinți
Și luna între stele.

Din umbra falnicelor bolți
Ea pasul și-l îndreaptă
Lângă fereastră, unde-n colț
Luceafărul așteaptă.

Privea în zare cum pe mări
Răsare și străluce,
Pe mișcătoarele cărări
Corăbii negre duce.

Îl vede azi, îl vede mâni,
Astfel dorința-i gata;
El iar, privind de săptămâni,
Îi cade dragă fata.

Cum ea pe coate-și răzima
Visând ale ei tample
De dorul lui și inima
Și sufletu-i se împle.

Și cât de viu s-aprinde el
În orișicare sară,
Spre umbra negrului castel
Când ea o să-i apară.

*

Și pas cu pas pe urma ei
Alunecă-n odaie,
Țesând cu recile-i scânteii
O mreajă de văpaie.

Și când în pat se-ntinde drept
Copila să se culce,
I-atinge mâinile pe piept,
I-nchide geana dulce;

Și din oglindă luminiș
Pe trupu-i se revarsă,
Pe ochii mari, bătând închiși
Pe fața ei întoarsă.

Ea îl privea cu un surâs,
El tremura-n oglindă,
Căci o urma adânc în vis
De suflet să se prindă.

Iar ea vorbind cu el în somn,
Oftând din greu suspină
– „O, dulce-al nopții mele domn,
De ce nu vii tu? Vină!

Cobori în jos, luceafăr blând,
Alunecând pe-o rază,
Pătrunde-n casă și în gând
Și viața-mi luminează!"

El asculta tremurător,
Se aprindea mai tare
Și s-arunca fulgerător,
Se cufunda în mare;

Și din adânc necunoscut. Un mândru tânăr crește (Mișu Teișanu, 1923)

Și apa unde-au fost căzut
În cercuri se rotește,
Și din adânc necunoscut
Un mândru tânăr crește.

Ușor el trece ca pe prag
Pe marginea ferestei
Și ține-n mână un toiag
Încununat cu trestii.

Părea un tânăr voevod
Cu păr de aur moale,
Un vânăt giulgi se-ncheie nod
Pe umerele goale.

Iar umbra feței străvezii
E albă ca de ceară -
Un mort frumos cu ochii vii
Ce scânteie-n afară.

– „Din sfera mea venii cu greu
Ca să-ți urmez chemarea,
Iar cerul este tatăl meu
Și mumă-mea e marea.

Ca în cămara ta să vin,
Să te privesc de-aproape,
Am coborât cu-al meu senin
Și m-am născut din ape.

O, vin! odorul meu nespus,
Și lumea ta o lasă;
Eu sunt luceafărul de sus,
Iar tu să-mi fii mireasă.

Colo-n palate de mărgean
Te-oi duce veacuri multe,
Și toată lumea-n ocean
De tine o s-asculte."

– „O, ești frumos, cum numa-n vis
Un înger se arată,
Dară pe calea ce-ai deschis
N-oi merge niciodată;

Străin la vorbă și la port,
Lucești fără de viață,
Căci eu sunt vie, tu ești mort,

Și ochiul tău mă-ngheață."

*

Trecu o zi, trecură trei
Și iarăși, noaptea, vine
Luceafărul deasupra ei
Cu razele-i senine.

Ea trebui de el în somn
Aminte să-și aducă
Și dor de-al valurilor domn
De inim-o apucă

– „Cobori în jos, lucefăr blând,
Alunecând pe-o rază,
Pătrunde-n casă și în gând
Și viața-mi luminează!"

Cum el din cer o auzi,
Se stinse cu durere,
Iar ceru-ncepe a roti
În locul unde piere;

În aer rumene văpăi
Se-ntind pe lumea-ntreagă,
Și din a chaosului văi
Un mândru chip se-ncheagă;

Pe negre vițele-i de păr
Coroana-i arde pare,
Venea plutind în adevăr
Scăldat în foc de soare.

Din negru giulgi se desfășor
Marmoreele brațe,
El vine trist și gânditor
Și palid e la față;

Dar ochii mari și minunați
Lucesc adânc himeric,
Ca două patimi fără saț
Și pline de-ntuneric.

– „Din sfera mea venii cu greu
Ca să te-ascult ș-acuma,
Și soarele e tatăl meu,
Iar noaptea-mi este muma;

O, vin', odorul meu nespus,
Și lumea ta o lasă;
Eu sunt lucefărul de sus,
Iar tu să-mi fii mireasă.

O, vin', în părul tău bălai
S-anin cununi de stele,
Pe-a mele ceruri să răsa
Mai mândră decât ele."

– „O, ești frumos cum numa-n vis
Un demon se arată,
Dară pe calea ce-ai deschis
N-oi merge niciodată!

Mă dor de crudul tău amor
A pieptului meu coarde,
Și ochii mari și grei mă dor,
Privirea ta mă arde."

– „Dar cum ai vrea să mă cobor?
Au nu-nțelegi tu oare,
Cum că eu sunt nemuritor,
Și tu ești muritoare?"

– „Nu caut vorbe pe ales,
Nici știu cum aș începe -
Deși vorbești pe înțeles,
Eu nu te pot pricepe;

Dar dacă vrei cu crezământ
Să te-ndrăgesc pe tine,
Tu te coboară pe pământ,
Fii muritor ca mine."

– „Tu-mi ceri chiar nemurirea mea
În schimb pe-o sărutare,
Dar voi să știi asemenea
Cât te iubesc de tare;

Da, mă voi naște din păcat,
Primind o altă lege;
Cu vecinicia sunt legat,
Ci voi să mă dezlege."

Și se tot duce... S-a tot dus.
De dragu-unei copile,
S-a rupt din locul lui de sus,
Pierind mai multe zile.

*

În vremea asta Cătălin,
Viclean copil de casă,
Ce împle cupele cu vin
Mesenilor la masă,

Un paj ce poartă pas cu pas
A-mpărătesii rochii,
Băiat din flori și de pripas,
Dar îndrăzneț cu ochii,

Cu obrăjei ca doi bujori
De rumeni, bată-i vina,
Se furișează pânditor
Privind la Cătălina.

Dar ce frumoasă se făcu
Și mândră, arz-o focul;
Ei Cătălin, acu-i acu
Ca să-ți încerci norocul.

Și-n treacăt o cuprinse lin
Într-un ungher degrabă.
– „Da' ce vrei, mări Cătălin?
Ia du-t' de-ți vezi de treabă."

– „Ce voi? Aș vrea să nu mai stai
Pe gânduri totdeuna,
Să râzi mai bine și să-mi dai
O gură, numai una."

– „Dar nici nu știu măcar ce-mi ceri,
Dă-mi pace, fugi departe -
O, de luceafărul din cer
M-a prins un dor de moarte."

– „Dacă nu știi, ți-aș arăta
Din bob în bob amorul,
Ci numai nu te mânia,
Ci stai cu binișorul.

Cum vânătoru-ntinde-n crâng
La păsărele lațul,
Când ți-oi întinde brațul stâng
Să mă cuprinzi cu brațul;

Și ochii tăi nemișcători
Sub ochii mei rămâie...
De te înalț de subțiori
Te-nalță din călcâie;

Când fața mea se pleacă-n jos,
În sus rămâi cu fața,
Să ne privim nesățios
Și dulce toată viața;

Și ca să-ți fie pe deplin
Iubirea cunoscută,
Când sărutându-te mă-nclin,

Tu iarăși mă sărută."

Ea-l asculta pe copilăș
Uimită și distrasă,
Și rușinos și drăgălaș,
Mai nu vrea, mai se lasă.

Și-i zise-ncet: - "Încă de mic
Te cunoșteam pe tine,
Și guraliv și de nimic,
Te-ai potrivi cu mine...

Dar un luceafăr, răsărit
Din liniștea uitării,
Dă orizon nemărginit
Singurătății mării;

Și tainic genele le plec,
Căci mi le împlă plânsul
Când ale apei valuri trec
Călătorind spre dânsul;

Lucește c-un amor nespus
Durerea să-mi alunge,
Dar se înalță tot mai sus,
Ca să nu-l pot ajunge.

Pătrunde trist cu raze reci
Din lumea ce-l desparte...
În veci îl voi iubi și-n veci
Va rămânea departe...

De-aceea zilele îmi sunt
Pustii ca niște stepe,
Dar nopțile-s de-un farmec sfânt
Ce nu-l mai pot pricepe."

— „Tu ești copilă, asta e...
Hai ș-om fugi în lume,
Doar ni s-or pierde urmele
Și nu ne-or ști de nume,

Căci amândoi vom fi cuminți,
Vom fi voioși și teferi,
Vei pierde dorul de părinți
Și visul de luceferi."

*

Porni luceafărul. Creșteau
În cer a lui aripe,
Și căi de mii de ani treceau
În tot atâtea clipe.

Un cer de stele dedesubt,
Deasupra-i cer de stele -
Părea un fulger nentrerupt
Rătăcitor prin ele.

Și din a chaosului văi,
Jur împrejur de sine,
Vedea, ca-n ziua cea de-ntâi,
Cum izvorau lumine;

Cum izvorând îl înconjur
Ca niște mări, de-a-notul...
El zboară, gând purtat de dor,
Pân' pierde totul, totul;

Căci unde-ajunge nu-i hotar,
Nici ochi spre a cunoaște,
Și vremea-ncearcă în zadar
Din goluri a se naște.

Nu e nimic și totuși e
O sete care-l soarbe,
E un adânc asemenea
Uitării celei oarbe.

— „De greul negrei vecinicii,
Părinte, mă dezleagă
Și lăudat pe veci să fii
Pe-a lumii scară-ntreagă;

O, cere-mi, Doamne, orice preț,
Dar dă-mi o altă soarte,
Căci tu izvor ești de vieți
Și dătător de moarte;

Reia-mi al nemuririi nimb
Și focul din privire,
Și pentru toate dă-mi în schimb
O oră de iubire...

Din chaos, Doamne,-am apărut
Și m-aș întoarce-n chaos...
Și din repaos m-am născut.
Mă e sete de repaos."

— „Hyperion, ce din genuni
Răsai c-o-ntreagă lume,
Nu cere semne și minuni
Care n-au chip și nume;

Tu vrei un om să te socoți,
Cu ei să te asameni?

Dar piară oamenii cu toți,
S-ar naște iarăși oameni.

Ei numai doar durează-n vânt
Deșerte idealuri -
Când valuri află un mormânt,
Răsar în urmă valuri;

Ei doar au stele cu noroc
Și prigoniri de soarte,
Noi nu avem nici timp, nici loc,
Și nu cunoaștem moarte.

Din sânul vecinicului ieri
Trăiește azi ce moare,
Un soare de s-ar stinge-n cer
S-aprinde iarăși soare;

Părând pe veci a răsări,
Din urmă moartea-l paște,
Căci toți se nasc spre a muri
Și mor spre a se naște.

Iar tu, Hyperion, rămâi
Oriunde ai apune...
Cere-mi cuvântul meu de-ntâi -
Să-ți dau înțelepciune?

Vrei să dau glas acelei guri,
Ca după-a ei cântare
Să se ia munții cu păduri
Și insulele-n mare?



Luceafărul (Lascăr Vorel, 1904)

Vrei poate-n faptă să arăți
Dreptate și tărie?
Ți-aș da pământul în bucăți
Să-l faci împărăție.

Îți dau catarg lângă catarg,
Oștiri spre a străbate
Pământu-n lung și marea-n larg,
Dar moartea nu se poate...

Și pentru cine vrei să mori?
Întoarce-te, te-ndreaptă
Spre-acel pământ rătăcitor
Și vezi ce te așteaptă."

*

În locul lui menit din cer
Hyperion se-ntoarce
Și, ca și-n ziua cea de ieri,
Lumina și-o revarsă.

Căci este sara-n asfințit
Și noaptea o să-nceapă;
Răsare luna liniștit
Și tremurând din apă.

Și împlie cu-ale ei scânteii
Cărările din crânguri.
Sub șirul lung de mândri tei
Ședeau doi tineri singuri

— „O, lasă-mi capul meu pe sân,
Iubito, să se culce
Sub raza ochiului senin
Și negrăit de dulce;

Cu farmecul luminii reci
Gândirile străbate-mi,
Revarsă liniște de veci
Pe noaptea mea de patimi.

Și de asupra mea rămâi
Durerea mea de-o curmă,
Căci ești iubirea mea de-ntâi
Și visul meu din urmă."

Hyperion vedea de sus
Uimirea-n a lor față;
Abia un braț pe gât i-a pus
Și ea l-a prins în brațe...

Miroase florile-argintii

Și cad, o dulce ploaie,
Pe creștetele-a doi copii
Cu plete lungi, bălaie.

Ea, îmbătată de amor,
Ridică ochii. Vede
Luceafărul. Și-n cetișor
Dorințele-i încrede



Pătrunde-n codru și în gând, norocu-mi luminează! (Ion Schmidt-Faur, 1929)

– „Cobori în jos, lucefăr blând,
Alunecând pe-o rază,
Pătrunde-n codru și în gând,
Norocu-mi luminează!"

El tremură ca alte dăți
În codri și pe dealuri,
Călăuzind singurătăți
De mișcătoare valuri;

Dar nu mai cade ca-n trecut
În mări din tot înaltul
– „Ce-ți pasă ție, chip de lut,
Dac-oi fi eu sau altul?

Trăind în cercul vostru strâmt
Norocul vă petrece,
Ci eu în lumea mea mă simt
Nemuritor și rece."

The morning star
It was now as never, once upon a time
It was today as never
From emperor great relatives
A too much beautiful girl.

And she was one at her parents
And proud of everything
As it is the Virgin among saints
And the moon amidst the stars.

From the shade of majestic vaults
She leads her step away
To the corner, where he waits for her
The Morning Star, the beautiful Youngman.

He looks in horizon how on seas
It rises and it shines up
On the trembling forest paths
Black ships carry away.

She sees him today, she sees tomorrow
Thereby her wish is ready;
He once again, looking from weeks
He falls in love with her.

As she was supporting hands-on elbows
Dreaming, her pale, rosy temples
Of his longing her heart
And soul it was filled.

And how alive he fires the proud young
In every and each evening
To the shade of the black castle
When she will appear to him.

And step by step on the trace he follows
He slips into the room
Waving with his colds sparks
Web of red, gleamy, cold flames.

And when in the bed she stretches right
The child to fall asleep
He touches her hands on her chest,
He closes the sweet lash.

And from the mirror in a clearance
On her body, he flows away
On her large eyes, beating closed
On her pale face turned.

She looks at him with a gentle smile
He was trembling in the mirror
For he followed deeply in her dream
Of her soul to catch him.

And her, talking with him in the dream,
Sighing from deep, she suspirate
- O, sweet of my night Lord
Why don't you come to me?... Come!

Descend adown, O, gentle Star
Sliding on a ray
Permeate in my home and thought
My luck you shine with longing

He listens to her trembling
He fired harder and harder
And he was throwing like a striking bolt
He was sinking into the sea.

And the water where he fell down
In circles, it is spinning
And from the deep of the unknown
A proud young are growing up.

Easy he passes as the threshold
On the edge of the open window
And holds in his hands a silver rod
Wreathed with the lake reed.

He seemed a young voivode
With long hair of soft gold,
A bruise shroud it clenches knot
On his empty shoulders.

And the shade of his thin, pale face
It is white as the wax
A beautiful dead with his eyes alive
Which shines sparkling outside.

.
From my sphere, I hardly came
To follow your sweet calling
And the sky is my father
And my mother is the sea.

For in your pantry to come down
To look for you so close
I went down with my serene
And I was born from waters.

Oh, come on! my unspoken odor,
And your world leaves it;
I'm the top Morning Star,
And you have to be my bride.

There in bean palaces
It takes you many centuries,
And everyone in the ocean
They will listen to you. "

- "Oh, you are beautiful, as in a dream
An angel shows up,
But on the path, you opened
I will never step on.

Foreign in speech and clothing,
You gleam cold, without life,
Because I'm alive, you're dead,
And your eye freezes me. "

One day passed, three passed
And again, at night, he comes
The morning star above it
With his clear, gleamy clear rays.

She needed him in her sleep
Remember to bring it
And miss of the waves Lord
Take her by heart

- "Get down, gentle shine,
Sliding on a beam,
Permeate into the house and think
And my life illuminates me! "

As he heard it from heaven,
He died with pain,
And the sky is starting to turn
Where it perishes;

In the air, blushing flames
Spread all over the world,
And out of the valley chaos
A proud face is coming to an end;

On the black hairs of the beautiful young
His crown burns,
It was floating in truth
Bathing in the fire of the sun.

From the black shroud it unfolds
Marble arms,
He comes sad and thoughtful
And pale is the face;

But big and wonderful eyes
I gleam deeply, chimerical,
Like two passions without a break
And full of darkness.

- "From my sphere you scarcely came
To listen to you now,
And the sun is my father,
And my mum is at night;

Oh, come on, my unspoken odor,
And your world leaves it;
I'm the top star,
And you have to be my bride.

Oh, come on, in your hair you danced
Star wreaths,
My heaven to rise
Prouder than them. "

- "Oh, you are beautiful as in a dream
A demon shows up,
But on the path you opened
I will never step on!

I miss your cruel violins
Of my chest,
And my large, heavy eyes miss me,
Your look burns me. "

- "But how would you like me to go down?
Don't you know, I wonder
Because I'm immortal, a gentle star,
And you are mortal? "

- "I'm not looking for words of choice,
I don't know how to get started -
Even though you understand it,
I cannot understand you;

But if you want in faith
To delight you,
You come down to earth,
Be mortal like me. "

- "You ask me for my immortality
Instead of a kiss,
But you know that too
How much I love you;

Yes, I will be born from sin,
Receiving another law;
With the old age, I am connected,
But I will untie myself. "

And it keeps going ... It's gone.
From a dear child,
It broke from his place above,
Missing several days.

*

At this time Cătălin,
Cunning homemade baby,
Who was pouring wine in bowls
To the cheerful, at the table

A page that carries step by step
A-king dresses,
A boy of flowers and of stray
But bold with the eyes,

With cheeks like two peonies
Blushing as red petals, blame it,
He sneaks up thoughtful
Looking at Cătălina.

But how beautiful it became
And proud, with lotus lips
Hey Catalin, here it is
To try your luck and fire.

I passed her smoothly
In a corner, sooner the Youngman
- "Yes, what do you want, I wonder, Cătălin
Go and see your work."

- "What will you? I would like you to stop
Thoughts always,
Laugh better and give it to me
One mouth, only one. "

- "But I don't even know what you are asking me,
Give me peace, run away -
Oh, the star in heaven
He missed me so much. "

- "If you don't know, I'd show you
From love to love,
But just don't get angry,
You stay with gentleness..

How the hunter lay in the grove
In the birds,
When you extend your left arm
To embrace me with my arm;

And your eyes still
My eyes remain ...
I lift you from the lower ones
He raises you from the heel;

When my face goes down,
You stay face up,
Let's look insecure
And sweet all life;

And to be fully yours
Known love,
When I kiss you I bow,
You kiss me again. "

She listened to the baby
Amazed and distracted,
And shameful and cute,
He doesn't want to, he leaves.

And he said softly: - "Still very young
I knew you,
And by no means,
You fit me ...

But a skylight, a sunrise
From the silence of oblivion,
It gives unlimited horizon
The loneliness of the sea;

And secretly the lashes go away,
Because my crying is over them
When the wave water passes
Traveling to the next;

It shines an unspoken love
The pain to drive me away,
But it's rising higher,
So I can't reach him.

It gets sad with cold rays
From the world that separates it ...
I will love him forever and forever
Will stay away ...

That's why my days are here
Deserts like steppes,
But the nights are of a holy charm
What I can not understand. "

- "You are a child, this is ...
Come and run into the world,
We'll just lose track
And we don't know the name,
Because both of us will be happy,
We will be cheerful and tough,
You will miss the parents longing
And the dream of stars."

*

Start the thing. grew
In the sky of his wings,
And paths of thousands of years passed
In so many moments.
A sky of stars below,
Above them I ask for stars -
It seemed like an uninterrupted lightning bolt
Wandering through them.

And out of the valley chaos,
I swear by myself,
He saw, that on the first day,
How light flowed;

How springing around him
Like the seas, of wavy chaos...
He flies, thinking of longing,
Until everything is extinguished, everything;

Because where you get there is no border,
No eyes to know,
And the weather-try in vain
From goals to be born.

It is nothing and yet it is
A thirst that sips him,
It's a bit too deep
Forgetting the blind.

- "The hardship of the black eternity,
Father, it dislikes me
And I praised you forever
On the whole world;

Oh, ask me, Lord, any price,
But give me another chance,
Because you spring you are alive
And the giver of death;

Resume me of immortality nimbus
And the fire in the eye,
And for all, give me back
An hour of love ...

Out of chaos, Lord, I appeared
And I would go back to chaos ...
And from rest I was born.
I'm thirsty for a rest. "

- "Hyperion, what about the knees
You said the whole world,
It does not ask for signs and wonders
Which have no face and name;

You want a man to count on,
With them to wander?
But people all die,
People would be born again.

They only last in the wind
Ideal desserts -
When waves find a grave,
Rising behind the waves;

They just have lucky stars
And harassment of fate,
We have no time, no place,
And we don't know death.

From the bosom of the eternal yesterday
He lives dying today,
A sun would go out in the sky
The sun shines again;

Seeing the rising of the dawn,
After death, peace,
For all are born to die
And I die to be born.

And you, Hyperion, stay
Wherever you place ...
Ask me for my word first -
May I give you wisdom?

You want me to voice that mouth,
Like her second song
Take the mountains with forests
And the islands at sea?

You may actually want to look
Justice and Strength?
I would give you the land in pieces
Make it a kingdom.

I give you a mast near the mast,
Hosts to cross
The earth is long and the sea wide,
But death cannot be ...

And for whom do you want to die?
Turn around, you're on your way
To that wandering land
And see what awaits you. "

*

In his place appointed from heaven
Hyperion's gone
And, like yesterday,
The light poured on her.

For it is sundown
And the night will begin;
The moon is rising quietly
And trembling from the water.

And she shares with her spark
The paths from the forests.
Beneath the long line of proud lime
Two young men were sitting alone

- "Oh, leave my head on my breast,
Baby, go to bed
Under the clear eye
And unsurprisingly sweet;

With the charm of cold light
My thoughts run through me,
It pours forever silence
On my night of passions.

And stay on top of me
My pain of a sudden,
Because you are my first love
And my last dream. "

Hyperion saw from above
In their astonishment;
He barely had an arm around his neck
And she held him in his arms ...

It smells like silver flowers
And fall, a sweet rain,
On the crest of two children
With long hairs, barefoot.

She, drunk with love,
He looked up. Viewing
Star. And slowly once again
Wish them trust

- "Get down, gentle shine,
Sliding on a beam,
Get in your mind and think,
Fortunate me enlighten! "

He was shaking like other dates
In the hills and on the hills,
Guiding lonely
Of moving waves;

But it does not fall as in the past
In the high seas

- "What do you care about, clay face,
Whether it's me or another?

Living in your tight circle
Good luck to you,
But I feel in my world
Immortal and cold. "

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulcele meu, Puul meu.
The bok of Anime 6
The second painting



Te doresc și YTe iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dulele meu, Dragostea mea.
Ye iubesc, Victor, Drrhoste mea, Puiul meu.
Fata în grădina de aur - Mihai Eminescu

A fost odat-un împărat — el fu-ncă
În vremi de aur, ce nu pot să-ntorn,
Când în păduri, în lacuri, lanuri, luncă,
Vorbeai cu zeii, de sunai din corn.
Avea o față dulce, mândră, pruncă,
Cu cari basme vremile ș-adorn,
Când trece ea, frumoase flori se pleacă-n
Ușorii pași, în valea c-un mesteacăn.
În van i-o cer. Bătrânul se gândește,
Prea e frumoasă, prea nu e de lume —
Mă mir cum cerul nu s-ademeneste
Să scrie-n stele dulcele ei nume;

E rău poetul care n-o numește,
Barbară țara unde-al ei renume
Încă n-a-ajuns, și chipu-i răpitori
Nu-i de privirea celor muritori.

În vale stearpă, unde stânci de pază
Înconjurau măreață adâncime,
Clădi palat din pietre luminoase,
Grădini de aur, flori de-ntunecime;
Iar drumul văii pline de miroase
Afar de el nu-l știe-n lume nime ─
Acolo ș-a închis frumoasa fată,
Ca nici o rază-a lumii să n-o bată.

Sale-mbrăcate în atlaz, ca neaua.
Cusut în foi și roze vișinii,
În mozaicuri strălucea podeaua,
Din muri înalți priveau icoane vii;
Fereasta-i oarbă, deși stă perdeaua,
De-aceea-n sale ard lumini, făclii,
Și aerul, pătruns de mari oglinzi,
E răcoros și de miroase nins.

O noapte-eternă prefăcută-n ziuă,
Grădină de-aur, flori de pietre scumpe,
Zefir trecea ca o suflare viuă,
Și-n calea lui el crengre grele rumpe.
Cu-aripi de-azur, în noaptea cea târziuă,
Copii frumoși ai albei veri se pun pe
Boboci de flori, când ape lin se vaer
Zbor fluturi sclipitori, ca flori de aer.

Acolo-nchisă cu mai multe soațe,
Ca ea copile și soții de joacă,
În lumea ei sălbatic se răsfață,
În străluciri viața ș-o îmbracă.
A ei priviri sunt tinere și hoațe,
Zâmbirea-i caldă buza-i stă s-o coacă,
Și-n acest rai, în astă lume suavă
De mulțămire se simțea bolnavă.

Dar de a ei frumseță fără seamăn
Auzi feciorul de-mpărat Florin,
Norocul lui cu-al ei îi pare geamăn,
De-atunci un foc îl mistuie în sin.
„În van stau locului, stau să mă-ndeamăn
Cu munca mea, cu dorul, cu-al meu chin."
Pătruns de dorul neștiutei verguri,
S-au dus să ceară sfat la sânta Miercuri.

─ Alai, convoi, îi zise atuncea sfânta,
Napoi trimite, nu lua nimica,
Și singurel te du de-ți cată ținta,
Căci strimt e drumul și e grea potica.
Ia calul meu cel alb; el se avântă,
Ca gândul zboară-n lume fără frică,

Dar dacă vrei s-o afli, ține minte:
Nu sta în valea-aducerei aminte.

Porni în lume, singurel, în toiu-i.
Îl duce calu-i frățior cu vântul ─
De aur păru-i și frumos e boiu-i,
Fecior de-a drag, cum n-a văzut pământul,
O stea el pare-n neamu-i și în soiu-i ─
Cu bine meargă-mi și să-l ție sfântul.
Ajunse-o vale mândră și frumoasă ─
Părea că-i chiar grădina lor de-acasă.

Și sub un tei el de pe cal se dete,
Se-ntinse leneș jos, pe iarba moale ─
Din tei se scutur flori în a lui plete
Și mai că-i vine să nu se mai scoale.
Și calu-i paște flori, purtând în spete
Presunul lui și șeaua cu pafale,
În valea de miros, de râuri plină,
În umbra dulce bine-i de odină.

De-a lui bătrân el își aduse-aminte,
Cum îl lăsă și cum porni în lume,
Dorind cu o iubire-așa fierbinte:
O umbr,-un sunet, un nimic, un nume.
L-apuc-un dor de țară și părinte,
Tot ce-a dorit ți pare-atunci că-s spume,
Și când pe calul lui el iar se simte,
Napoî apucă, peste drumuri strimte.

Dar îndărăt ajuns, l-apucă dorul
Din nou, ─ neliniște, iubire-adâncă ─
S-aruncă iar pe cal, urmând amorul
Ce-n al lui suflet neclintită-i stâncă.
În van l-oprește regele, poporul,
E dus de-o stea ce arde-n minte-i încă,
Dorit de raza unor doi ochi tineri ─
S-a dus să ceară sfat la sfânta Vineri.

─ Voinicul meu, îi zise-atuncea sfânta,
De ce-ai stătut în valea amintirei?
Pentru oricare e frumoasă, blândă,
Cu curte-oricărui seamănă. Ceirii
Din acea vale inima-ți frământă.
Nu sta în ea. De te-nchinași iubirei,
Te du de-o cată, și-n a ei fereastă,
De-o vezi deschisă, zvârle floarea astă.

Dar să nu stai în valea desperării,
Ce-n a ta cale tu vei trece-o sigur.
El iar porni în lumea întâmplărei,
Bolnav de dor și de-a iubirei friguri.
Dădu de-o vale-n asfințitul serei,
Prin creng negre umbre se configur.
Întunecoasă-i, cum o simt doar orbii,
Și fâlăiesc prin aer rece corbii.

El de pe cal se dete. în pădure
Șoptește frunza, ramuri stau de sfaturi
Și somnul nu voiește ca să-l fure,
Căci umedă e frunza lui de paturi,
Urechea-i trează a dumbravei gure
Le asculta șoptind din mii de laturi,
Și corbii croncănesc și zboară-n fală
În aer clar ca pete de cerneală.

Atunci o frică inima-i pătrunde,
Pe cal se pune și fugi din vale,
Și-n loc s-urmeze drumu-acolo unde
Voia să meargă, s-a întors din cale.
Sosește iar în țară-i, de-l pătrunde
Din nou un dor, o amărăre,-o jale.
Atunci din nou el o luă pe mâneci
Să ceară sfat acum sânteii Dumineci.

— Ai stat în valea desperărei iară,
Îi zise sfânta, ci din nou pornește!
Îți dau o pasăre cu tine — zboară
Cu calul tău, unde norocu-ți crește.
Când ai vedea frumoasa ta fecioară
Că plânge,-atunci dă drumul pasărei iește.
Tu dorul ți-l ajungi, deși te ticăi.
Ea-ți fie tot, ce-ai suferit nimică-i.

Trecând prin valea desperării,-astupă
A lui urechi, să n-o audă-n șopot;
În van se-ncearcă calea-i s-o-nterupă
Vui, murmur, s-o oprească n-o pot.
O umbră zboară, pân- se vede după
Atâta mers c-aude zvon de clopot;
Atunci văzu în zarea lui palatul
În care-nchise fata-i împăratul.

În ziduri de oțel lucea castelu-i
Cu streșini de-aur și cu turnuri nalte
Și scris pe muri-i, minunat în felu-i,
Făptură grea a meșterelor dalte.
În mari grădine i se arată lui
Izvorul viu, ce cade, vrând să salte.
El se mira cum toate-astfel a fi pot:
Grădine, rediuri, lacuri, ziduri, șipot.

Dar un balaur tologit în poartă
Sorea cu lene pielea lui pestriță,
Cu ochi-nchiși pe jumătate, poartă
Privirea jucătoare să-l înghiță,
Iară Florin — inima-n el e moartă —
Când vede solzii, dinții cei de criță,
Sărind la el și-nfipse a lui spadă
Și de pământ îl țintui de coadă.

Apoi din munte stanuri el răstoarnă,
Le grămădește crunt peste balaur;
Acesta iar se zbate, se întoarnă

Și în durerea-i muge ca un taur,
Dar el mereu pe dânsul pietre toarnă
Pân- nădușit plesni acel centaur.
Trecu-nainte ─ două lăncii scurte ─
Pân- ce dădu de strălucita curte.

Un an de când copila petrecuse
Urzind gândirea-i și visând ursitul,
Un an întreg prea fericită fuse,
Dar după-un an mi-a fost-o ajuns urâtul.
Își amintea viața ce-o avuse
Și peste pieptu-i își îndoaie gâtul,
Și trist privea un punct cu ochii țintă,
Și se usca ca și la umbr-o plântă.

─ Eu mor de n-oi vedea seninul, cerul,
De n-oi privi nemărginirea vastă,
Răceala umbrei m-a pătruns cu gerul
Și nu mai duc ─ nu pot ─ viața asta.
Ah! Ce ferice-aș fi să văd eterul
Și să văd lumea, codrii din fereastră,
Și de voiți cu viață să mai suflu,
Deschideți uși, fereste, să răsuflu.

Astfel o mistuia neastâmpăratul
De viață dor și dorul cel de soare ─
Deși le poruncise împăratul
Să nu care cumva să-și amăsoare
Ca să deschidă ușile, palatul ─
Dar totuși, când văzură că ea moare,
Nu știu ce or să facă, să se poată, ─
De l-ar urma, el ar găsi-o moartă.

Văzând cu ochii, pierde de-a-n picioare
Din zi în zi ─ atunci ele-au deschis
Ferești înalte și, la mândrul soare,
Din boal-adâncă fata a învis
Și se făcu și mai fărâncătoare,
Astfel cum nu îți trece nici prin vis ─
Se rumeni în fața ei ca mărul,
A-ntinerit-o aerul și cerul.

Un zămău o vede, când s-a pus să steie
N-a ei fereastră-n asfințit de sări;
Zburând la cer, din ochi-i o scânteie
Cuprinse-a ei mândrețe, fermăcări;
Și-n trecătoarea tânără femeie
Se-namoră copilul sfintei mări ─
Născut din soare, din văzduh, din neaună,
De-amorul ei se prefăcu în steaună.

Căzu din cer în tinda ei măreață,
Se prefăcu în tânăra luminos,
Și corpul lui sub haina ce se-ncreață
S-arată nalt, subțire, mlădios.
Păr negru-n vițe lungi ridică fața,
Și ochi-albaștri-nchis, întunecos,

Iar fața-i albă, slabă, zâmbitoare –
Părea un demon rătăcit din soare.

– Ah! te iubesc, îi zise el, copilă,
La glasul tău simt sufletu-mi rănit,
Din stea născut, plec fruntea mea umilă,
Cu ochii mei prind chipul tău slăvit.
Nu vezi cum tremur de amor? ai milă!
În nemurirea mea de-aș fi iubit –
Iubit de tine – te-aș purta: o floare
În dulci grădini, aproape lângă soare.

N-ai vede iarnă, toamnă nu, nici vară,
Eternă primăvar, -etern amor...
De ți-aș închide zarea ta cea clară
Cu-al meu sărut, o, scumpul meu odor,
Pân- ce să mângâi inima-mi amară
Culca-mi-aș capul la al tău picior
Și te-aș privi etern ca pe o steauă
Frumos copil, cu umerii de neauă.

– O, geniu mândru, tu nu ești de mine,
De-a ta privire ochii mei mă dor,
Sângele meu s-ar storce chiar din vine,
Căci m-ar usca teribilu-ți amor!
Curând s-ar stinge viața mea, străine,
Când tu m-ai duce-n ceruri lângă sori,
Frumos ești tu, dar a ta nemurire
Ființei trecătoare e pieire.

El o privi atunci cu ochii ținți:
În fața-i slabă – zâmbet dureros;
Se face stea și iarăși se avântă
În cerul nalt, în roiul luminos.
Acolo toată noaptea stă de pândă,
Și prin fereastă el privea duios,
Cu o lumină dulce, tristă-clară,
Să vadă umbra-i albă și ușoară.

A doua zi el se făcu o ploaie,
În tact căzândă, aromată lin,
Și din ferești perdelele le-ndoaie,
Burând prin țesăturile de in,
Pătrunde iarăși în a ei odaie,
Preface-n tânăr sufletu-i divin:
El stă frumos sub bolțile ferestii,
Purtând în păr cununa lui de trestii.

Blond e-azi și părul lui de aur moale
Pe umeri cade îndoios, îmflat;
Ca ceara-i palid... buza lui cu jale
Purta un zâmbet trist, nemângâiat.
El o privește... sufletu-i s-adună.
În ochiul lui albastru, blând și mat...
Ș-așfel cum sta mut înger din țării
Părea un mort frumos cu ochii vii.

– O, vin cu mine, scumpă,-n fundul mării.
Și în palate splendizi de cristal,
Când vântu-a trece peste-a apeiării
Tu-i auzi cântarea lui pe val;
Ți-i închina viața ta visării,
Vei fi oceanului monarcul pal...
Ți-oi da palate de mărgear și profir,
Cu bolți lucrate numa-n aur d-Ofir.

– Ca să-mi ajungi nevrednica-mi iubire
Ai părăsit al cerurilor cort,
Dar nu e chipul tău cel peste fire
Ce-n fundul sufletului meu îl port.
O, geniul meu, mi-e frig l-a ta privire,
Eu palpit de viață – tu ești mort.
Cu nemurirea ta tu nu mă-nveți,
Acum mă arzi, acumă mă îngheți.

Nu... om să fii, om trecător ca mine,
Cu slăbiciunea sufletului nost,
Să-ți înțeleg tot sufletul din tine
Și brațul tău, de mi-a fi adăpost,
Să-l știu că-i slab, iubirea că-l susține,
La om e-un merit, ce la zei n-a fost.
De mă iubești, să-mi fii de sama mea,
Fă-mi dar de nuntă nemurirea ta.

Întunecos și fără de speranță,
La ea privește geniul în nimb –
Își simte inima legată-n lanțe,
În lanțul lumii cei cu-o mie limbi.
– Chiar nemurirea mea, chiar abondanța,
Puterii mele tu o cei în schimb.
Ei bine, da! Eu m-oi sui la cer,
Ca de la Domnul moartea mea s-o cer.

Da, moartea! Pentru-o clipă de iubire
D-eternitatea mea să mă dizlege,
Să văd în juru-mi anii în pieire,
Să am în inima mea moartea rece,
Să fiu ca spuma mării în sclipire,
Să văd cum trec cu vremea, care trece...
O, mult ceruși, prea mult, – și totuși ție
Ți-nchin splendori, putere, vecinicie.

La cer se-nalță el pe bolta mare,
Cu-aripe lunge curățind seninul
Privește-n jos castelul în splendoare,
L-apucă dorul inimei, suspinul.
– Ah! ce-ai cerut, femeie trecătoare,
Femeie scumpă, ca să-mi mângâi chinul!
Deasupra lumii risipite-n șoapte
El se-nălța – un curcubeu de noapte.

Precum o floare ar ieși din surii
Și morții munți, din piatra lor uscată,
Astfel copila-nvioșează murii,

Pe când în bolta geamului s-arată
Copil al apei, cerului, pădurii,
A lumii-ntregi mai drăgălașă fată.
Ea asculta pe-al primăverii oaspăt
În dimineața ce-i zâmbește proaspăt.

Împrăștiată fulgerează roua
În viorii, strălucitoare boabe,
Țărâna-nvie-n primăvara nouă,
Răcoare-i vântul ca miros de ape;
Părea c-ar fi plouat, deși nu plouă
Decât lumină, ce nu mai încape.
Cu gura, fața, ochii ei, ea râde
Privind în soare, îi clipea, i-nchide.

În dimineața clară ca oglinda
La porți s-arată tânărul Florin,
În jur de ziduri calul și-l colindă,
Își simte inima înflată-n sân;
Dar poarta-nchisă brațu-i să-l tot prindă,
Ea nu se mișcă-n negrele-i țâțâni;
Ci el fereasta cum văzu crăpată,
Aruncă-n ea cu floarea fermecată.

Pe-atunci copila împletea cunună
Din flori de aur și de diamante;
Din cărți o soață-a ei îi sta să-i spună
C-al ei noroc purtatu-i de un fante.
Când floarea-i căzu-n poală — ea nebună
O sărută, zvârlind pe celelante,
Și-o mirosi cu gur-abia deschisă,
Și ochii ei pluteau în mii de vise.

Ea alergă cu grabă la fereastă,
Să vadă dacă vântul nu-i aduce
Și alte flori, așa frumoase c-asta,
Dar de-ngăimare ochiul ei străluce
Și surâzând ea rumenește, castă,
Când vede-un tânăr lângă poarta-n cruce,
Și el o vede și cu mândru glasul-i
El îi vorbe, oprindu-și calul-n pasul-i:

— Ah! te-am văzut, mi te-am văzut în fine,
Copil cu ochi de-albastră-ntunecime,
Cu-a tale gene de-aur dulci și fine,
Cu-al tău surâs de gingașă cruzime.
Ah, aș muri de-atât noroc și bine,
Căci te-am văzut cum nu te-a văzut nime.
Nu știi ce-am suferit pân-a te-ajunge,
Copil frumos ca luna nopții lunge.

Ah, vin cu mine, vin-în a mea țară,
Casteluri am, grădini adânc-frumoase,
Sub pasul tău coroana-mi seculară
Mi-o pun — mă plec, sunt sclavul tău, frumoasă.
Am pietre scumpe în a mea comoară,
Mai multe decât tatu-ți are aur,

Ș-aur mai mult de cum argint el are,
Ș-a tale-s toate, scumpă, mândră floare!

Ea îl privea cu ochiul plin de milă, ─
I-ar fi sorbit cuvântul de pe gură,
În fața lui ea nu-și mai face silă,
Un lésin parcă inima i-o fură ─
Și trist privește tânăra copilă
Cumpliții muri și porți... Din ochiu-i cură
Un fir senin de lacrimi; ea își strânge
Cu-a ei mânuțe inima și plânge.

El, cum o vede astfel în fereastră,
Ș-aruncă ochiu-adânc și nobil-mare
Și drum el dă la pasărea măiastră ─
Aripile-și întinde, vrând să zboare,
Din ce în ce ș-întinde-aripa-albastră,
Din ce în ce se face tot mai mare,
Încât doar din mărimea unei vrăbii
Ea semăna acum unei corăbii.

─ Copila mea, îi zise, nu te teme,
Pe mulți am dus cu inimi doritoare,
Ca vântu-n fugă cu bătrâna vreme
Prin țări o mie peste sfânta mare ─
Nu vezi, Florin nici ști cum să te cheme,
Atât de mult iubirea lui îl doare,
De-aceea zvârle-n laturi ac și caer
Și să te-ncrezi corăbiei de aer.

Ea se sui pe-aripă,-ntinzând mâna,
Ca și când ar fi vrut ca să se ție,
Și-ncet coboară pasărea străină
Pe-a lui Florin amabilă soție;
Pe cal ridică sarcina lui lină,
La pieptul lui ar vrea în veci s-o ție,
Se uită-n ochi-i, dând la calu-i pinten,
Ș-acesta vântului s-așterne sprinten.

În vremea asta zmeul se suise
La cer, cu aripile lungi întinse,
Culege-n cale-i blândeale surâse
A mii de stele, ce zburau ca ninse;
La tronul cel etern pe scări deschise
Stau mândre genii cu lumină-ncinse;
L-a Lui picioare în genunchi s-așterne
Și-ndreaptă ruga-i milei cei eterne.

─ O, Adonai! al cărui gând e lumea
Și pentru care toate sunt de față,
Ascultă-mi ruga, șterge al meu nume
Din a veciei carte mult măreață;
Deși te-adoră stele, mări în spume,
Un univers cu vocea îndrăzneată,
Toate ce-au fost, ce sunt, ce-ți nasc în cale
N-ajung nici umbra măreției tale.

Ce-ți pasă ție dac-a fi cu unul
În lume mai puțin spre lauda ta,
Ascultă-mi ruga, tu, Eternul, Bunul,
Și sfarmă-n așchii veșnicia mea!
Pe-o muritoare eu iubesc, nebunul,
Și muritor voiesc a fi ca ea,
Ș-atâta dor, durere simt în mine,
Încât nu pot s-o port și mor mai bine.

– Tu-i pizmuiești... și pizmuiești aceea
Ce ei în lume numesc fericire.
Au nu ți-i milă când privești scântea
Cum că la soare e a ei pornire?
Astfel și ei își aruncar-ideea,
Dorința, păsul în nemărginire,
Dar cum scântei se sting, în drum, spre soare,
Astfel și omu-aspiră, dară moare.

Ca ei să fii? Să vezi că sub blesteme
De ură e-nfierat umanul nume,
Să ai de semenul tău a te teme,
Să fii ca spuma, fuga unei spume,
Sărmane inimi închegate-n vreme,
Sărmane patimi aruncate-n lume
Și să mă blestemi, să mă-ntrebi: ce drept
Avui să-ți pun o inimă în piept?

Pe-o clipă-n mijlocul eternității
Să deschizi ochii tăi măreți și clari,
Să măsurî toate visele vieții,
Simțind încet cum iarăși redispari,
Să pari un fir de colb în raza vieții,
Și în părerea-i pe-un moment să pari,
Să fii ca și când n-ai fi... între ieri
Și mâni, o clipă... Oare știi ce-mi ceri?

Ce-i omul de a căruia iubire
Atârni lumina vieții tale-eterne?
O undă e, având a undei fire,
Și în nimicuri zilele-și dișterne.
Pământul dă tărie nălucirei,
Și umbra-i drumul gliei ce s-așterne
Sub pasul lui... Căci lutul în el crește,
Lutul îl naște, lutul îl primește.

Și acest drum al pulberei, pieirei,
Ce ca pe-un plan l-am zugrăvit cu mâna,
Nimic fiind, l-am închinat murirei –
În van s-acopără oprind ruina,
Nimic etern în tremurul sclipirei;
În van adun și-și grămădesc lumina
În cărți și scrisuri, și în van ș-acată
De vis etern sărmana lor viață...

Și tu ca ei voiești a fi, demone,
Tu, care nici nu ești a mea făptură;
Tu, ce sfințești a cerului colone

Cu glasul mândru de eternă gură...
Cuvânt curat ce-ai existat, Eone,
Când Universul era ceață sură...?
Să-ți numeri anii după mersul lunei
Pentr-o femeie? Vezi iubirea unei:

Într-adevăr, n-adânca depărtare
Văzu călări pe fată cu Florin.
Odată-n evii ochiul lui cel mare,
Și sfânt, ș-adânc de lacrimi este plin,
Ce cad tăind nemărginirea-n mare,
Mărgăritari frumoși și mari devin.
Încet bătând din aripi, maiestos,
Geniul mândru se pornește-n jos.

Cu fața tristă le privi în urmă
Și-ntinde mâna ca dup-orce-i dus.
În fundul lunei, unde apa scurmă
Al mării sân — acolo-o ar fi dus
Dacă-l iubea... Acuma plânsu-și curmă:
„Fiți fericiți — cu glasu-i stins a spus —
Atât de fericiți cât viața toată
Un chin s-aveți: de-a nu muri deodată.

...

The girl in the golden garden
Once upon a time, he was an emperor
In golden weather, what can't I get back,
When in forests, in lakes, wool, meadow,
You were talking to the gods, calling from the horn.
He had a sweet, proud, baby girl,
With fairy tales that I adorn,
When she passes, beautiful flowers go away
Easy steps in the valley of a birch tree.

I ask her in vain. The old man is thinking,
Too beautiful, too much of the world
I wonder how the sky does not fall
To write her sweet names in the stars;
It's bad for the poet who doesn't name her,
Barbarous the country where she is famous
He has not yet arrived, and he has been kidnapped
It's not the look of the mortals.

In the steep valley, where you guard rocks
They surrounded great depths,
Palace building of luminous stones,
Golden Gardens, flowers of darkness;
And the path of the valley full of smells
Outside of him, no one knows him in the world
That's where the beautiful girl closed,
That no ray of the world should strike it.

Its dressed in the atlas, like snow.
Sewing in sheets and roses of the cherry,
The floor shone in the mosaics,

From high walls they looked at living icons;
The window is blind, though the curtain sits,
That's why lights burn in it, you fire,
And the air, penetrated by large mirrors,
It's cool and smells like snow.

An eternal night turned into a day,
Golden garden, precious stone flowers,
Zefir passed like a living breath,
In his path, he creates heavy ruptures.
Azure wings, late at night,
Beautiful children of the white summer are laying on
Flower buds, when the water is smooth
Fly glittering butterflies, like flowers of air.

Therewith several wives,
Like her children and play spouses,
In her wild world, she is pampered,
In the glitter of her life, she dresses.
Her looks are young and hoarse,
The warm smile on his lip is his biting,
And in this heaven, in this gentle world
Of gratitude, he felt ill.

But to her beauty without resemblance
He heard the emperor, Florin,
His luck with her seems like a twin,
Since then fire has consumed it in itself.
"In vain I sit in place, I am begging
With my work, with longing, with my grief. "
Passed by the longing for the unknown rod,
They went to ask for advice on Holy Wednesday.

— Alai, convoy, said the saint then,
Backward send, take nothing,
And the lone one goes for your target,
Because the road is narrow and the path is heavy.
Take my white horse; he advances,
As the thought flies in the world without fear,
But if you want to find out, keep in mind:
Don't stand in the valley of remembrance.

Start in the world, alone, in all of them.
He is carried by the wind with his brother
The hair was golden and it was beautiful to him,
Son dear, as the earth did not see,
He seems to be born in his family and in his variety
Well go to me and keep him holy.
A proud and beautiful valley reached her
It seemed to be their home garden.

And under a lime, he is on the horse,
He lay lazy down on the soft grass
From the linden flowers shake in his payments
And it comes to him not to get up.
And she gave him flowers, carrying her back
His presumption and the saddle with rifles,

In the valley of smell, full of rivers,
In the sweet shade, it is well worth the wait.

He remembered his old man,
How he left it and how it started in the world,
Wishing with such a hot love:
A shadow, a sound, a nothing, a name.
I miss him a country and a parent,
All he wanted was then to say,
And when he feels his horse again,
Backward takes over narrow roads.

But soon enough, he missed her
Again, \neg worry, deep love \neg
He threw himself on the horse, following the love
What of his unwavering soul rocks him.
The king, the people, stop him in vain.
It is carried by a star that still burns in his mind,
Wanted by the radius of two young eyes \neg
He went to ask for advice on Saint Friday.

\neg My darling said the saint,
Why did you stay in the valley of memory?
For anyone who is beautiful, gentle,
It looks like a yard. The groves
From that valley your heart is troubled.
Don't sit in it. Of love,
She goes to you in a row and in her window,
You see it open, it blows this flower.

But don't stay in the valley of despair,
In your own way, you will pass it for sure.
He started again in the world of chance,
Sick of love and of cold love.
He waved at the twilight of the night,
Through the black branches, shadows are configured.
Darken them, as only the blind feel,
And the crows flutter through the cold air.

He is on the horse. in the forest
Whisper the leaf, branches stand for advice
And sleep does not want to steal it,
Because wet is his bed of leaves,
His ears are awake from our nose
You hear them whispering from thousands of sides,
And crows are crunching and flying
In the clear air like ink stains.

Then fear pierces his heart,
The horse is put and run from the valley,
And instead, follow the path to where
He wanted to go, he got out of the way.
He arrives again in the country, entering him
Again a longing, a bitterness, a sorrow.
Then again he took the sleeves
Ask for advice now for Holy Sunday.

You stayed in the valley of despair again,
Said her holy, but start again!
I'm giving you a bird with you flying
With your horse, where your luck grows.
When you see your beautiful virgin
That she cries, - then she lets the bird out.
You long for it, even though you are muttering.
She is everything to you, you have suffered nothing.

Passing through the valley of despair, it stumbles
Of his ears, let him not hear it in a whisper;
In vain the way is tried to interrupt it
Whispering, murmuring, I can't stop it.
A shadow flies until you see it
As far as he goes he hears the bell ringing;
Then he saw the palace in his yard
In which the king's daughter is locked.

In the steel walls, his castle gleamed
With golden eaves and high towers
And he wrote on the walls, in wonderful ways,
Heavy workmanship of the chisels masters.
In large gardens, he was shown
The living spring, which falls, wanting to jump.
He wondered how all-so-being can be:
Gardens, fences, lakes, walls, shingle.

But a dragon slammed into the gate
Sister lazy his painted skin,
Half-blinds, he wears
The player's eyes swallow it,
And Florin \neg his heart is dead \neg
When he sees the scales, the teeth of the squaw,
Jumping to him he threw his sword
And from the ground, you aimed him at the tail.

Then from the mountain ponds, he overturns,
He piles them crudely over the dragon;
He struggles again, he returns
And in pain, he dies like a bull,
But he was always on the rocks
That centaur burst into tears.
Two short spears went ahead
Until he started the bright yard.

A year since the baby had passed
Hissing at her thinking and dreaming of the bear,
A whole year was too happy,
But after a year, it was bad for me.
He remembered his life
And over his chest, he bends his neck,
And sadly he was staring at a target with his eyes,
And it dries like a plant in the shade.

\neg I die from not seeing the clear sky, the sky,
Don't look at the vast boundlessness,
The coldness of the shadow pierced me

And I can't take this life anymore.
Ah! How happy I would be to see the ether
And to see the world, the forests in the window,
And of you, with life, I can breathe,
Open doors, windows, breathe.

Thus an unpardonable estate
Longing for life and longing for the sun ⇢
Although the king had commanded them
Not that somehow they can hide
To open the doors, the palace ⇢
But yet, when she saw that she was dying,
I don't know what they will do, they can, ⇢
If he were to follow, he would find her dead.

Seeing with his eyes, he loses his feet
From day to day ⇢ then they opened
You look tall and, in the proud sun,
From the deep-seated, the girl lived
And it became even more charming,
As you do not even go through your dream ⇢
It rumbled in front of her like the apple,
It has rejuvenated the air and the sky.

A kite sees it when it starts to sting
She has no window in the dusk;
Flying into the sky, a spark from his eyes
She embraced her pride, her charmings;
And the young woman passing by
The child of the holy sea falls in love
Born of the sun, of the widow, of the mist,
Her affection turned into a star.

She fell from the sky into her great tent,
He turned into a bright young man,
And his body under the crumpled coat
He looks tall, slim, tall.
Black hair in long vines raises the face,
And dark-blue-eyes, dark,
And his face is white, weak, smiling
He looked like a demon wandering from the sun.

⇢ Ah! I love you, he said, child,
At your voice, I feel my soul hurt,
From the born star, I leave my humble forehead,
With my eyes, I catch your glorious face.
Can't you see how I tremble with love? have mercy!
In my immortality, I would have loved ⇢
I would love to wear you: a flower
In sweet gardens, near the sun.

You wouldn't see winter, no autumn, no summer,
Eternal spring, eternal love ...
If I were to close your clear area
With my kiss, oh, my sweet smell,
Until you can comfort my bitter heart
I would lay my head on your leg

And I would look at you forever as a star
Shy baby, with shoulders of the snow.

→ Oh, proud genius, you are not me,
Your eyes miss my eyes,
My blood would be squeezed right out of here,
Because it would dry me terrible love you!
My life would soon be extinguished, o, stranger,
When you take me to heaven near the sun,
You are beautiful, but your immortality
The transient being is ruined.

He looked at her then with his eyes targeted:
For your painful smile my eyes hurt;
It becomes a star and again it advances
In the high heaven, in the luminous brook.
There all night he sits awake,
And through the window, he looked sweetly,
With a sweet, sad-clear light,
To see the shadow is white and light.

The next day it rained,
In cadence fall, smoothly flavored,
And from the windows, the curtains surround them,
Drizzling through the linen clothes,
Enter her room again,
In the preface young divine soul:
He sits beautifully under the windows of the window,
Carrying his reed crown in his hair.

Blond is today with his soft golden hair
Shoulders fall bent, loosened;
Like his pale wax ... his lip with grief
He had a sad, unsettling smile.
He looks at her ... his soul gathers.
In his blue eye, gentle and matte ...
And as to how the angel from the skies stays mute
He looked beautiful dead with his eyes alive.

→ Oh, come with me, honey, deep down.
And in splendid crystal palaces,
When the wind blew across the water of the country
You hear his song on the wave;
And worship your dream life,
You will be the pale monarch of the ocean ...
Give them palaces of bean and golden cloth,
With vaults worked only in gold of d-Ofir.

→ Oh, come with me, honey, deep down.
And in splendid crystal palaces,
When the wind blew across the water of the country
You hear his song on the wave;
And worship your dream life,
You will be the pale monarch of the ocean ...
Give them palaces of bean and golden cloth,
With vaults worked only in gold of d-Ofir.

– To make my love unworthy
You have left the heavenly tent,
But it's not your face over the wire
At the bottom of my soul I wear it.
Oh, my genius, I'm looking at you cold,
I feel like you're dead.
With your immortality, you do not teach me,
Now you burn me, now you freeze me.

No ... man to be, a transient man like me,
With the weakness of our soul,
Let me understand your whole soul within you
And your arm, from being sheltered,
To know that he is weak, the love that supports him,
To man, there is merit, which to gods was not.
If you love me, be my sweetheart,
Give me your wedding gift of immortality.

Dark and hopeless,
To her, he looks genius in the nimb
He feels his heart tied in chains,
In the chain of the world those with a thousand languages.
– Even my immortality, even abundance,
My powers are you those in return.
Well, yes! I cried to heaven,
That from the Lord my death I ask.

Yes, death! For a moment of love
My eternity to deceive me,
Let me see my years in ruin,
To have a cold death in my heart,
To be like the sparkling seafoam,
Let's see how the weather goes by, which passes ...
O, much cherished, too much, – and yet to you
I worship you with splendor, power, old age.

He ascends to heaven on the high vault,
With long wings cleaning the clear
Look down at the castle in splendor,
The longing of the heart, the sigh, came to him.
– Ah! what did you ask for, transient woman,
Dear woman, to comfort my grief!
Above the world scattered in whispers
He climbed a rainbow at night.

Like a flower, it would come out of the buds
And the dead mountains, from their dry stone,
Thus the child revives the walls,
While in the glass vault it shows
Child of water, sky, forests,
The whole world's prettier girl.
She was listening to the spring guest
In the morning he smiles freshly.

Spreading lightning dew
In the violins, shining grains,
Peasant-snow in the new spring,

Cool the wind as the smell of waters;
It seemed like it was raining, though it wasn't raining
But light, what does not fit.
With her mouth, her face, her eyes, she laughs
Looking at the sun, he blinked at them, closing them.

In the clear morning like the mirror
At the gates is the young Florin,
Around the walls, the horse carves and caresses it,
He feels his heart swell in his breast;
But the gate closed his arm to catch him,
She does not move in her black tits;
But he saw the window as it cracked,
Throw it in with the enchanted flower.

At that time the child wove a wreath
Made of gold and diamond flowers;
From the books, a wife of hers could tell
Her luck was worn by a slit.
When the flower fell on her lap she was crazy
He kissed her, whipping the others,
You smelled it with your mouth scarcely open,
And her eyes were floating in thousands of dreams.

She hurried to the window,
Let's see if the wind doesn't bring them
And other flowers, so beautiful this one,
But her eyes glint with excitement
And smiling, she blushes, caste,
When he sees a young man near the gate on the cross,
And he sees it and proudly calls it
He spoke to her, stopping her step-by-step:

– Ah! I saw you, I saw you fine,
Baby with blue-dark eyes,
With your sweet and fine golden eyelashes,
With your smile of gentle cruelty.
Ah, I'd die of both luck and well,
Because I saw you as nobody saw you.
You don't know what I suffered until it happened to you,
Baby as beautiful as the moon of the long night.

Ah, come with me, come to my country,
Castles I have, deep-beautiful gardens,
Under your step my secular crown
I'm going to leave, I'm your slave, beautiful.
I have precious stones in my treasure,
More than your dad has gold,
And gold more than the silver he has,
It's all yours, dear, proud flower!

She looked at him with a pitying eye, –
It would have sipped the word out of his mouth,
In front of her, she does not strain anymore,
A faint feels like his heart steals
And sad for the young child
Dead walls and gates ... He heals his eye

A clear thread of tears; she squeezes
Her hands to her heart and cries.

He, as he sees it in the window,
He casts a deep, noble eye
And he gives way to the master bird
The wings stretch out, wanting to fly,
Increasingly, the blue-wing spreads,
As it gets bigger and bigger,
Only just the size of a sparrow
It now resembled a ship.

— My child, he told her, don't be afraid,
I have led many with longing hearts,
Like hunting in the old weather
Through countries one thousand over the great sea
You don't see, Florin doesn't even know how to call you,
His love hurts him so much,
That is why the needle and beat are fluttering on the sides
And trust the airship.

She climbed on the wing, extending her hand,
As if he wanted to meet you,
Slowly the foreign bird descends
Florin's kind wife;
The horse lifts his load smoothly,
He would like to have you on his chest forever,
He looked into his eyes, giving his horse a spur,
An this to the wind is sprinting.

By this time the kite had climbed
In the sky, with long wings spread,
Gather her gentle smiles on the way
Thousands of stars flying like snow;
To the eternal throne on open stairs
I stand proud light-geniuses;
His feet on his knees sneeze
Pray for the eternal mercy.

Oh, Adonai! whose thought is the world
And for which all are present,
Listen to my prayer, delete my name
From the old great book;
Although you love stars, you grow into foam,
A universe with a bold voice,
All that was, what is, what is born in your path
There is no shadow of your greatness.

What do you care about if you have one
In the world less to your praise,
Listen to my prayer, you, the Eternal, the Good,
And break my eternity into chips!
I love a mortal, a madman, crazy man,
And mortal I want to be like her,
I miss so much, the pain I feel in me,
So I can't wear it and I die better.

You are ponding them off and ponding him off
What they call happiness in the world.
They have no mercy when you look at the spark
How the sun's starting?
So they also threw away their idea,
Desire, the endless bird,
But as the spark goes off, on the road, toward the sun,
Thus, the aspiring man, however, dies.

To be them? See that under curses
The human name is hated with hatred,
To have your neighbor fear you,
To be like foam, to run away from the foam,
Poor hearts end in time,
Poor passions are thrown into the world
And curse me, ask me: what right
Will you have a heart in your chest?

For a moment in the midst of eternity
Open your eyes wide and clear,
To measure all the dreams of life,
Feeling slow as you rediscover,
To look like a dove in the radius of life,
And in his opinion for a moment, you seem
To be as if you were not ... between yesterday
And hands, for a moment ... Do you know what you're asking me?

What is the man whose love
Hang the light of your eternal life?
A wave is, having the wave,
And in nothingness, his days are disastrous.
The earth gives strength to the glitter,
And shadow the path of the glorious path
Under his step ... Because the clay in it grows,
The clay is born, the clay receives it.

And this road of powder, destruction,
What as a plan I painted with his hand,
Being nothing, I worshiped him to death
In vain they cover the ruin by stopping,
Nothing eternal in the trembling of light;
In the van, they gather and pile their light
In books and writings, and in the van he hides
Everlasting dream of their poor life ...

And you, like them, want to be, demons,
You, who are not even my own creature;
You, holy of heaven, colonists
With the proud voice of eternal mouth ...
Clean word what have you been, Eone,
When was the universe foggy ...?
Count your years after the moon has gone
For a woman? See the love of a woman:

Indeed, do not dig deep
He saw Florin riding the girl.
Once you wipe his big eye,

And holy, the depth of tears is full,
What fall by cutting the boundary into the great,
Beautiful and large pearls become.
Slowly flapping wings, majestic,
The proud genius starts down.

Looking sadly behind them
He reaches for his hand as he takes it.
At the bottom of the world, where the water flows
She would have taken her breast there
If she loved him ... Now she cried:
"Be happy \neg with his voice out he said \neg
As happy as life is
You have a torment: unless you die at once.

Translation:carl Gustav [Carl Gustav Jung](#) Correction:[Elena-Natalia Gălăţan-Nemeş](#)
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor,Mu sweet puppies and chickens Tudor-Alin-Andrei-Mihai-Carl

Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Geniul meu scump şi Dulce, Eminul meu iubit.
Book of Anime9
First painting

Iubitul meu, te doresc şi te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

An endless man
Suddenly you discover
That you are not interested in anything
Nor of the career
Nor of love
Nor of friends
...
You remain lonely on a desert island.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs
Are more full of Anima
Than the people
And you are starting to understand Buddha.
....
Suddenly you ascertain
That the solely full of sense is the life
and death
and between them, it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown

so pure, so beautiful
the creation

....

That everything that it counts is what you are living now
this instant
suspended in time
lived intensely, in a perpetual present
stretched in all your fundamental
gestures
in birth, wedding, death
love

.....

All that I have learned
I've learned from my Moromets
and from the Comănești orchards
from my father, from my mother
from my brother
from my dearest beloved
Lying on the porch of the house
Ordered gently
As in some sessile coffins
I tell you
The only moment is now
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins
The only moment is now
Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

The book of Anime
Second painting

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

..

Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet of desire, of promise, of the covenant.

..
She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

..
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...
Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...
Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.

...
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind

With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.
Te dores, Piulmeu. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Puiul emu.
O ploaie de stele visătoare

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadave și a sicriu
Părea că murise tot ceeste viu
Afrăă stele-albastre, stele albe
Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe și dalbe.

..

Afară era oo simfonie de culori...
Cerule albastru se ascunsese printre albi nori
Raze mov-rooz-galbene la a sfințit
Îmbrăcau cerul și lumea în dulce negrăit.

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăștiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...
A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dragostea Dulce a Sufletului meu, Iubirea mea.

Întreaga Carte a Animei este dedicată Puiului meu Dulce, Victoor.

The book of Anime

Painting one

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Drgostea mea, Puiul meu Victor.

Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș

42 minute ·

P drumuri tăcute...

Pe drumuri tăce îmi urmăresc pașii tăcuțu
Te-aștept l-aceleași răscruci
La ora când umbrele noții
Ca niște inimi fragile se cuprind în utim vals

De ce nu-mi vii, de ce nu-mi vii?...

..

Buzle mele îți cuprind busele în calda sărutare –
Păream de apele-nviforate-o mare
Dulce tu tandru umerii-mi cupriinzi
Fulgi de gheață cad încet pe-ai laului
Oglinzi...

..

..

P drumuri tăcute îmi urmăresc ppașii tăcuți
Te-aștept la-aceleași răscruci
La oa când luminătirii nopții
Aca niște stele de granit se-aprind
De ce nu-mi vii, de ce nu-mi vii?...

..

Buzle mele îți cuprind busele în calda sărutare –
Păream de apele-nviforate-o mare
Dulce tu tandru umerii-mi cupriinzi
Mănunchiuri de trioii și boz îmi spânzurp de grinzi
Dece nu-nvii, de ce nu-nvoiii?...

...

Silent roads ...

On silent roads, I follow my silent steps
I expect the same crossroads
At the hour when the shadows of the night
Like fragile hearts they are contained in the last waltz
Why don't you come to me, why don't you come to me?

..

My lips cover your buses in the warm kiss -
It seemed to be the great waters
Sweet you gentle shoulders cover me
Ice flakes fall slowly on the lava
Mirrors ...

..

..

On silent roads follow my silent steps
I expect you at the same crossroads
At the time of night illumination
Here some granite stars light up
Why don't you come to me, why don't you come to me?

..

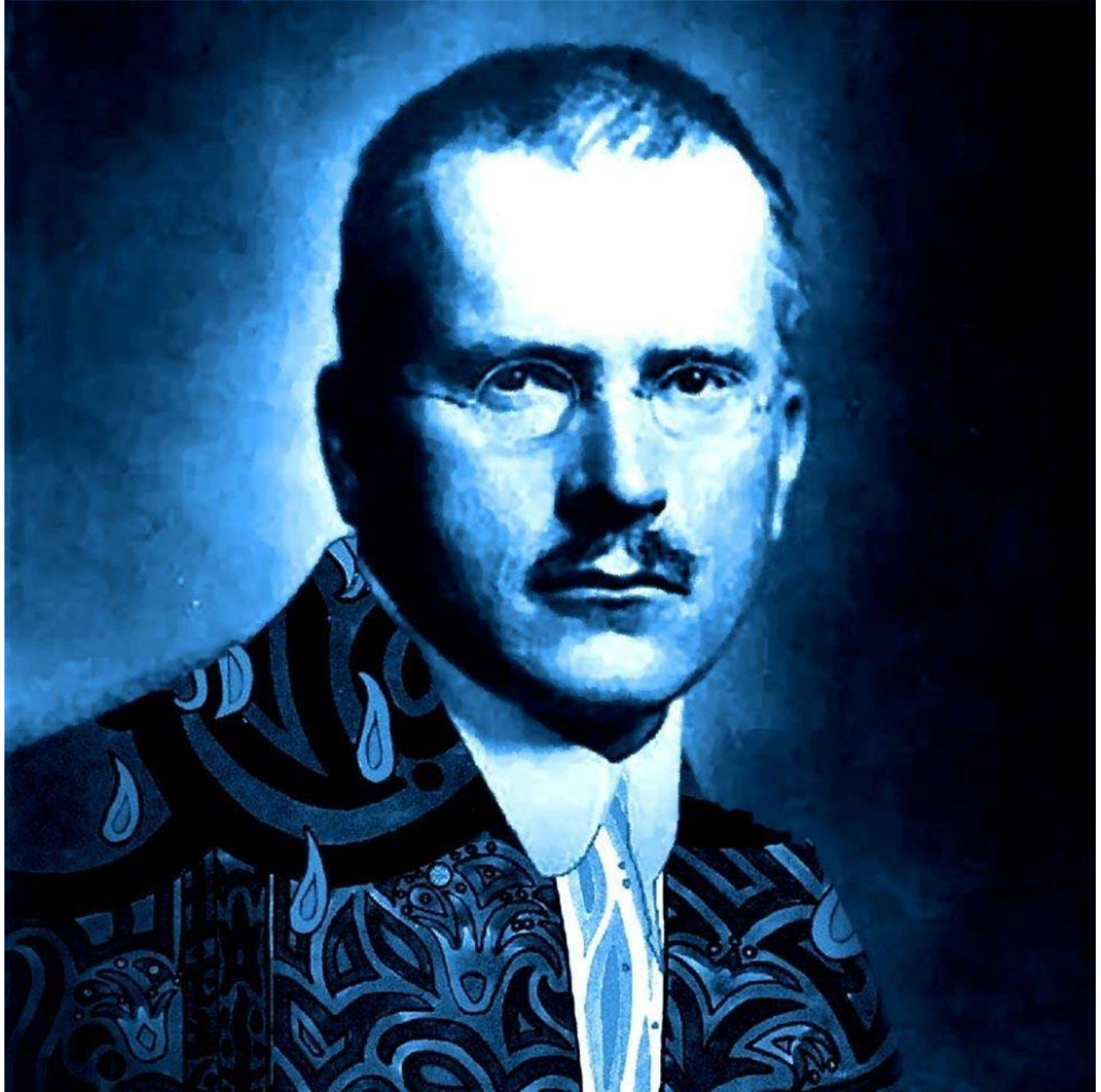
My lips cover your buses in the warm kiss -
It seemed to be the great waters
Sweet you gentle shoulders cover me
Bunch of threesome and boz hang me from the beams

Ten you don't live, why don't you send?

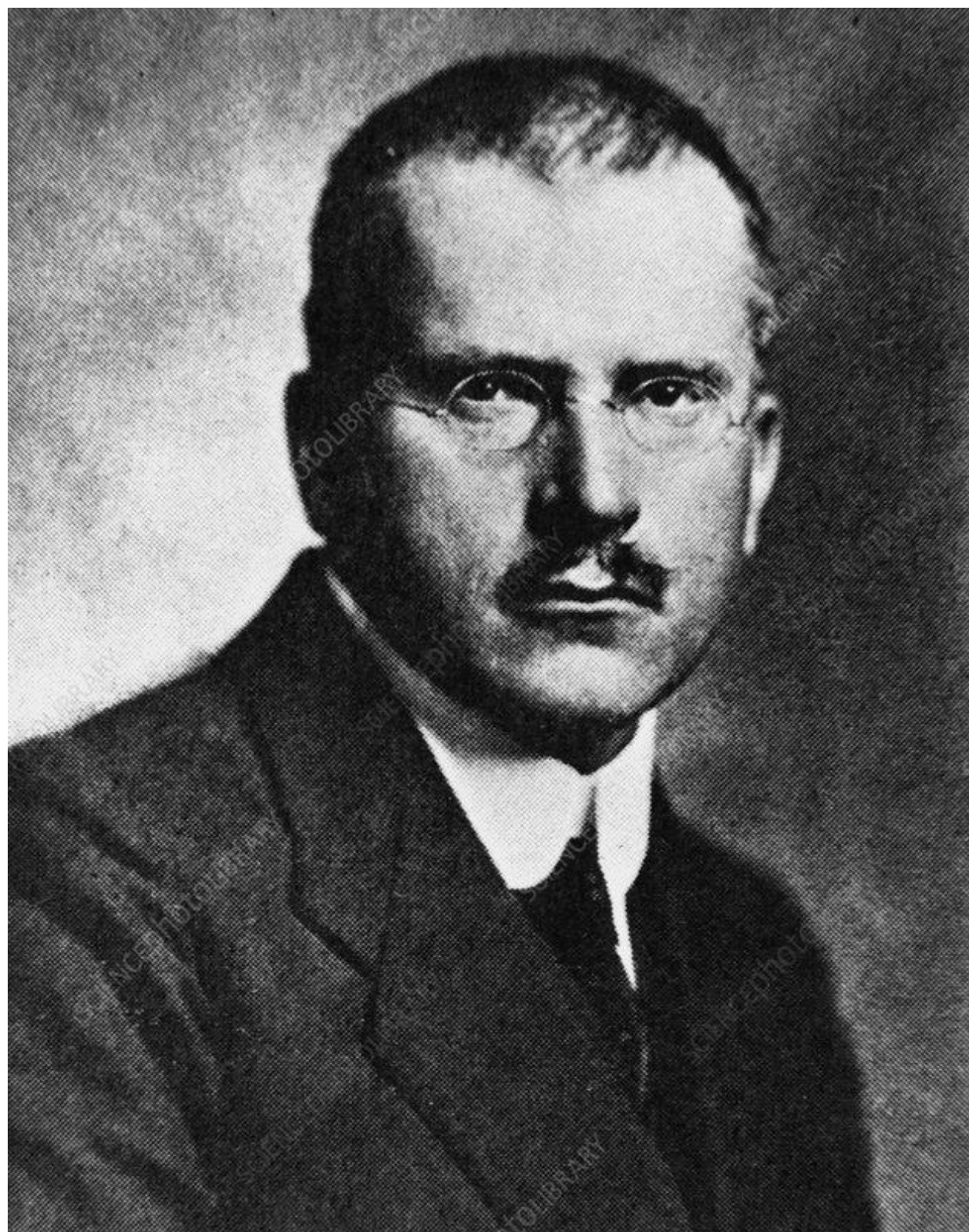
...

Te iubesc și Tedoresc, Puiul meu.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung



Te iubescCarl, Puiul meu. Iartă-mă, Puiul meu, Dragulmeu Puișor. Te doresc.

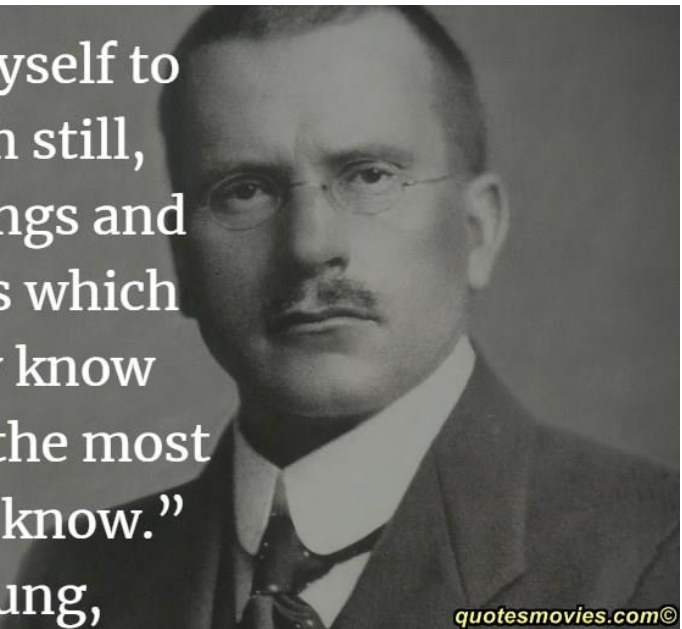




Te
iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Carl, Iubit și Dulce Puișor.

“As a child I felt myself to be alone, and I am still, because I know things and must hint at things which others apparently know nothing of, and for the most part do not want to know.”

— Carl Gustav Jung,





Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Iubitul meu, Dragul meu.









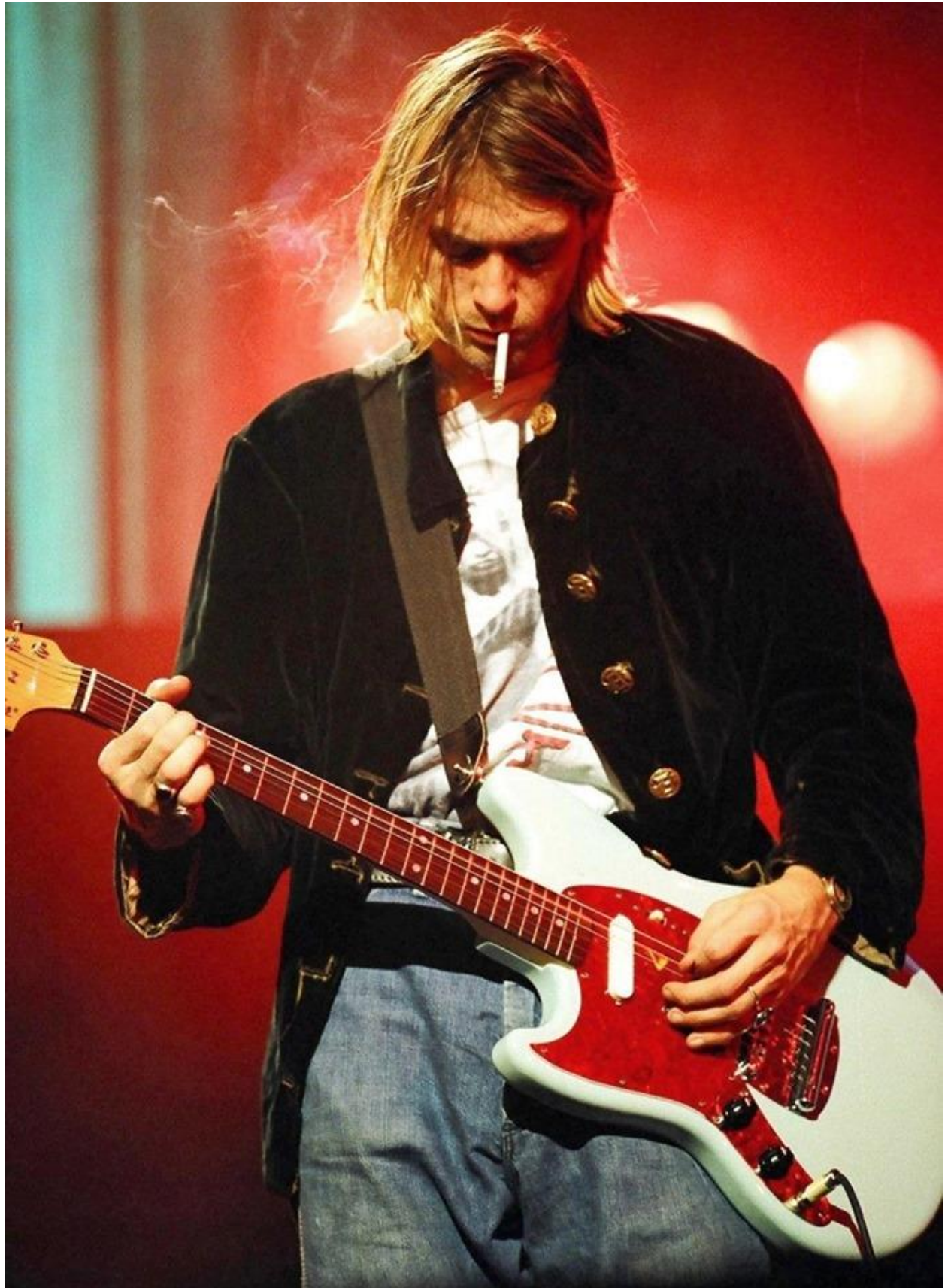
Kurt Cobain



Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Soțul meu.



Puișorul meu Dulce și Dorit și Iubit, Andrei, Fiul meu.



Te iubesc, Tudor, Puiul meu Iubit, Dulceața, Dragostea și Iubirea Sufletului eu, Animusul meu Dulce, Arhetipul meu scum, dulce și Drag. Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Puișorul meu. Soțiorul meu.

Ye iubesc,, Dulcișorul meu, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.





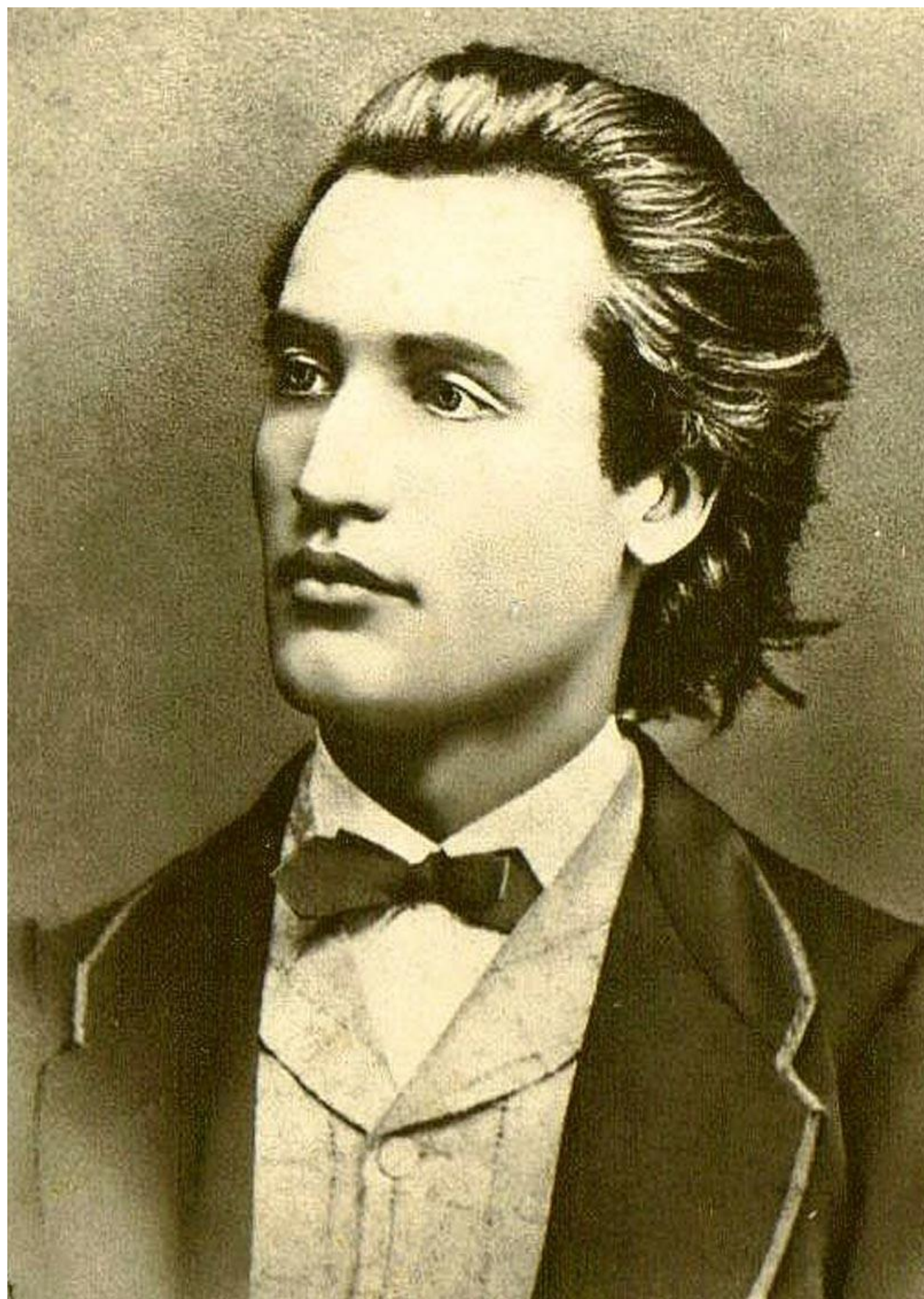
Te iubesc, Puiu!

meu.



Te iubesc, Pasiunea Vieții mele.







Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea voeții mele,
Puiul meu, Dulcele meu, Dragul meu, Puișorul meu.